

Suicidal Tendencies, I Wasn't Meant To Feel This

Counting on nothing, the numbers get higher
Blinded by reason, you're asleep at the wheel
Confused understanding, with a slip for the hold
Squeeze past the pressure, you're asleep at the wheel

A magical moment
Is it too much of a good thing
Recycled in memory was
It too much of a good thing
Why can't you remember
Is it too much of a good thing
Preserved in its danger
You're asleep at the wheel
Blank stare and whisper, but who are you judging
I thought you'd be different
You're asleep at the wheel

A special assignment
Is it too much of a good thing
Unlocked under pressure
Was it too much of a good thing
Confined unforgiveness
A new kind of danger, you're asleep at the wheel

Hope in revision, slight miscalculation
It all goes in stages, you're asleep at the wheel

A blank stare and whisper
I thought you were different
But who are you judging
I thought you were different
You're asleep at the wheel