

My Brain Hurts

Screeching Weasel

Time gets wasted every day I watch the minutes tick away
My brain is melting like a chocolate ice cream bar
Like characters on TV these people look like maggots to me
and I wonder what the hell is wrong with me
Milk fed little beauty queen she's straight out of a magazine
she sits beside me breathing different air than me
The perfect generation sees that I'm infected with disease
and everything just crumbles and there's nothing left
If i wanna do something right I gotta do it myself or someone else will
fuck it up It isn't all black and white and now it's time to stop and
figure out reality No one knows what they're talking about
if what they're talking about don't making any sense to me
I gotta figure it out cause I don't want something to believe in

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