

System Of A Down, The Cocaine Makes Me Feel

There's something wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
There's something wrong with me
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish
And we're crying for our next fix
There's nothing wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
There's something wrong with me
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish
And we're crying for our next fix
Killers never hurt feelings
Killers never hurt feelings
Killers never hurt feelings
Gonorrhea gorgonzola
Gonorrhea gorgonzola
Single files of clean feedings
I can't see your souls, souls through through your eyes
The crying walls of sliding architecture
Kidnapped by the likes of pure conjecture
Upholstery loving men all dwelling in the wells
Kidnapped by the likes of pure conjecture
Killers never hurt feelings
Killers never hurt feelings
Killers never hurt feelings
Gonorrhea gorgonzola
Gonorrhea gorgonzola
Single files of clean feedings
There's nothing wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
Wrong with you and I
And we're crying for our next fix
There's nothing wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
Wrong with you and I
And we're crying for our next fix
Killers never hurt feelings
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There's something wrong with you
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish
There's nothing wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
Don't eat the fish