Green Day, Brain Stew

I'm having trouble trying to sleep I'm counting sheep but running out As time ticks by And still I try No rest for crosstops in my mind

On my own... here we go

My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed Dried up and bulging out my skull My mouth is dry My face is numb fucked up and spun out in my room

On my own... here we go

My mind is set on overdrive
The clock is laughing in my face
A crooked spine
My sense's dulled
Passed the point of delerium

On my own... here we go

My eyes feel like they're gonna bleed Dried up and bulging out my skull My mouth is dry My face is numb fucked up and spun out in my room

On my own... here we go