

Lack Of Prozac

Spiritual Beggars

You see me as a looser
You see me as a clown
You see me as a drinker
Well I see you as a whore
She runs after signs
She runs with a lie
She said she needed space
But that was just an excuse to run away
I had swallowed too much pain
I had to ventilate some hate
Amongst sissy pop-rock stars
My fist started to talk