

Dick Jones

Local H

You're sidetracked with nothing to show
You're friends with people that you don't even know
You're stuck in places that you would never go
If you could choose
You're on a level that you've never sunk to
You're in a middle that there's no getting through
You're over and you'll be thirty-two
You were born to lose
It's chemical
Logical

Left foot, right foot
You got it
Walk away and fast
Turn around and leave them behind
You're on your fifth drink with no buzz in sight
And that asshole hasn't shut up all night
You wanna tell yourself that you'll be alright
But who would you fool?

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