

Hellcopters, Colapso Nervioso

Your family's rich and you feelin' poor
Conscious like a nerve long gone sore
In a world of margueritas and computer games
Guess it's enough to put you in shame
Doin' very bad feelin' really ill
Blowin' doctors for sleepin' pills
So you wanna die don't care who lives
Scratchin' your crotch wondering what gives

Damn feels dirt cheap
How do you stand to be yourself
Right see right through you creep
Gonna push you off the shelf

Trade a sixpack for a switchblade - slit your wrist
Shakin' with the fever of the screamin' bloody twist
Scared to see - cut it out
We'll all do better once you're dead and gone

Yeah so you took a stand
But you don't know what about
Stop now or carry on
Cut it off or cut it out