

# Broken Food

## Freak Kitchen

Are you going to say "hi" to me?  
What a waste of sympathy  
I'm stuck in my stupid misery  
A self-centered son of a bitch...You know, I used to wake up in a good mood most everyday  
Now it shifts from grey to grey  
I'm an arm short, but that's ok  
My head seems to be the problemYou can't bring me down; I'm already there  
There's nothing you can say; I no longer care  
I'm sorry, but you can't harm me with that attitude  
I was raised on broken food...Is there anything I can do for you?  
Ease your conscience for a minute or two?  
You can try 'til your face turns blue  
With this self-centered son of a bitchYou can't bring me down; I'm already there  
There's nothing you can say; I no longer care  
I'm sorry, but you can't harm me with that attitude  
I've been raised on broken foodAre you going to say "hi" to me?  
You know I'd really like that  
What I say and what I think might not be the same, you see...  
I would really, really like that

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