

# Kashmir, Don't Look Back It's Probably Hypochondriac

I won't ever walk again, never talk again.

I found a friend in a medicine magazine that I had seen.

I keep my friend in a glass far away from the mass, and I'm kinda keen on my mean man medicine.

Now I will be sitting here all alone and on my own, me, myself and I on my hurting broken bones.

Stones in my head and in my back, feels as if I'm gonna have a heart attack Oh what a drag,

I'm probably going to die I cannot open my eyes anymore, think it's because that I'm sick and feel ill

so I believe my doctorman saying: "Take pills and get skills.

Take pills and get skills.

Get thrilled or get killed."

Now it's time for me to sing out my pains for everyone.

Trust me when I'm crying, 'cause I'm dying.

All the friends that I once had, have left me for a life so sad.

I quit to eat both weat and meat, I hardly use my toilet seat.

I've lost my sense of humour, must have been eaten by that tumor in my toe.

Now it's time for me to sing out my pains for everyone.

Trust me when I'm crying, 'cause I'm dying.