

# Geek Stink Breath

## Green Day

I'm on a mission, I made my decision  
To lead a path of self-destruction  
A slow progression, killing my complexion  
And it's rotting out my teeth I'm on a roll, no self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
I don't know what I want, and that's all I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face Every hour my blood is turning sour  
And my pulse is beating out of time  
I found a treasure, filled with sick pleasure  
And it sits on a thin white line I'm on a roll, no self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
I don't know what I want, and that's all I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face I'm on a mission, I got no decision  
Like a cripple running the rat race  
Wish in one hand and shit in the other  
And see which one gets filled first I'm on a roll, no self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
And I don't know what I want, and that's all I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face Geek stink breath

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