

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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