

Social Hypochondriac "Blues"

As I rise the other day with a pain in my left side
It was raining me awake and I thought I might've died
She turns to me and speaks to me from between the eyes
Says you're much more sick than I can seem to find online
We're all social hypochondriacs, we're all kissing the same sky

I walk downstairs the long way, tripping over regulation
Paul Simon falls in love with the sound leaving the station
Negotiation sings to me with Baroque anticipation
My mind turns to the early days of that hospitalization
We're all social hypochondriacs, we're all kissing the same sky

Watch out for half baked brownie points they still take you by surprise
It's never quite the kind of changes that they like to advertise
Sometimes my body falls apart, sometimes it keeps its ties
I don't like the way they seem to think their booze can sterilize
We're all social hypochondriacs, we're all kissing the same sky

Characterized by novels, politics, and by religion
They still take their guns to cities to imagine those clay pigeons
I'm getting sick of all the times they say they're putting the same bridge in
Getting sick of what they tell me is just doctor's intuition
We're all social hypochondriacs, we're all kissing the same sky