Cabin Fever

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

My feet, have been dragging for days.
Because these lines won't write themselves.
And no sleep
Is playing tricks on my brain, and my mental health.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.And I felt, like giving it up, but I'm sick of sticking it out,
Besides, I'm fucking up and I have nothing to moan about.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.Bottle up inside to keep on saving face,
But if I had my way then I'd just laugh my way right on to the front page.
But I doubt it,
I d-d-d-d-doubt it, doubt it.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something I doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something I doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.Like nothings wrong,
Like nothings wrong,
Like nothings wrong,
Yeah.

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