Out of Focus

Buck 65

Dirty and low with the same pair of pants on
Tables I dance on and benches at bed time
Way passed the deadline and waiting for the world's end
I just had a terrible argument with my girlfriend
Something or other, I always seem to be in trouble
Getting kind of hard to hear and maybe now I'm seeing double
God almighty, give me strength and put the poison down tomorrow
Tonight I'm gonna stay up late, see if I can drown in sorrow(2x's)
I go under the blouse and grope for the breast
I call this one hope and hope for the best
I play fight rarely and barely touch the surface
anchors away I'm out of focus on purposeI'm lower than life, living like it's the last day
Eyes gone out and hard like an ashtray
Dog won't play with me I'm smelly and unshaven
Walkin in circles and searching for a safe haven
Time's running low but still I remain patient
Practicing my lines hanging out at the train station
500 excuses and working on a dozen more
unemployed again your parents hate me cause I'm poor(2x's)
I go under the blouse and grope for the breast
I call this one hope and hope for the best
I play fight rarely and barely touch the surface
anchors away I'm out of focus on purposeI'm quick to throw the towel in too stubborn to apologize
the future is bleek and my memories are wallet-sized
I'm out of ideas, it feels like I'm choking
All of my mirrors and promises are broken
I'm lousy and threadbare too low to get down
Almost out of gas but can't stand to sit down
God almighty, wish me luck, let me get to sleep
I'm trying to keep it all together
I've got to laugh to keep from cryingI go under the blouse and grope for the breast
I call this one hope and hope for the best
I play fight rarely and barely touch the surface
anchors away I'm out of focus on purpose

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