Su Casa Es Mi Casa

Suicidal Tendencies

The ticking you hear is your life passing you byDo you feel you're not taken serious?
That your input is brushed aside?
That you can get no respect
That people may even be laughing behind your backDoes this make you question your self-worth?
Well, it should, because you're worthless!
Now take the case of the new-age cyco
Confident, commanding respect
Taking whatever he wants, from wherever it isI've been thinking so to speak
Knees are shaking, tired and weak
I've been wondering who I am
I've been wondering where I amSu casa es mi casa
Porque estoy muy locoIf you have one, I'll have one too
Not another, the one I took from you
Add my numbers, add it up
I guess I got it, give it upSu casa es mi casa
Porque estoy muy locoNow you've had some time to think
Why don't you look in the mirror?
Tell me what you see
Nah, not on the outside
Look inside, deep inside
The true uglinessNot the self-created colored hair
Piercings hanging out everywhere
The stuff you try to cover up and deny
So there's a reason for everything
Now you let the reason out
Rising up, I feel it coming, let 'em know it's timeI'm still wondering, why I am
Coughing up blood, spitting up phlegm
So much anger, hostility
Biting and kicking inside of meI'm fully cyco, partly hexed
Makes me wonder who is next
You need not worry about what I am
But you better worry about where I amSu casa es mi casa
No quieres chingar conmigoThe ticking you hear is your life passing you by

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