

# 19th Nervous Breakdown

## The Waybacks

You're the kind of person you meet at certain dismal dull affairs.  
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud running up and down the stairs.  
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years.  
And though you've tried you just can't hide your eyes are edged with tears.

You better stop, look around,  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes.  
Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown.

When you were a child you were treated kind  
But you were 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 making sealing wax.

You better stop, look around,  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes.  
Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown.

Oh, who's to blame, that girl's just insane.  
Well nothing I do don't seem to work,  
It only seems to make matters worse. Oh please.

You were still in school when you had that fool who really messed your mind.  
And after that you turned your back on treating people kind.  
On our first trip I tried so hard to rearrange your mind.  
But after a while I realized you were disarranging mine.

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