

Riverboat Gamblers, True Crime

Something is broken, broken to the core.
Infection is growing, pulled until it's tore.
Should I call the Dr.--probably ought to.
What's he gonna say?--go away.
The thoughts keep a coming--coming, coming.
Make em go away--make em go away.

It's a high time for a true crime,
it's a bad sign my heads not screwed on right.
Sleep eludes me and I'm needing it, needing it tonight.
I know a way to stop this...but I'm not sure if its right.
My heart keep pounding and feeling it, feeling it tonight.

Help me stop the headaches--you haven't earned it.
Tell me what to do--I think you know.
Get it out of my skull--"you're skull?", My skull.
Just leave me alone--never gonna go--
Say how's the medication?
Bad reaction--Do you even know? what I'm on--maybe take a Valium?
then gimme, gimme-it'll help you get alone.
It'll help me get alone.

It's a high time for a true crime,
it's a bad sign my head's not screwed on right.
Sleep eludes me and I'm needing it, needing it tonight.
I know a way to stop this...but I'm not sure if its right.
My heart keep pounding and feeling it, feeling it tonight.

Nighttime is talking to me, taunting and calling saying
"got you", "get you", "it's inside you"...
Talking to me yeah it's talking to me all night.

It's a high time for a true crime,
it's a bad sign my head's not screwed on right.
Sleep eludes me and I'm needing it, needing it tonight.
I know a way to stop this...but I'm not sure if its right.
My heart keep pounding and feeling it, feeling it tonight.
My head is talking. I'm feeling it, feeling it tonight.