

## Catalina

The Bronx

My room's a mess and I don't care  
I'm tired of ah, sitting at my desk  
You can't bother me  
Man, I'm far away  
I got to get away to the Catalina [?]  
You can't ruin my day  
You can't tell me what to do  
And you cannot make me think that I love you

Shoot it in your arm, you can't hurt me  
I'm on my way to Catalina  
I'm not going to read your books  
My tank's full of squid, it's getting light

And you whores, you can't make me want  
I got all the fish I need on the deck of my boat  
You can't break my heart when I'm here  
Long swim home for your cute little

I'll steal some gas  
And fix my motor  
Turn on my Beatles tape  
And get you out of my head

Ah yes, here I am, far away from you  
The only fish that I smell is on the deck of my boat  
You know I really want to go  
But I can't read Matt's writing  
[?] scotch tape  
Looks like I'm stuck here

But I'll steal some gas  
Fix my motor  
Break out some MOD  
And get you out of my head  
Get you out of my head

Ah, head