

This World

Old 97's

DJ, DJ, you ain't got no swing
None o' what you play don't say a thing
About how hard it is to be to be
This world is tryin' to kill me

Teacher teacher don't give me no grade
You got no idea how love gets made
This kinda test ain't got no key
This world is tryin' to kill me

Paper hearts on fishing wire
Family home consumed by mysterious fire
Your favorite bar don't give a damn about you
Your dream job's just a thing you do, yeah

Doctor, doctor, you can't make me right
Darkness doesn't only come at night
These voices never set me free
This world is tryin' to kill me

Garage door closes while the engine whines
Cigarette tracers make infinity signs
These folks you know don't give a damn about you
Getting out of bed is just a thing you do, yeah

DJ, DJ, dig into your crate
Make me want to cry or rollerskate
Break me in two break me in three
This world is tryin' to kill me
This world is tryin' to kill me
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah