

# Fft

## Huntingtons

Sitting in my room  
The thoughts are flying through my head  
[Unverified] inside my brain is tart  
The contract's on my bedSmell the smell of cigar smoke  
And I know who it is  
Ideas are dumb, the doors are shut  
The messages are hisMy buddy Al drove off a cliff  
And ran into a nail  
He licks his wounds and wonders  
How the tooth drove him to failHe hates to park his car  
Downtown on 16th Avenue  
Sometimes her eyes are green  
And other times I think they're blueMy sister is a mother  
And my mother is a chore  
My brother is a junkie  
For the C.O. music boardsI knew this guy who was so lazy  
And he was so dumb  
He slept all day and lost his job  
And now he is a bum

Lyrics provided by  
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