Rocket Rocket Rocketship

The Arrogant Sons of Bitches

Exhausted all the things I love.
I torture myself. Can't I just be happy?
But everybody jumps on everything I said
And everybody's telling me we're best friends.
I'd rather be dead or dying.
So someone cut me a check
Cashed for all that I'm worth.
Divide it by what I spent
And calculate my net worth.
I never got nothing for anything.
I feel I've done everything for nothing.
And maybe we can fly away from here.
Surf on the debris of our broken scene.
Sub-suburban wasteland.
Pack up everything and get out of here.
Everything I fight for is dead to me.
Sub-suburban wasteland.
You were wrong.
I'll buy the farm tonight.
I'd like to spend time where no one can see me.
I'm pissing down the cracks of our broken dreams.
United we can change our whole destiny.
Come on. Nobody's with me.
Just send me off with a check
Made out to more than I'm worth
And I swear I'll feel better.
But I'll say I feel worth worse
I never feel like feeling anything.
I'll only feel anything for nothing.
And maybe we can fly away from here.
Surf on the debris of a broken scene.
Pack up everything and get out of here.
Everything I fight for is dead to me.
Sub-suburban waste.
We're breaking down while breaking in.
We're breaking down while breaking in.

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