Crazy

Clawfinger

I think I'm going crazy I'm losing my mind
'cos the logic of the story is impossible to find
Like a talking head I'm gonna stop making sense
'cos bad music's like a sin, no nobody no offence
I've got one hot minute of the higher ground
and like Simon said I know the silence is the sound
nevermind I'll reach Nirvana even if I have to pay
on a fool for a lifetime and a king for a dayCrazy I'm going fucking crazy
Crazy I'm going fucking crazyI am a loser looking for the mellow gold
but in the garden of sound you know the story's getting old
so I'll sow my korn by the Helmet in the Bush
and in the meantime I want you all to help me push
with the Tool of intolerance I'm ready to crack
'cos I've got Suicidal Tendencies so lets get whacked
and take a rollercoaster ride to the bizarre sideI'm insane in the brain like a looney tune
and I'll see you on the dark side of the moon
I'm the man in the box locked up in chains
and I'm buried deep down underneath the remains
I'm a psycho-maniac, welcome to my nightmare
I'll use your brain like chemical warfare
I'm out of mind let's count the bodies born dead
and last but not least you better check your head

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