

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