Breakdown

Buzzcocks

If I seem a little jittery I can't restrain myself
I'm falling into fancy fragments
Can't contain myself

I gotta breakdown, breakdown, yeah
I gotta breakdown, breakdown, yeah

I can stand austerity but it gets a little much
When there's all these livid things
That you never get to touch

Feels my brain's like porridge coming outta my ears
And I was expecting reverie
Taken leave of my senses and I'm in arrears
My legs buckle over, I'm living on my knees

I gotta breakdown, yeah
You gimme breakdown, yeah
I'm gonna breakdown, yeah, uh-huh

Whatever makes me tick
It takes away my concentration
Sets my hands trembling, gives me frustration
Breakdown, yeah

I hear that two is company,
For me it's plenty trouble
Though my double thoughts are clearer
Now that I am seeing double
Breakdown, yeah

Oh, mum can I grow outta
What's a little too big for me
I'm gonna give up that ghost
Before it gives up me
I wander loaded as a crowd
A nowhere wolf of pain
Living next to nothing but my never mind remains
I gotta breakdown, yeah
I'm gonna breakdown, yeah

You gimme breakdown, yeah

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written by Devoto, Howard / Mcneish, Peter(Shelley,Pete)
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