

I got pepped up, I got wired
I got free tickets, then I got tired
I got organised and I did less
I stayed inside, I did nothing
I got proud of myself for one second
But the guilt just bled right out of my ancient body

And I got ideas we can implement
I got poems, got a whole instrument
I got violence, I got peace
I got friends and policemen

You don't need to feel this way
You don't need to feel this way anymore

I got a face transplant near down by the river
Got the shakes when I saw you, my heart, my lungs were his
But my liver is bold, got the blues
Got me begging for a holiday

But it's a hit beat, a shit beat, smiling for a while
No, keep relaying the falls, it's the turning of tables
It is the spinning of plates, it is a joke in the bedroom
Work to shred ex-military models in the modern world

You don't need to feel this way
You don't need to feel this way anymore