

Outta My Mind

[Rancid](#)

you're working like a monkey who's been training by a sick junkie
on a mission to get money for a new suit and tie to wear to a reception
where they envy your deception and one compliment praises to the ones
they despite practicing your smile in the mirror all the while try to
cultivate the style of the bastards in power i know what they're selling
'cause their nervous twitch is telling you're coming off smelling
like the pig of the hour i got a lot of people telling me that i'm outta my mind and
i don't know why my brain was bleeding and my fingers were proceeding
through a notebook i was keeping since the dawning of time
senses were corroded you know that i was loaded you were dealing
i was reeling from the feeling and the madness was congealing
like a siren song people that i trusted would surely have
me busted if they ever had a clue what was really going on i got a lot
of people telling me i'm out of my mind and i don't know why

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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