

Petrified Life And The Twice Told Joke (decrepit B

Gym Class Heroes

I walk on decrepit bricks and kick sticks and rusty soda cans
Simply for lack of better stimulation
Motivation comes and goes like gas station patrons
So sedation compensates for unexpected vacations
That's my pre-gratitude
Post, please leave me alone, that's just my rude attitude
No dysfunction flip side, I'm just your ordinary citizen
They're waiting patiently for me to sin again but then again
I'm really mommy's little angel
But that angel on my shoulder got strangled
For trying to tangle with his nemesis, he caught him on the wrong day
And got cut like DJs spinning doubles
I'm on my way to the store ignoring the city
To purchase a pack of Marb' Reds with a stack of rolled pennies
I could go for Denny's and my stomach holds plenty
But my pocket's got holes, I guess the goal is to stay empty
Quite simply put me and my pockets share interest
I'll never fall in love with that pretty green-eyed temptress twice
I learned my lesson the first time
I just couldn't keep up with that ever-changing Jordan line of foot apparel
Parallel to many clones, my eye's vision monochromes
With seven shades and twenty tones, plus I breath artistic
They eating everything I'm feeding them
Put myself in every painting and use my spit as mat medium
And results are my children, we share the same genes
Cast the same reflections and interpret the same dreams
Like whoa, like whoa, like whoa, like whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
And at night, I roam these streets with absolutely no purpose
Feeling like I'm worthless
But contrary to my last statement, I feel fine
Content with the fact that I know this city's mine
And at night, I roam these streets with absolutely no purpose
Feeling like I'm worthless
But contrary to my last statement, I feel fine
Content with the fact that I know this city's mine
I walk down dead end streets like I didn't see the sign
Just to turn around and walk back, that's fine and dandy
But what's whack is the fact, I'm still walking

Like, "Thank God for Walkmans"
I'm only yawning 'cause these simple minded mortals make me sleepy
So what do I do? I resort to T.V.
In the seemingly lousy attempt to numb myself with lackluster images
And insignificant information like, "Willis was really Todd Bridges"

Just to have the upper hand in monotonous conversations
And for lack of better stimulation
I'm painting portraits of dysfunctional families with gloomy faces
Rockin' "Don't Worry, Be Happy" T-shirts
And you're assuming I'm tasteless
You misconstrue it but your babies will embrace it
The basic essentials of a very bitter young man
That kicks rusty soda cans and walks on decrepit bricks
With a permanent pair of headphones
Trying to make these lectures stick
I'll let them protesters picket like they are gonna make a difference
And watch them die before they realize
That their cause was nonexistent
Like their cause was nonexistent
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Content with the fact that I know this city's mine
I walk on shitty city sidewalks stepping on every single crack
Reminiscent of that joke we used to say when we were snotty nose
My purpose got defeated when my mind turned paraplegic
Plus I failed my Civil Service exam, they said I cheated
Not to mention tainted urine samples
And the attention span of a second-grader
More fascinated with building blocks than wasting time
Stressing his daily lesson, hence the ritalin
I've been gone with the wind like lucky lottery tickets since day one
And stepped on the left 'cause right's wrong
So what do I do? I resort to friendly games of ping pong
And sing a song in "Sixpence", I'm "None the Richer"
I just kiss her on the lips and keep trucking
And at night, I roam these streets with absolutely no purpose
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