

Couch Boy

No Use For A Name

Sometimes the news bums me out
It doesn't get me off the couch where I belong
I guess as world problems never seem to rest
Am I afraid, God, yes I am
Won't somebody tell me why my TV
Claims we're born to die like this
Communicate, don't seperate
Don't instigate a world of hate
Comtemplate the situation
Negotiate those lazy ways
We've gone to far to slip away

Situation is an open invitation
And all this time we've had to change it
Now it's time to face it
Lazy, I am
Realistically, what can I do
I'll leave it up to the rest of you
Yo uwouldn't like my point of view anyway
How can I stand aside and watch the wear world go by?
It's easy, you see, when you haven't got a window
Just a screen

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