

Y & T, 24,900 Miles per hour

She Came Down the Staircase
Climbed Into a Dumpster
She Grabbed An Index Card and She Taped It to Her Forehead
It Read "Poor White Trash";
She Grabbed a Gun, Put It to Her Heart and Pulled the Trigger
Now She's Dead
It's Just a Thought
Don't You Look At Me That Way
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
Sorry
Sorry Baby
I'm So Sorry
Sorry Baby
I'm So
I'm Looking Through a Plastic Bag
It's On My Face
It Squares My Head
A Little Moist Hot Head Sweat
Some Little Beads of Brain
A Little Mind Rain
It's Just a Thought Inside My Head
Those Little Voices, They're Talkin' to Me
Don't You Look At Me That Way, That Way
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
24,900 Miles An Hour to Break Away From This Earth Spin
So Want Me to Start Running Right Now
Right Now
24,900 Miles An Hour
I Need a Baseball Bat
I'm Gonna Trash This Office
These People, They're Fuckin' With My Head
I Can't Move
And They Left Me Here
Strapped to This Bed
It's Another Thought Inside My Head
Those Little Voices, They're Talkin' to Me
Don't You Leave Me Here This Way
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
Now They're Talkin' to Me and I'm Talkin' Back Again
Sorry
Sorry Baby
I'm So Sorry
Sorry Baby
I'm So
Oh How Do I Hear
In This Little Afterthought
And My Little Aftershock
Behind the Cheerful Stare
I Wake Up From the Nightmare
And I Just Grew Aware
A Little Too Late