Against Me

WHY?

I've been habitually rubbing the sleep from my eyes
I see the rain does not respect state lines, why should you?
And I've seen dirt dry fires arise by pissing boy fountain stat
ues
And they say electricity can travel up your piss stream

Oh, am I too concerned with the burn of scrutiny?
Cold, chased, run and covered like a horse before the race
Will I gain weight in later life?
And when will someone swing a scythe against me?

Out of every woman on earth, who will I mate with?
Or will I spit empty threats until all that's left
Is a million zeros printed on a roll of ticker-tape?
And one last echo of the final tiny wave in my wake?
Will all my unused seed collect like mercury
In some kind of afterlife for halves?
Should I offer up my lats and pecs as stakes in death?

Whatever the will of the people shall be, Ohio and me

But am I too concerned with the burn of scrutiny?
Cold chased on run and covered like a horse before the race
Will I gain weight in later life?
And when will someone swing a scythe against me?

Oh I'd rest in peace on a freshly cleaned and steamed plush car
pet for sure
In the vacant third floor of a department store
Or be hung with four nails on the projection wall
In an empty convention center banquet hall

That's right, I, like everybody else is
Ashamed of sleep, I lie when a phone call wakes me

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Cold chased on run and covered like a horse before the race
Will I gain weight in later life?
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