# Cabin Fever

## Hillbilly Savants

My feet, have been dragging for days.
Because these lines won't write themselves.
And no sleep
Is playing tricks on my brain, and my mental health.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.And I felt, like giving it up, but I'm sick of sticking it out,
Besides, I'm fucking up and I have nothing to moan about.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something i doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.Bottle up inside to keep on saving face,
But if I had my way then I'd just laugh my way right on to the front page.
But I doubt it,
I d-d-d-d-doubt it, doubt it.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something I doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,
Maybe you'd sing along.
But it's something I doubt,
So we'll force something out,
And act like nothings wrong.Like nothings wrong,
Like nothings wrong,
Like nothings wrong,
Yeah.

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