

BOKKA, Answer Me

How I hate this kind of pressure
There's no time for any pleasure
My hands are shaking, too much coffee
I think I broke my toe, toe, toe, toe
I'm stuck again in human traffic
And their never ending yapping
If I had a gun, I would start shooting
Why don't they all just go, go, go, go
My head is ready to explode
And I can feel my each an ever bone
Where are you?
Your phone doesn't even work
When you're gone?
I'm going crazy!
How I hate this kind of state
Everything seems to fall and break
You're always there when I don't want you
And never when I yearn to hold you
Answer me, babe
This is a serious situation
Talk to me babe
Coz only you can stand my fixations