

i'll tell, tell ya when we get there.
i got a problem, it wasn't always there.
suddenly my room mates are drinking,
drinking way, way, way, way too much beer
and pukeing up, pasing out, leaving a big old mess.
i gotta work, i can't get to sleep
and they don't seem to care about the stinky sanchez, swirly head.
half the times in this house, i wish i was dead.
i wouldn't trade it for the world.
woah! all the dishes piled to the ceiling.
woah! wash machine won't stop going.
woah! and it's always over flowing.
woah! the toilets always broken.
woah! strange people always sleeping over.
woah! with the rotten stench of a bad hangover.
losing my brain, think i'm insane.
someones always bitter, throwing a big fit.
15 year old girls hanging all on Martin.
police are watching us real close.
the neighbors know we're weird.
the stench of hell is permanant, my nostrils never clear.
this house of suffering.
i love to hate it here and rednecks threaten us with guns.
woah! my flat mates should be locked up.
woah! sometimes i think there stupid jerks.
woah! 900 number calls on our phone bill.
woah! Cheyanne forgot her chill pill.
woah! Jim is in the hospital once again.
woah! James lost his job. what do i do?
woah! i think i'm gonna move...