

# Green Day, Geek Stink Breath

I'm on a mission  
I made my decision  
To lead a path of self destruction  
A slow progression  
Killing my complexion  
And it's rotting out my teeth

I'm on a roll  
No self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
Don't know what I want  
That's all that I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face

Every hour my blood is turning sour  
And my pulse is beating out of time  
I found a treasure  
filled with sick pleasure  
And it sits on a thick white line

I'm on a roll  
No self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
Don't know what I want  
That's all that I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face

I'm on a mission  
I've got no decision  
Like a cripple running the rat race  
Wish in one hand shit in the other  
And see which one gets filled first

I'm on a roll  
No self control  
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine  
Don't know what I want  
That's all that I've got  
And I'm picking scabs off my face