

# 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

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Yourself  
With chemicals and constant self doubt  
And now  
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And now  
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Had enough  
Had enough  
Had enough