

You're so tormented
Demented
Indebted
To all the assholes just like you
Who've come and gone before you
Predictable
Just plain dull
Why don't you
Blow your brains out, too?
You're so into yer shtik

You're so hounded
Ungrounded
Surrounded
By scum sucking leeches
Who will shovel your shit
Sweep your dessert
Both before and after it
Feed your ego
They never tell you no
All of you
Make me sick
You're so into yer shtik

And they're all into your shtik

Well, Mitchell's got a new girl
She's nineteen
Hollywood model
Star of the screen
She's up here
To support the scene
It's all part
Of his rock and roll fantasy

Stan was at the bar
With bandaged hands
They tried to dry him out
And he got mad
Cut his fist
Punching hospital glass
Made his myth
Now he's trapped

Susie's just a girl
Who's doing her job
That came to New York
And wanted a car
Working with the management
To the stars
Kissing ass
Is a part of her job
It's part of her job
Yeah, it's part of her job
Oh she loves her job
What the hell?
She does it so well

I'm not perfect
I've lived a life of mistakes
I'm not perfect
There's one thing I can't take
You are into yer shtik
You're so into yer shtik
And they're so into yer shtik
Fuck you, you make me sick