

Green Day, Paranoia

I had visions, I was in them
I was looking into the mirror
To see a little bit clearer
The rottenness and evil in me

Fingertips have memories
And I can't forget the curves of your body
And when I feel a bit naughty
I run it up the flagpole and see
Who salutes, but no-one ever does

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And I'm so hot, cos I'm in hell

Been around the world and found that only stupid people are breeding
The cretins cloning and feeding
And I don't even own a TV

Put me in the hospital for nerves and then they had to commit me
You told them all I was crazy
They cut off my legs, now I'm an amputee
God damn you

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And I'm so hot, cos I'm in hell

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And it's a sin, to look so well

I want to publish scenes
And rage against machines
I wanna pierce my tongue, it doesn't hurt it feels fine
But you don't look so fine
I'd like to turn off time
To kill my mind
To kill my mind

Paranoia, paranoia
Everybody's coming to get me
Just say you never met me
I'm running underground with the moles
Digging in holes

Hear the voices in my head, I swear to god it sounds like they're snoring
But if you're bored, then you're boring
The agony and the irony, they're killing me

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And I'm so hot, cos I'm in hell

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And it's a sin, to look this well