

# This Cocaine Makes Me Feel Like I'm On This Song

## System of a Down

There's nothing wrong with me  
There's something wrong with you  
There's something wrong with me  
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish  
When we're crying for our next fix  
There's nothing wrong with me  
There's something wrong with you  
There's something wrong with me  
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish  
When we're crying for our next fix  
Killers never hurt feelings  
Killers never hurt feelings  
Gonorrhea, Gorgonzola  
Gonorrhea, Gorgonzola  
Single files of clean feedings  
I can't see your souls through, through your eyes  
The crying walls of sliding architecture  
Kidnapped by the likes of pure conjecture  
Upholstery loving men, all dwelling in the wells  
Kidnapped by the likes of pure conjecture  
Killers never hurt feelings  
Killers never hurt feelings  
Killers never hurt feelings  
Gonorrhea, Gorgonzola  
Gonorrhea, Gorgonzola  
Single files of clean feedings  
There's nothing wrong with me  
There's something wrong with you  
Wrong with you and I  
When we're crying for our next fix  
There's nothing wrong with me  
There's something wrong with you  
Wrong with you and I  
When we're crying for our next fix  
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There's something wrong with you  
There's something wrong with me  
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish  
There's nothing wrong with me

There's something wrong with youDon't eat the fish

Lyrics provided by  
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