

1990

The Dirty Nil

You worry
About things
That never come to pass
At night you're all alone
A slave to your cell phone

Betray
Yourself
With chemicals and constant self doubt
And now
You're used up
You're outta luck and had enough

I had a friend who
Reminds me of you
He blew his top
He split his seam
And that's the end it seems

Betray
Yourself
With chemicals and constant self doubt
And now
You're used up
You're outta luck and had enough

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Yourself
With chemicals and constant self doubt
And now
You're used up
You're outta luck and had enough
Had enough
Had enough
Had enough