The Plan (Fuck Jobs)

The Front Bottoms

I fucking hate the comments
Why do you feel you have to talk?
Nobody asked for your opinion
Your sick, sad way of jerking off
Everyone you think you're better than
What the fuck I'm guilty too
Half the time that I'm complaining
I'm just talking shit on youI'm sorryNever underestimate
The poor, hungry, and desperate
My body is a temple
How much you think I could get for it
And I will take cold showers
From now on until I learn
That once you fuck with fire
All that's left to do is burn
Baby, burn, burn, burnI could feel myself
Falling from an airplane
I hear static when I close my eyes
I imagine one day things settling
And I think about what that might be likeCause I love you
I miss you
I wanna hug and kiss you
Oh, I love you
I miss you
I wanna hug and kiss you
It's alrightI want world domination just like everybody else
So if you hear me talking strategy
It's only to myself
Everybody's gotta have a game plan
Cut up a couple different ways
Just hope no one remembers these
The darkest of my daysWhen my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides
When my mind is uncertain my body decides

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