

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

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