

Beatsteaks, Bad Brain

everyone is so kind as they waste my time
i will trade my mind for another
rip my ticket to get over you
i feel sicker every time i try to prove
grab my pocket while i stagger ahead
can't you see that need this ticket everyone i know is a drag.

what's wrong with that boy again
talk into my hand and get out

kick my habit with a punch to my head
engineering tools to set me straight
strike me harder to adjust the truth
for all to see trade apathy for remedy so i can feel for you

eyes wide open lips are dry mind's forever doomed
i might be slightly overdressed i'll be finished soon
check my cover save my soul be my lover take the blow
acting so damn naturally hush little baby do you really think

It's roy with that bong again