Breakpoint

Nadja

Make up the rules for me to live by
Rules you break and just let it slide
You try and find you inside of me
Be as great as you want me to be
Hypocrite, the word that fits
Do as you say not as you do
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
Pushin' me, push, push me to a breakpoint
Self esteem, you seem to lack
Point the finger, there's three pointing back
Control's the illusion with all good intent
[Incomprehensible] contagious, you laugh and infect
Criticist, the word that fits
Put me down to lift you up
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
Pushin' me, push, push me to a breakpoint
Watchin' pain, the only pleasure
Fascination sick disaster
Suffering since you were born
Mess with the bull and you'll get the horn
Misery, the word that fits
Times are good when times are bad
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me to a breakpoint
You're pushin' me, pushin' me to a breakpoint
In my opinions as a professional
I recommend we straight-jacket the son of a bitch
Lock him in a rubber room, sedate him, heavily
And when he wakes up, if he wakes up
We'll see if he can be a nice boy
Sedate me
[Incomprehensible]Breakpoint, you push me to a breakpoint
Breakpoint, you push me to a breakpoint
Breakpoint, don't push me

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