

I'm all out of it now
I'm all messed up and dressed down
I don't know anyone around
because I'm out of it

For weeks and years and months it seems
I'm out of everything I need
No, don't ask for anything - I'm out of it

It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool state of mind
Cuz it's always behind me - where I can't find it

I'm all out of it now
And I just gotta have it loud
And I could never turn it down
because I'm out of it

For weeks and years and months it seems
I play my fingers 'till they bleed
The price of fame is what I need - I'm out of it

It must be a cool thing
It must be a cool place
It must be a cool state of mind
Cuz it's always behind me - where I can't find it