Dressed to Depress

Murderdolls

I got a snotty nose, I got nappy hair
My mommy don't love me
And my daddy don't care, no
My sister's a slut and my brother's a drunk
And I'm standin' in the mirror now
Gettin' myself all dressed up"Everything's okay," at least that's what they say
One foot in the gutter, the other's in the grave, yeah
Push the clock, I'm your slave
For the rest of my life twelve hours a day, yeah
No future, no way
I was born to lose but that's okayDressed to dressed to depress
You couldn't ask for anything less
Dressed to dressed to depress
My whole life's a fucked up messDressed to dressed to depress
You couldn't ask for anything less
Dressed to dressed to depress
My whole life is fucked upDressed to dressed to depress
You couldn't ask for anything less
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My whole life's a fucked up messDressed to dressed to depress
You couldn't ask for anything less
Dressed to dressed to depress
My whole life is a fucked up mess

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