

# Bomb The Music Industry!, I'm A Panic Bomb, Baby!

Mom, please wake up.  
I can't sleep. My head's fucked.  
I need a hug or a drug.  
Please decide.

What's up doc?  
Do I think of suicide?  
In this room, yes I do.  
Where's my form?

Now question 38: do you have trouble sleeping late?  
Sure, I've got probs sleeping in.  
Please pump me full of Klonopin  
Mom, doc, stop taking bets  
on whether I smoke cigarettes.

Prescribe goggles.  
Make it dark all the time.  
Go to school. Get beat up.  
Go to sleep.

You're so bald.  
You don't know about my  
Life with hair.  
Stop the interrogation.

I'm a panic bomb.  
Please step away from me.  
Panic bomb. Panic bomb.

Hey, Anne, I really think  
You shouldn't tell me I can't drink.  
Sorry, John. You're my best friend  
I didn't mean to try and kick your ass in the van.  
I can't do weekly visits.  
Three to six months for results?  
Fuck that shit.

I'm a panic bomb.  
Please step away from me.  
Panic bomb. Panic bomb.

And I know that you're all just trying to help  
But I really think you're all just trying to get rich.  
I don't need to be addicted to anything else.  
I don't need to be addicted to anything else.