

The ordinary man's paranoia

To be written in small and crabbed writing like graffiti on a loo door

It's not paranoia, it's genuine persecution!
He is definitely up to something
They try to take me for a ride
What a laugh, they fucking think they are somebody
Why did I have to say that
It's always blamed on me
She called me a loser
What did he mean – does he take me for a complete idiot
She sure as hell has no business to say ...
Why didn't they just listen to me
The moon is a green cheese
Sure thing, once again I was disregarded
If they ever find out that I ...
He doesn't like me
Why can't I ever do just something right
They can tell just by looking at me
Everyone is against me
They heard what I said
Why can't I just shut up
I should never have told her anything
Now it's all blamed on me
I got a wrong start in life
Nobody likes me
I am scared of dying
Why can't I ever sort anything out
They are all a fucking bunch of assholes
What an absolute shitbag
Why him?
Why am I always the last one to be chosen

I called myself a nobody, over and over again

Shit, I'm fed up with everything

It's always the others who gets permission

I couldn't be bothered anymore

If I'd just reached there before Curt

Typically – my bus ticket has expired