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Less Than Jake

Unless you could see inside my head
You couldn't possible understand
I'm happier when things are falling apart
At the seams and you never know just by looking at me
And I'm strugn out on the future
And burnt our on the past
Sometimes I'd rather just burn this place to the ground
And y'know, it's just may be me
But the parking lot with all those creeps
Keeps me convincing myself that I'm completely sane
And with sleep just over rated
And all of my ideals out dated
I know that I wouldn't want it any other way
And I can't explain why this races through my mind

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