

Glad To Be

The Vindictives

Every time I hear it a chill runs down my spine.
You talk about my problems and it's fucking up my mind.
You look at me and shake your head and say that I'm not sane,
While watching sit-com re-runs is the highpoint of your day.
I'm glad to be, so glad to be,
I'm glad to be a misfit in your world,
In your world, in your world,
Cause it's not my world no more.
Anytime I talk to you I feel no connection.
You hide behind you rules and laws whenever you feel threatened
.
You look at me and shake your head and make me feel insane,
While every fast food jingle jangles 'round inside your brain.
I'm glad to be, so glad to be,
I'm glad to be a reject in your world,
Your world, your world,
Cause it's not my world no more.
Invite me to your bar-b-q to marvel at your lawnmower.
Talk about the weather then get mad at me for yawning.
I'm afraid to shake your hand cause you might be contagious.
I don't think I really hate you
But I can't stand to see myself thru you're empty eyes.
You can call me dumb and lazy labeling me as weird
And tell me how to straighten out, but I can't even hear ya,
Cause I think you should quit your job and take a long vacation
,
And lock yourself inside your room and take up masturbation, ba
by.
I'm glad to be, so glad to be,
I'm glad to be a loser, in your world,
Your world, your world,
Cause it's not my world no more.