

Catalina

Descendents

I'm a mess, I don't care
I'm tired of sitting at my desk
You can't bother me
Yeah, I'm far away from you, ha
Got to get away
You can't ruin my day Can't tell me
What to do
Can't make me
Think I love you
Shoot it in your arm
You can't hurt me
I'm on my way
To Catalina
I'm not gonna read your books
My tank's full of squid
And it's getting light
And you whores, you can't make me want
I got all the fish I need
On the deck of my boat
And you can't take my heart when I'm here
long swim home
For your cute little arms
I'll steal some gas, fix my motor
Turn on my Beatles tape
And get you out of my head
Ah yes, here I am, far away from everyone, ha
Yeah, the only fish I smell
Is on the deck of my boat
I really want to go but my motor's broken
There's no scotch tape, I'm out of gas,
It looks like I'm stuck here
Shit.
It looks like I'm stuck here!
I'll steal some gas, fix my motor
Turn on my Doors tape
And get you out of my head
Get you out of my head. Head!

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