

Wendy's Trash Can

Rozwell Kid

I'm up to my eyeballs
In red neon suits and spray-on tans
I'm down to my underwear
'Cause I threw it all away in a Wendy's trash canOoooohh
OoooohhI've lost track of all the cups of coffee
That I've dropped into the sand
I've found every shred of shit
That makes me feel at home in a barren wasteland
Ooooohh
OoooohhIt's not the same
(It's not the same)
It's not the same
As the picture I had painted in my brain
It's not the same
(It's not the same)
It's not the same
At allShred for me!I'm two days away in a stolen '98 Saturn sedan
I'm two thousand miles from the clothes I threw away in a Wendy's trash canOoooohh
Ooooohh
It's not the same
(It's not the same)
It's not the same
As the picture I had painted in my brain
It's not the same
(It's not the same)
It's not the same
At allI'm on a lightning bolt of cosmic self-expression
I'm listening to "Band on the Run"
And that's it

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