

# Agent 51, I'm Not Going Anywhere

My mind is flyin' round, still pulsing from the sound, oh yeah  
Forgot to lock the gate, close the book and seal my fate, oh yeah  
Gotta get back to that one place within my mind  
Inject the vein and count to ten and die  
And just forget that I'm alive  
I'm not going anywhere  
I may look a little worse for the wear  
But I'm not going anywhere  
Didn't mean to set things back, felt the pressure made me crack, oh

yeah  
The blood flow just grinds to a screeching halt  
Gimme, gimme shock treatment and first degree assault  
Why don't you tell me it's my fault?  
Our minds are still blank, dying from the heat  
It hypnotizes, tranquilizes, carryin' the beat  
The lines sound too rehearsed, they're jumping on the train  
We're carrying the dying soldier, icing up his brain. Pain!