

Guided By Voices, Drinker's Peace

At times I wish I were dead
Busy people dancing all over my head
Real shock value with every move they make
Real bad headache with every step they take

I get a contact buzz
Cant remember what the problem was
I find it hard to even care
Life was too real till you got there

My life is dirt, but you seem to make it cleaner
Reduce my felony to a misdemeanor
When I feel sick, youre an antibiotic
Organize my world, my worlds pointless and chaotic

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Cant remember what the problem was
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Life was too real until you got there