

# The Buzzcocks, Driving You Insane

It's a blur  
It's a slur  
As you were  
It's a thing all covered in pain

Half a mind  
There's no time  
Do a line  
You can't find anything to say

Any way  
Any day  
Can you play  
With a list of human remains

Have a shave  
Take a rave  
Be a slave  
From a kestrel to a knave

On the go  
Feeling fast  
Feeling slow  
Want to throw  
Want to know  
Want to throw

In the door  
Out the door  
On the floor  
You want more  
To adore  
It's a bore

Any way  
Any day  
Can you play  
With a list of human remains

It's a chance  
It's a stance  
It's a dance  
It's a recoil on advance

Being stuck on the things  
That drives you insane  
You're hung up on the things  
That drives you insane

It's a blur  
It's a slur  
As you were  
It's a thing all covered in pain, yeah

Half a mind  
There's no time  
Do a line  
You can't find anything to say

Any way  
Any day  
Can you play  
With a list of human remains

Have a shave  
Take a rave  
Be a slave  
From a kestrel to a knave

Being stuck on the things  
That drives you insane  
You're hung up on the things  
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