Paranoid

The Dickies

I'm finished with my woman
'Cause she couldn't help me with my mind
People think I'm insane
Because I am frowning all the time

All day long I think of things
But nothing seems to satisfy
I think I will lose my mind
If I don't find something to qualify

Can you help me
Help me with my brain

And so as you hear these words
Telling you of my fate
I tell you to enjoy life
I wish I could but it's too late

Make a joke I will sigh
And you will laugh and I will cry
Happiness I cannot feel
And love to me is so unreal

I must be paranoid

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