Walkin' Frustration

Voodoo Glow Skulls

No I can't seem to cope
With all that's in front of me
I wish I had some time
To catch up with myself
Living check to check
I've got nothing to call my own
I'm overdrawn and my credit is all spentI've got walkin' frustration...and I've got no medication!!!Everyday the same routine
In my programmed life
I don't know what my
Social status is
Early to bed early to rise,
I never see the sun
A creature of habit is what I've becomeMy girlfriend left me yesterday
She says that she's gay
She took all her things
And my private joy
My brother owes me fifty bucks
And now I'm unemployed
The rituals of life lead to my condition

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