Breakdown (1st take)

Buzzcocks

If I seem a little jittery I can't restrain myself
I'm falling into fancy fragments
Can't contain myselfI gotta breakdown, breakdown, yeah
I gotta breakdown, breakdown, yeahI can stand austerity but it gets a little much
When there's all these livid things
That you never get to touchFeels 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 kneesI gotta breakdown, yeah
You gimme breakdown, yeah
I'm gonna breakdown, yeah, uh-huhWhatever makes me tick
It takes away my concentration
Sets my hands trembling, gives me frustration
Breakdown, yeahI hear that two is company,
For me it's plenty trouble
Though my double thoughts are clearer
Now that I am seeing double
Breakdown, yeahOh, 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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