

# Cabin Fever

## Bummer High

My feet, have been dragging for days.  
Because these lines won't write themselves.  
And no sleep  
Is playing tricks on my brain, and my mental health.If I could write this song,  
Maybe you'd sing along.  
But it's something i doubt,  
So we'll force something out,  
And act like nothings wrong.And I felt, like giving it up, but I'm sick of sticking it out,  
Besides, I'm fucking up and I have nothing to moan about.If I could write this song,  
Maybe you'd sing along.  
But it's something i doubt,  
So we'll force something out,  
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,  
Maybe you'd sing along.  
But it's something i doubt,  
So we'll force something out,  
And act like nothings wrong.Bottle up inside to keep on saving face,  
But if I had my way then I'd just laugh my way right on to the front page.  
But I doubt it,  
I d-d-d-d-doubt it, doubt it.If I could write this song,  
Maybe you'd sing along.  
But it's something I doubt,  
So we'll force something out,  
And act like nothings wrong.If I could write this song,  
Maybe you'd sing along.  
But it's something I doubt,  
So we'll force something out,  
And act like nothings wrong.Like nothings wrong,  
Like nothings wrong,  
Like nothings wrong,  
Yeah.

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