

Loathing

Say Anything

Bad at being me
I sweat and shake profusely when I see
A girl I like
I'd rather ride a bike
I push it off on God
Expect him to solve everything and I sit right on my ass
As clouds and minutes pass
And I fade... away
I fade... away

Bad at making love
I think I've never made it quite at all
And I dress
Like a stupid stinking mess
I care what people think
I teeter on the brink
And I fall off
Hooked on drinks
And nasty cancer sticks

I'm bad at making friends
Alone in my apartment that I call my department
Cause it's a depressing apartment
The devil knows me well
He's guided me through several living hells
It's ironic that I'm becoming slightly thick
As I fade... away
I fade... away

Another in a change
A self important manic singer songwriter refrains
Another lonely Jew
Convinced the pen can battle all the guns they dry and chew
But it's only if you

Na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na

I'm bad at writing songs
And post progressive punk rock singalongs
They're not apps
To sell my plastic ass
What do they lack?
That they somehow relate to me
Then forget me in a year
Like a love once held so dear
And I fade... away
I fade... away
I fade... away
I fade... away