

Through My Head

B.o.B

There were 87 Advil in the bottle now there's 30 left
I ate 47 so what happened to the other 10?
Why do you suspiciously change the subject and break my concentration
As I dump the bottle out and I count the Advil up again? Don't interrupt me as I struggle to complete this thought
Have some respect for someone more forgetful than yourself And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off Hitting every pocket on my shirt, pants and overcoat
And I'm hitting them again but I don't know where I put my notes
Clearing my throat, and gripping the lectern I smile and face my audience
Clearing his throat and smiling with his hands on the bathroom sink And when I lean my head against the frosted
shower stall
I see stuff through the glass that I don't recognize at all And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off
Though it may not be a long way off I'm not done talking yet
I'm not done talking yet And when I lean my head against the frosted shower stall
I see a broken figure silhouetted on the wall And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off
Though it may not be a long way off
I won't be done until my head falls off

Songwriters

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