Midlife Crisis

Disturbed

[Faith No More cover]Go on and wring my neck
Like when a rag gets wet
A little discipline
For my pet genius
My head is like a lettuce
Go on and dig your thumbs in
I cannot stop giving
I'm thirty-something
Sense of security
Like pockets jingling
Midlife crisis
Suck ingenuity
Down through the family tree
You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you (you're only you)
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleedin' enough for two
It's a midlife crisis
It's a midlife crisis...
What an inheritance

The salt and the Kleenex
Morbid self attention
Bending my pinky back
A little discipline
A donor by habit
A little discipline
Rent an opinion
Sense of security
Holding blunt instrument
Midlife crisis
I'm a perfectionist
And perfect is a skinned knee
You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleeding enough for two
It's a midlife crisis...
You're perfect, yes, it's true

But without me you're only you
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleeding enough for two [repeat until fade]

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