

Whatever It Takes, Pulse Rate

(Verse)

I should write a report
on why we change day to day
with hours and hours of research
and humans locked up in a cage

then tally the data
with the results inconclusive
damnit I ve been at this one for years
and still no answer

(Chorus)

put under a microscope
by my own free will

take my own blood samples
look for imbalanced chemicals

cat scan for holes in my brain
and pulse rate my heart

(Verse 2)

but there is one last concern
it seems I may drive them away
friends and family always running from me these days

I ask myself, like any analysisist would
"Chris how do you always manage to fuck up
every last thing you have that is good"

(Chorus)