

Worker Bee

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It's been a good year, a good new beginning
I'm through with the old school so let's commence the winning
I've been a good little worker bee
I deserve a gold star
Gone are the glad hands, the black holes and liars
The constant companions, obnoxious suppliers
Carnivore kings milking holiday sins
Comas and cashmire
It went from no good to *** up and over
A total distortion of lifelong disorders
Barreling headfirst through fresh open wounds
This I was not used to
Now that my words don't quite do what they should
Now that old wounds are resurfacing too
It makes me feel golden
It makes me feel good
It's been a good year, a good new beginning
I'm through with the old school so let's commence the winning
I've been a good little worker bee
I deserve a gold star, a gold star
I deserve a gold star today

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