

Blue October, Schizophrenia

A silver plated numbing gum
And Jesus resting on my thumb
A hard to reach malaria
I've got the mood that seems to scare ya.
I'm paranoid, self destroyed.
Believe me lord I'm sorry
I've got the mood that seems to bury ya
I've got the nightmare called...
Schizophrenia

[Chorus]

I cry. I cry and I don't know why.
The fever becomes my home.
I cry. I cry and I don't know why.
The fever becomes my home.
Becomes my home.

I love it when you're holding me.
You have a gentle way of calming.
I haven't felt that way since 1993,
When my mother held me.
I bet you're waiting for a long sob story
OF how I was mistreated again.
No, I wasn't built that way.
I was strong but desperately brave,
And I didn't mean to scareya...
Schizophrenia.

[Repeat Chorus]