

# Breakpoint

Megadeth

Make up the rules for me to live by  
Rules you break and just let it slide  
You try and find you inside of me  
Be as great as you want me to be  
Hypocrite, the word that fits  
Do as you say  
Not as you do

You're pushing me to a breakpoint  
Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Self esteem you seem to lack  
Point the finger  
There's three pointing back  
Control's the illusion with all good intent  
Bad times are contagious  
You laugh and infect  
Criticist, the word that fits  
Put me down to lift you up

You're pushing me to a breakpoint  
Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Watching pain is your only pleasure  
Sick fascination for someone's disaster  
Self suffering since you were born  
Mess with the bull and you'll get the horn.  
Misery, the word that fits  
Can't seem to smile 'till someone's sad

You're pushing me to a breakpoint...  
You're pushing me, push, push me  
Push, push, push me to a breakpoint

In my opinions as a professional I recommend  
We straight-jacket the son-of-a-b\*\*ch  
Lock him in a rubber room  
Sedate him, heavily  
And when he wakes up,  
If he wakes up, we'll see  
If he can be a nice boy

Well... I don't know... It's gonna hurt me  
More that it's gonna hurt him

Let's do it!

You push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint  
Push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint  
Don't push me, you piece of s\*\*t!