

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 standing in the mirror now
Getting 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
Punch the clock I'm your slave
For the rest of my life 12 hours a day
No future, no way
I was born to lose and that's okay Dressed to, dressed to depress
You couldn't ask for anything less
Dressed to, dressed to depress My whole life's a fucked up mess

Songwriters

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