

Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll

Will Wood

This is a desk job
A data entry five-to-niner
Yeah I guess I'm my own boss
But everyone's my supervisor
Tell me what kind of living legend
Would only want a living wage
Because I just turned 27
And I'm dying of old age
Guess I'm just selfish
I wanna have but not be had
And I think "can I sell this?
The rainfall's a windfall the fourth wall a paywall"
Whenever things get bad
So this is what I choose to do
With my redeeming quality
That thing that came from the same place as my instability
It's not a gift if you pay for it
But I don't want no charity
I spent all my years to end up right here, and now I
Really think I'd rather leave cause

I hate sex, I hate drugs
And I hate rock 'n' roll
And I hate music and my lack of self-control
And I hate sex, I hate drugs
And I hate rock 'n' roll
And I hate proving
That I'm still human after all

It's the death of the author
You read between white chalk outlines
Well if the pen's that much stronger
Then call this hare kari as I kamikaze to my career suicide
I hate these Easter bunny encores, 2 and 4 beat claps
Stockade stages, applause and praise, trying to
Chuck tomatoes back

Newsfeeds, groupies, critics, analytics, and
Starry-eyed stalkers who demand a man in lipstick, and a
Role model psycho but an echo in their chamber
Martyr to their dollar but a baby in a manger
Effigy on the alter: the parish they brandish their torches and sway to this
love song
Screaming
"Virginia, walk on my water!"
Their apocryphal daughters with nerf armor and ARs who want me
Caught with red hands cut my wrists and make me put white gloves on
So go ahead sure, drink my kool-aid
It wouldn't mix well with my meds
But there's demand and a market for my brand scars, and I can't treat the
Trademarks in my head
I hate to be "that guy," but I'm not that guy anymore, and I made
God damn sure he's dead
And I would dance on his grave, but the music that I play seems to say
Take me instead

So

I hate sex, I hate drugs
And I hate rock 'n' roll
And I hate music and my lack of self-control
I hate sex, I hate drugs
And I hate rock 'n' roll
And I hate music
Yeah I hate you kids
And I hate putting up fourth walls
And I hate proving that I'm still human after all
And I hate proving that I'm still human