

Chest Pain

Zoinks!

I don't feel so good where am I
This is not where I laid down
Who are these people, who's home is this
Where's my clothes and where's my car
How did I get in the bathtub
Not again, Not again
The phone is off and I need a ride
None of these people are my friends
Fell off of the wagon coughin' and draggin' the vice boy
Door opened a magnum a nice boy turned shitty
Burnin' fiddy's of daddy's money on the top of a can
I said I'm coppin' the van he caught you poppin' a Adavan
Thought you had a gram what did ya do with it
check both pockets shit where's your wallet
Dumb alcoholic time for the panic
[Hook:]Sit around now waitin' on a chest pain
Lookin' for a sign right brain left brain
Something inside startin' to feel strange
Friends wonder where you been
Go take a vitamin, throw your cigarettes away
Clean up the beer cans, It's a beautiful day
Time you reported to your life
Yes I should have stayed in college no I was to cool for that
Cooking soft up into solid y'all know where to find me at
Seems too hard to get better what do I do after that
waitin' on an answer does anybody out there hear me
Take your ass home you ain't gon' last long
You're sick, tired, wired, you're dyin'
Look at them in the eyes and lyin'
Can't you tell your brain cells are fryin'
Don't go a chance in hell you're buyin'
Death by the bag yeah you grabbed his ass??
What are you runnin' from, take a bath

But before you do pass that grass
[Hook:]Sit around now waitin' on a chest pain
Lookin' for a sign right brain left brain
Something inside startin' to feel strange
Friends wonder where you been

Go take a vitamin, throw your cigarettes away
Clean up the beer cans, It's a beautiful day
Time you reported to your life
Why is everything so technical, got me thinkin' mechanical
Puffin' on those botanicals, every second so critical
Bored with the human language, pain beat on my mental
Messin' with chemicals, sick as the appetites of cannibals
Far away they shoot a laser from a computer
Ricochets off a satellite panel to a missile silo in Cuba
Eyes behold catastrophe, foreseen by Nostradamus
The prophets peep the millennium age of the broken promise
More religions than park pigeons, the poor envy the rich and
Monetary decisions make pessimistic the vision
It's like the whole planet went off the deep end While I was sleepin'
Men be leapin off ledges, when there women leave for the weekend. Why?
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