

Mad Crowd Disease, Paul's Law

First time you're asking me
If I will do some thing
Maybe I will
Maybe I won't
Then you're asking me
Will it be
I don't have a clue
Coz I haven't agreed
Now you're telling me
I've got to do this
Who the Hell are you anyway

I'm so sick of people tellin' me what to do
Especially from the likes of you
Why can't you all just let me be
Coz I'm so sick of your bigotry
I don't know why my mind is reeling
And I can't stop screaming
Why can't you all just let me be
Coz I'm sick of your bigotry

You always imitate, illustrate
Your reasons for not being there
You get ideas from the press
Now everybody knows we've got insomnia
Don't tell me to scrutinize
I'll just say screw it
One last thing I want to destroy it

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