

Coffee House

Warrant

So you think my exterior seems
A little out of focus
Because I don't talk in cliches
that people try to use
to stroke us
I don't care too much for
Clicks and gangs and little
sweing circles
If you want a place in this
rat race I say
Run off and join the circus

If you look inside my head
You will see things
That you probably shouldn't see
Because my outside is off center
But I gurantee
It's stranger inside me

Have you ever felt like
Pulling your insides out
Cause they're burning
You feel caged
Like an animal that wants to fuck
And you're yearning
For something strange, unexpected
Unexplainable to happen
That either kills you
Leaves you hurt
Or makes it hard to stop
From laughing