Ad Nausea

The Good Life

All my life I've felt such discontent
For every big achievement, each award, each encore
I assume this gloom stretches to my death bed?Nausea, this lump in my throat
It's just nausea-it's making me choke
So sad to know this life is a hoax
Nausea, I barely exist
It's your nausea-I'm shaking my fist
At a universe that can't give a shit
Nausea, ad nausea
All my families buying brand new houses
For their bundles of joy in their twenty couches
Then there's me, I'm wealthy with ideasAll my joy is grief an artificial
With the proper dosage I can feed my ego
Once the buzz wears off I feel so hollow
Nausea, this ache in my chest
It's just nausea-I can't catch my breath
So sad that life's indebted to death
Nausea, in fits and starts
It's your nausea-I want no part
I can't give a shit and I'm calling it artNausea, ad nausea
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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