

Megadeth, Breakpoint

Make up the rules for me to live by
Rules you break and just let it slide
You try and find you inside of me
Be as great as you want me to be
Hypocrite, the word that fits
Do as you say
Not as you do
You're pushing me to a breakpoint
Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Self esteem you seem to lack
Point the finger
There's three pointing back
Control's the illusion with all good intent
Bad times are contagious
You laugh and infect
Criticist, the word that fits
Put me down to lift you up

You're pushing me to a breakpoint
Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Watching pain is your only pleasure
Sick fascination for someone's disaster
Self suffering since you were born
Mess with the bull and you'll get the horn
Misery, the word that fits
Can't seem to smile 'till someone's sad

You're pushing me to a breakpoint
You're pushing me, push, push me
Push, push, push me to a breakpoint

In my opinions as a professional I recommend
We straight-jacket the son-of-a-bitch
Lock him in a rubber room
Sedate him, heavily
And when he wakes up,
If he wakes up, we'll see
If he can be a nice boy

Well... I don't know... It's gonna hurt me
More that it's gonna hurt him

Let's do it!

You push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint
Push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint
Don't push me, you piece of shit