

Rehab, Here Come The Demons

(Brooks)

Yup, yup, yup...come on, come on...

What's Up??

Throw up those hands, we back again

Thought we gone with the wind

Where the lesbians?

The booze, and the broads and the mescaline

Born to win, born to sin, where we been?

Off in the drama like a thespian

Thought we might have fallen off, guess again

Walking through Hell with a pad, a pen and a fucking grin

I ain't scared of shit 'cause I've seen it all

Bounce this time like a basketball

Kill myself just to fuck wit'ch y'all

If you stay fitter than a booty call

Let's get this party started

Run knee deep in shit with a moron

Break a bong, sing a long, doing lines till the break of dawn

Fuckin' bring it all on till the money gone

Here come the demons

(Danny)

Welcome to my head

I'm elated that you made it

Excuse the mess, I'm mentally constipated

Agitated and aggravated

I know you're probably thinking

"What in the 665 demons, per brain cell, in Danny's skull is going on?"

Well, Hell, if you can't tell

When I open my eyes the lights come on

And I look out of these windows at Babylon

And try to pick me a road to travel on

But this digital gadget, he's sick, tragic

He's strict and kicked in the dick called earth

Acts to me like it's mad at me

And I'll kill a motherfucker if it gets much worse

I know I'm not the first to be cursed but it hurts, so

GET OUT OF HERE

Here come the demons

All of this shall pass away

But someone tell me I'm ok

I lock the door and I draw the shades

And pray to keep the voices at bay

Well, maybe that's the answer

To all the questions that I have

And it consumes me like a cancer

How in the hell did I choose this path?

Show me my purpose

Maybe I deserve this

I'm tired of being nervous

Here come the demons