

Obsessive Compulsive Complainers

Sicko

Obsessive Compulsive Complainers syndrome is taking over rock
it seems like no one feels like they belong
all of the kids can relate to self-hate
they don't want a pep talk
a million screaming outcasts can't be wrong I don't wanna, I'm not gonna
my life's a fuckin' waste
and you're paying me to stand here and complain I have gone nowhere but that doesn't phase me
I've done it for so long
and don't they say that it's never too late
and all of the girls I know are crazy
but they make for funny songs
don't understand why I can't get a date I can't get no, I can't let go
I'm a basket case
and you'll never understand a thing I'm saying
but you're paying me to stand here and complain Obsessive Compulsive Complainers syndrome
is my get-rich-quick scheme
keep the fame 'cause that's not what I'm after
but as long as I'm here then I'll shed a tear
and sing about broken dreams
My life can't be enough of a disaster

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