Deal With It

Lunachicks

I'm going out of my mind
Don't know who I am
I don't understand meat
And I wanna take to my wings, open wide
And fly right back to me
And return, with a poison worm in my beak
And I'm going out of my skin
My patience is thin, I'm lucky my hair ain't
And I'm, I'm losin' it fast,
my composure won't last
I just acn't hold it in!
No more sucking my cheeks
No way holding in my spit,
No more sucking in my cheeks
No more holding in my spit
I can't pretend that it's okay
Time has come to deal with it!
Deal with it! Deal with it! Deal with it!
Deal with it!
Deal with it! Deal with it! Deal with it!
Deal with it!
I'm gonna let it all out
Like a fresh water trout
Close your ears if you want to
And I'm gonna scrape through the grime
'Cause there is'nt much time, no I ain't foolin'
I'm gonna spit up the seeds, in my chest
Growin' weeds, we all gonna bloom sometime
And I'm, I'm climbing the walls
In the bathroom stalls,
mummified in toilet paper! Yeah!
Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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