

# 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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