

# 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!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>