

# Stupid Preoccupations

Vic Chesnutt

I am sick of you  
Expecting me to do  
All those puny ingratiations  
You know I am a terrible patient I am barely alive  
Ever since my daddy died  
And I've been searching for my own little babies  
To misbehave and betray me I tie one onto all the others  
And say a soggy toast to all my drunken brothers They've got organizations of a people  
Like me with stupid preoccupations  
Stupid preoccupations  
Stupid preoccupations We know y'all are all innocent  
I'm just bitching at your expense  
And the price for cockiness is worth swiping  
Yes, it's primal griping Yes, I am nearly reformed  
So don't say that you weren't warned  
'Cause when I break into that smile that is aching  
It may be too ugly to look on Hallelujah for the ghosties  
And all those scary monsters under the boiling seas They've got organizations of a people  
Like me with stupid preoccupation  
Stupid preoccupations  
Stupid preoccupations

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