

# Fuckabout

## Drenge

This song is a fuckabout  
Not one to write home about  
And I guess if you're in any doubt  
That I'm a fuckabout  
Then I'll hear you out I live in a paradise  
It's not home, but I guess it's alright  
And you live on the second floor  
Sleep in the corridor  
What are you living for?  
When words get stuck in your throat  
And all you wanna do is choke  
On the lies that you've been fed  
When you are down in the dumps  
And you're kicking at the walls  
'Cause you don't know what you've said When I put the kettle on  
You put heavy metal on  
I won't say a word, until I go  
Then you say  
What do I know anyway? And I waste, every single day  
Staring into the middle space  
And you know that I'm a fuckabout  
What can we talk about anyhow?  
I don't give a fuck  
About people in love  
They don't piss me off  
They just make me give up  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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