...And Keep Reaching for Those Stars

I Hate Myself

i want to be in a motercycle gang
gangreen and mean and fucked up all the time.
picture me on the back of a harley
leather-clad and bad and driving fifty-five.
i want to see things i'll never get to see
foreign bronze, klingons, naked girls with purple eyes.
yeah, look at me - sad and low and lonely - dead-end job, a slob,
and fucked up all the time.
i'm going nowhere. i'd rather go somewhere instead.
i'm gonna blow a hole through the back of my head.
don't cry when I say good-bye

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