

Disturbed, Midlife Crisis (Old Version)

Go on and wring my neck
Like when a rag gets wet
A little discipline
For my pet genius
My head is like lettuce
Go on, dig your thumbs in
I cannot stop giving
I'm thirty-something

Sense of security
Like pockets jingling
Midlife crisis
Suck ingenuity
Down through the family tree

You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you (you're only you)
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleedin' enough for two

It's a midlife crisis
It's a midlife crisis...

What an inheritance
The salt and the Kleenex
Morbid self attention
Bending my pinky back
A little discipline
A donor by habit
A little discipline
Rent an opinion

Sense of security
Holding blunt instrument
Midlife crisis
I'm a perfectionist
And perfect is a skinned knee

You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleeding enough for two

It's a midlife crisis...

You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleeding enough for two

Go on and wring my neck
Go on and wring my neck