

# Bastille, Basket Case

Do you have the time  
to listen to me whine  
About nothing and everything  
all at once  
I am one of those  
Melodramatic fools  
Neurotic to the bone  
No doubt about it

Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm Cracking up  
Am I just Paranoid?  
Or am I just Stoned  
I went to a shrink  
To analyze my dreams  
She says it's lack of sex  
that's bringing me down  
I went to a whore  
He said my life's a bore  
So quit my whining cause  
it's bringing Her down

Sometimes I give myself the Creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm Cracking up  
Am I just Paranoid?  
Uh,yuh,yuh,ya  
Grasping to control  
So I better hold on

Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm cracking up  
Am I just Paranoid?  
Or am I just stoned