

Total Mess

Rozwell Kid

Walk backwards, in through the front door
And straight into the truck that you wiggled out of before
I've gone around and around
I'm always in doubt with you I've mastered the stupid little trick
Of doing everything to the point that it makes me sick
I know I'm down on the ground
I'm passing out next to you And you said it best
When you said I'm a mess
And you said it best
When you said I'm a mess
Run faster through the city streets
And give a hundred-dollar bill to every single person you meet
I'm blowing all of my dough
Doesn't matter if I'm with you You said it best
When you said I'm a mess
And you said it best
When you said I'm a mess
You said it best
When you said I'm a mess
You said it best
When you said I'm a mess
You said it best
When you said I'm a mess
You said it best

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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