

Suicidal Tendencies, Aint Gonna Take It

(chorus)

Aint gonna take it - Anymore (x3)

Don't mess with my head
Don't mess with my head
Don't mess with my head
Don't mess with my mind
Now you messed with me the very last time
Well I'm mad as hell - hell that's the truth
For someone like you I aint got no use

chorus

Its a quarter to pain - half past hate
I gotta get moving cause I'm running late
It was all thought out, but now I'm breaking the plan
In a moment we'll find out who's the man
Well you should have stopped and seen that I'm not the one
Now there's no stopping what's gotta get done
You shouldn't have messed with my head, you shouldn't messed with my mind
Now you'll find out about cyco time

chorus

You picked at my soul - you picked at my brain
You pushed my button like a video game
You picked at my head - picked at my mind
But now you've picked on me the very last time
Cause I'm heavy on my mind and I'm light on my feet
That's just the sad facts it's not conceit
You picked at my head, you picked at my mind
But now you've picked on me the very last time

chorus (x2)