

# Six Degrees From Misty

## No Use For A Name

When you were little she sold you out  
Out be the ounce the drugs and alcohol was free  
Or maybe it was your imagination  
Friend of the family but now the foe  
She gets inside your mind with everything you smoke  
That's why your conspiracy comes from some words she spoke  
The rain is controlled by misty  
Who's one but feels like three  
She always has to be behind every little problem I face  
I'd drive to Ireland but there's a lake between the land

She hired private eyes to follow me  
Maybe I'll go to Paris and France  
And meet the Pope and someone to be with for life  
A place far away where she could never find us here  
Everything bad is a "misty"  
She's hiding in that tree  
I'm swimming at the beach and she's got submarines and high technology  
She runs my life and in my dreams at night  
And everywhere I go I'm always six degrees, from misty

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