

Out of Ideas

The Copyrights

I've tried everything shot of waking up before noon
And try to find work, instead of watch cartoons
This is not a case of a lost ambition
Never had any to speak of so it can't be missing
It's not what you'd call, the best laid plan
I've donated every drop of plasma I can
Not for fellow man, but for extra money
Tracks up and down my arm, like a common junkie

I'm out of ideas, what are we gonna do now
I'm out of ideas
We're gonna roll with the punch drunk love song
We're gonna roll with the punch drunk love song

An 80,000 dollar brain might look good on paper
Or sin some board games and impress the neighbors
But in the real world, it's a trivial pursuit
As I starve to death in a three piece suit

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