Rubber Room

Screeching Weasel

Everything around me is turning into shit
And I don't know what to do
Everyone I know is having a fit
'Cause I haven't got a clue
I don't know who I am
Patience is wearing thin
I think my head is caving in
I don't wanna live in a rubber room
But I think I'm halfway there
The funny thing about it is the worse it gets
The less I even care

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