

Stressed Out

Puddle Of Mudd

Your hair looks like it's falling out
Left in the comb, it won't come off
Your head hangs low, your legs get weak
Leftovers on the tabletop
And I'm so stressed out, yeah You lift your arms over your head
And run your fingers through what's left
You eyes tear up, your stomach burns
You're upside down, start to invert
And I'm so stressed out, yeah Invert, so, you keep on living
But everything still falls apart
Keep being who you're being
And it keeps on falling out Save yourself, I'm on my last nerve
Save your self, put on your best swerve
Save yourself, I'm on my last nerve
Save yourself, self-served
Save yourself, save yourself

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