

Skrewdriver, 19th Nervous Breakdown

(adapted from The Rolling Stones)

You're the kind of person
You meet at certain
Dismal dull affairs.
Center of a crowd.
Talkin' much too loud.
Runnin' up and down the stairs.
Well, it seems to me that you have seen
Too much in too few years
And though you try, you just can't hide
Your eyes are edged with tears.

(chrous)
Your better stop.
And look around.
Here it comes.
Here it comes.
Here it comes.
Here it comes.
Here comes your 19th nervous breakdown.

When you were a child.
You were treated kind,
But never brought up right.
You were always spoiled
With a thousand toys,
But still you cried all night.
Your mother who neglected you
Owes a million dollars tax
And your father's still perfecting ways
Of makin' ceiling wax.

(chorus)
Oh, who's to blame?
That girl's just insane.
Well, nothin' I do don't seem to work.
It only seems to make matters worse.
Oh, ple-e-e-ease.
Such a breakdown