

Geek Stink Breath

Green Day

I'm on a mission
I made my decision
To lead a path of self destruction
A slow progression
Killing my complexion
And it's rotting out my teeth I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face Every hour my blood is turning sour
And my pulse is beating out of time
I found a treasure
filled with sick pleasure
And it sits on a thick white line I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face I'm on a mission
I've got no decision
Like a cripple running the rat race
Wish in one hand shit in the other
And see which one gets filled first I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face

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