Ritalin

Ruby Fields

She works at a chemist, a bit of a pessimist
Gets yelled at by old Russian men
Paid ten bucks an hour, some bloke just bought her flowers
That comes in every week for his Ritalin
The lonely chick who grabs a parma and a Vic Bitty with her fat her
At the local, there's some shitty cover band
No interest in nightclubs, The Vinyl Room's all I've got
And she only goes with the loyal hot dog stand

Doesn't it suck growin' up?
Doesn't she know it?
Doesn't it suck growin' up?
Doesn't she know it?

Chronic masturbator, yeah, her parents fuckin' hate her
Been like that since the age of ten
Acting cool, barely eighteen, and at school she only daydreams
Of pwning Runescape noobs in her bed
Gets along with old folks much, better than the young blokes
Try so hard to keep her cool-headed cover
Scared of writing songs that everyone can rip on
And the boo-arse you call her brother

Doesn't it suck growin' up?
Doesn't she know it?
Doesn't it suck growin' up?
Doesn't she know it?

Holdin' a kid, you'll be sweet by the end of the-
Holdin' a kid, you'll be sweet
Holdin' a kid, you'll be sweet by the end of it
Holdin' a kid, you'll be sweet

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