

I'm All Out of It Now

Ultimate Fakebook

I'm all out of it now
I'm all messed up and dressed down
I don't know anyone around
Because I'm out of it For weeks and years and months it seems
I'm out of everything I need
No, don't ask for anything, I'm out of it It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool state of mind
'Cause it's always behind me, where I can't find it? I'm all out of it now
And I just gotta have it loud
And I could never turn it down
Because I'm out of it For weeks and years and months it seems
I play my fingers till they bleed
The price of fame is what I need, I'm out of it It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool state of mind
'Cause it's always behind me, where I can't find it? It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool state of mind
'Cause it's always behind me

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