

19th Nervous Breakdown

The Rolling Stones

You're the kind of person
You meet at certain dismal dull affairs
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud
Running up and down the stairs
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years

And though You've tried you just can't hide
Your eyes are edged with tears

You better stop
Look around
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes
Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown

When you we're a child
You we're treated kind
But you we're never brought up right
You we're always spoiled with a thousand toys
But still you cried all night
Your mother who neglected you
Owes a million dollars tax
And your fathers still perfecting ways of making sealing wax

You better stop, look around
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes
Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown

Oh, who's to blame, that girls just insane
Well nothing I do don't seem to work,
It only seems to make matters worse oh please

You we're still in school
When you had that fool
Who really messed your mind
And after that you turned your back
On treating people kind
On our first trip

I tried so hard to rearrange your mind

But after while I realized you we're disarranging mine

You better stop, look around

Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes

Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown

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Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown

Lyrics submitted by Eric Blair.

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