Sweating Bullets

The Disco Biscuits

Hello me, meet the real me
And my misfits way of life
A dark black past is my
Most valued possessionHindsight is always 20-20
But looking back it's still a bit fuzzy
Speak of mutually assured destruction?
Nice story, tell it to reader's digestFeeling paranoid
True enemy or false friend?
Anxiety's attacking me and
My air is getting thinI'm in trouble for the things
I haven't got to yet
I'm chomping at the bit and my
Palms are getting wet, sweating bulletsHello me, it's me again
You can subdue, but never tame me
It gives me a migraine headache
Thinking down to your levelYeah, just keep on thinking it's my fault
And stay an inch or two outta kicking distance
Mankind has got to know
His limitationsFeeling claustrophobic
Like the walls are closing in
Blood stains on my hands
And I don't know where I've beenI'm in trouble for the things
I haven't got to yet
I'm sharpening the ax and my
Palms are getting wet, sweating bulletsWell, me, it's nice talking to myself
A credit to dementia
Some day you too will know my pain
And smile it's black tooth grinIf the war inside my head
Won't take a day off I'll be dead
My icy fingers claw your back
Here I come againFeeling paranoid
True enemy or false friend?
Anxiety's attacking me
And my air is getting thinFeeling claustrophobic
Like the walls are closing in
Blood stains on my hands and
I don't know where I've beenOnce you committed me
Now you've acquitted me
Claiming validity

For your stupidityI'm chomping at the bit
I'm sharpening the ax
Oh, were I come again, whoa
Sweating bullets

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