

## Not Just My Head

88 Fingers Louie

Whoa oh oh oh Whoa oh Whoa oh

Stumble in some ambulance so  
Pre-dawn corpses come to life  
Armies of the dead survive  
Armies of the hungry ones

Only-ones, lonely-ones  
Ripped up like shredded-wheat  
Only-ones, lonely-ones  
Be a sort of human picnic

This ain't no love-in  
This ain't no happening  
This ain't no feeling in my arm

Whoa Whoa oh Whoa oh Whoa oh

You think you're a zombie, you think it's a scene  
From some monster magazine  
Well, open your eyes too late  
This ain't no fantasy, boy

This ain't no love-in  
This ain't no happening  
This ain't no feeling in my arm

You don't listen to a single word  
We say things get rougher  
Everyday fuckin' arrogance drivin' me crazy  
Get back in the mold  
And do just what we're told  
We cry for change you think  
We're crazy it's not just my head (4x)  
We're all dead when there's nothing left to live for  
We'll all be better off dead  
'Cause there's nothing left to live for