

Stretch Armstrong

Angry Salad

she says, "he's writing a novel"
i told her that's called smoking dope
she said a boy my age should have learned to cope by now, by now she's got more bounce back than my, my
stretch armstrong doll
she's with another before i've recovered, and crossed her name off my wall
if you could have seen me, a third rate houdini
escaping with lines like "the problem was me" now freedom's just another word for watching TV
let the cold lonely blue light wash over me
freedom's just another word for watching TV
now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be so much for forgiveness
no such thing as a second chance
my bed's a complete mess
i lie in it, all by myself my cats don't talk to me, they've taken her side i'm sure
they hear the sound as if she's coming 'round, and all three of us stare at the door
god damn what i said when i sat on her bed
that the problem's not her, that the problem was me now freedom's just another word for watching TV
let the cold lonely blue light wash over me
freedom's just another word for watching TV
now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be he was such the arrogant bastard
she'd say "wait up" - it seemed that he'd walk faster
it's only with distance and time that she got him out of her mind and now i find
that that bastard, that bastard was me now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be yeah, freedom's just
another word for watching TV
let the cold lonely blue light wash over me
freedom's just another word means nothing to me and since you've left there's been nothing on
freedom's just another word
there's nothing on

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