

# Basket case – Green Day

Do you have the time to listen to me whine  
About nothing and everything all at once?  
I am one of those melodramatic fools  
Neurotic to the bone, no doubt about it

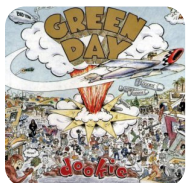
Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps addin' up, I think I'm crackin' up  
Am I just paranoid or am I just stoned?

I went to a shrink to analyze my dreams  
She says it's lack of sex that's bringin' me down  
I went to a whore, he said my life's a bore  
So quit my whining 'cause it's bringin' her down

Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps addin' up, I think I'm crackin' up  
Am I just paranoid? Ah, ya, ya, ya

Go, go  
Grasping to control  
So I better hold on

Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
It all keeps addin' up, I think I'm crackin' up  
Am I just paranoid? Am I just stoned?



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych