

My Descent Into Madness

Eels

No, I don't know how to start
I'm the king of the roads, yeahLa la laSpringfield's looking pretty dusty today
I see their dreams coming undone
The view from inside ward nine affords this much
A town teeming with the unloved
Close the window and lock it so it's good and tightLa la laTurning eighteen and trying not to look too lost
Have a not so nice day
The jacket makes me straight so I can just sit back and bake
You know I think I'm gonna stay
Talking very loud but no one hears a word I sayLa la laLa la laCome visit me tonight at eight o'clock
And then you'll see how I am not the crazy oneVoices tell me I'm the shitTwenty days go by and every day
looks the sameLa la laLa la laI'm the shit

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