

Catalina

Descendents

My room's a mess, I don't care
Tired of sitting at my desk
You can't bother me
Man, I'm far away from you
Got to get away
You can't ruin my day
You can't tell me what to do
You can't make me think I love you Shoot it in your arm, you can't hurt me
I'm on my way to Catalina
I'm not going to read your books
My tank's full of squid
And it's getting light Whores, you can't make me want
I got all the fish I need
On the deck of my boat
You can't take my heart when I'm here
(Cause it's a) long swim home
For your suit little arms I'll steal some gas, fix my motor
Turn on my Beatles tape
And get you out of my head Ah yes, here I am, far away from everyone
And the only fish I smell
Is on the deck of my boat
Yeah, I want to go (I really want to go)
but my motor's broken
There's no scotch tape, I'm out of gas,
Looks like I'm stuck here
(Shit) Looks like I'm stuck here I'll steal some gas, fix my motor
Turn on my Doors tape
And get you out of my head
Get you out of my head Ah, head.

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