Knives, Bats, New Tats

Lifetime

Ever get the feeling ideals can't take us where we need to go?
Sometimes I'd like to just maybe squash your head,
but next time that I see you I'll just probably smile and say, "hello".
What's wrong with me?
Why can't you see?
It's all I see.
Next time that star shoots across the sky,
I'm gonna grab it and smash it under my feet.
Who the fuck wants to be happy?
I'll sleep on the floor.
And I'll just lock my door so Dave don't come
and tell me "turn down that shit you play".
I wonder what it would be like to be real deep
and dark, typical and boring.
Yeah that's me.
If I made up the rules, you would not be so close to me.
Not so close to... not so... not so close to me.
Not too close to me.
Not too close to me.
Not so close... not so... not so close to me.

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