

# Straight Life

## Therapy?

My tongue is twisted from talkin'  
My feet are blistered from walkin' alone  
My head is burtin' with thoughts  
And every bruise looks so familiar  
This city's buzzin' with bastards  
Cancer tans and platic disasters  
Wannabees and users and makers  
Impotents and shake city fakers

So don't tell me, everything's alright  
And don't include me in your straight life  
And don't tell me, everything's alright  
In your straight life

My system's sick with poison  
Hearts bitter joys are jumpin'  
Far away from better days  
And every beat feels so familiar  
My arms are fed up reaching  
My voice is through of breakin'  
Myself I'm sick of reason  
Every bruise feels so familiar

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Straight life, in your straight life, in your straight life,  
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in your straight life, in your straight life