

# My Chemical Imbalance

## Guttermouth

Ah, there's gonna be a killing  
A killing, killing, killing  
Drugs are not for healing  
That guy just ate meat, a-wow! There's gonna be a beating  
A beating, beating, beating  
The kids are on acid  
And they're marching down the streets It's my chemical imbalance  
Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs  
Zoloft keeps me even  
Being straight-edge rather sucks  
There is no telling what could happen  
If my gang was on to me The bullets are a-shooting  
A shooting, shooting, shooting  
Paco plucked a pollo  
That he plans to eat Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck There's gonna be a juicing  
A juicing, juicing, juicing  
I'm sober, but I'm pooping  
Gorge my colon full of prunes GO GET MORE PRUNES! It's my chemical imbalance  
Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs  
Zoloft keeps me even  
Being straight-edge rather sucks  
There is no telling what could happen  
If my gang was on to me Well, I was peeing in my room and I was staring at the wall  
And I was thinking about everything, but, then again, I was thinking about nothing  
When my same-sex parents walked in and started squealing  
Mark! Mike! No, Mark! We've been noticing you've been having a lot of problems, lately  
And we think it'd be in your best interest if we put you on Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors  
And I said, "What the fuck is a Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor?  
Why don't you stick it up your ass like your boyfriend!  
And who the hell is this Zoloft guy?  
Some new German, third-party, whathaveyou, weird sexual experience?  
Just give me a cookie!"

Lyrics provided by

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