

# Be Your Own Pet, Hillmont Avenue

My eyes so big, the color of the room  
They believe they know things that they don't  
Refresh all over like the world is new  
Twist it 99 times like you'd ever been here before and well  
It's a jungle in there, don't you see it?  
Made of dirty shirts and stained jackets  
I can tell the whole room is plotting against me  
Speaking the language only objects can  
I lost my mind, these little men stole it  
You wouldn't believe in all the stuff this way  
I met my evil half in the bathroom  
Telling me secrets in the mirror  
Well I'm on the floor, sticking it to the room  
I might just be alone forever  
They stink like sweat, I'm loose in all this mess  
If I was crazy, I would have fun all the time!!!  
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