

# Basket case (Woodstock Live '94)

## Green Day

Do you have the time to listen to me whine  
About nothing and everything all at once  
I am one of those  
Melodramatic fools  
Neurotic to the bone  
No doubt about it Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm cracking up  
Am I just paranoid?  
Or am I just stoned I went to a shrink  
To analyze my dreams  
She says it's lack of sex that's bringing me down  
I went to a whore  
He said my life's a bore  
So quit my whining cause it's bringing her down Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm cracking up  
Am I just paranoid?  
A ya-ya-ya Grasping to control  
So I better hold on Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps adding up  
I think I'm cracking up  
Am I just paranoid?  
Or am I just stoned?

Songwriters

BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG, FRANK E., III WRIGHT, FRANK EDWIN WRIGHT III, MICHAEL  
PRITCHARD, MIKE DIRNT, MIKE RYAN PRITCHARD, TRE COOL

Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>