80

Mitya Burmistrov

My mental stability reaches its bitter end
And all my senses are coming unglued
Is there any cure for this disease, someone called love?
Not as long as there are girls like youEverything she does questions my mental health
It makes me lose control, I wanna hurt myselfIf anyone can hear me slap some sense in me
But you turn your head and I end up talking to myself
Anxiety has got me strung out and frustrated
So I loose my head or I bang it up against the wallSometimes I wonder if I should be left alone
And lock myself up in a padded room
I'd sit and spew my guts out to the open air
'Coz no one wants to hear a drunken foolEverything she does questions my mental health
It makes me lose control, I just can't trust myselfIf anyone can hear me slap some sense in me
But you turn your head and I end up talking to myself
Anxiety has got me strung out and frustrated
So I loose my head or I bang it up against the wallI do not mind if this goes on
'Coz now it seems I'm too far gone
I must admit that I enjoy myself
Eighty please keep taking me away, awayEverything she does questions my mental health
It makes me lose control, I just can't trust myselfIf anyone can hear me slap some sense in me
But you turn your head and I end up talking to myself
Anxiety has got me strung out and frustrated
So I loose my head or I bang it up against the wall

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