

A silver plated numbing gum
And Jesus resting on my thumb
A hard to reach malaria
I've got the mood that seems to scare ya
And I'm paranoid self destroyed
Believe me Lord I'm sorry
I've got the mood that seems to bury ya
I've got the nightmare called...
Schizophrenia

I cry I cry and I don't know why
The fever becomes my home
I cry I cry and I don't know why
The fever becomes my home
Becomes my home
Becomes myyyyyyyyyyyyyy hooooooooooooome

And I love it when you're holding me
You have a gentle way of calming
I haven't felt that way since 1993
When my mother held me
I bet you're waiting for a long sob story
Of how I was mistreated again
No, 'cause no I wasn't built that way
I was strong but desperately brave
And I didn't mean to scare ya...
Schizophrenia