

## 16.OTTO. MY JUNK

Well, you'll have to excuse me, I know it's so off.  
I love when you do stuff that's rude and so wrong.

I go up to my room, turn the stereo on...  
Shoot up some you in the you of some song.  
I lie back just driftin' and play out these scenes  
I ride on the rush all the hopes all the dreams.

I May be neglecting the things I should do.  
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.

See we still keep talkin' after you're gone.  
You still with me then feels so good in my arms.  
They say you go blind, maybe it's true.  
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.

It's like we stop time. What can I do?  
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.  
My junk is you.  
My junk is you.  
You. You. You.