

# Up Yours

## Condemned 84

Up yours, stop your whine  
Feelin' swell, I'm doin' fine Yeah yeah, fuck your suicide  
It's all bullshit 'cause I tried  
And it really don't impress me all that much Up yours, what'd you find  
Sit right down, I got time And you say here comes the end  
And you haven't got a friend  
And I'm standing here just screaming at the wall Up yours, stop your whine  
What you got? I got mine And you shake your stupid head  
And you wish that you were dead  
And I swear sometimes you're happier than me And you know it's hard to be  
All the things you want me to be  
And then you go and make it hard on me  
But I swear that anything you could be, I could be, can't you see? Up yours, got no mind  
That's too bad, you got time Yeah yeah, fuck your silly game  
'Cause it's driving me insane  
And it really doesn't matter much to me

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