

My Hands Hurt

I Can Make A Mess Like Nobody's Business

Please
I need some help here
Just need to know where
I belongMy number's getting higher
And my bank can't get much lighter
And my throat is getting tighter
And my knees hurtMy hands are always shaking
My body's always aching
When I wake, I get so angry
About thingsHow much life must I miss here
Before the road gets clear
My mind just starts to wonder
About me

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