

## 19th Nervous Breakdown

Chris Norman

You're the kind of person  
You meet at certain dismal dull affairs.  
Center of a crowd, talking much too loud  
Running up and down the stairs.  
Well, it seems to me that you have seen too much in too few years.  
And though you've tried you just can't hide  
Your eyes are edged with tears.

You better stop  
Look around  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes  
Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown.

When you were a child  
You were treated kind  
But you were never brought up right.  
You were always spoiled with a thousand toys  
But still you cried all night.  
Your mother who neglected you  
Owes a million dollars tax.  
And your fathers still perfecting ways of making ceiling wax.

You better stop, look around  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes, here it comes  
Here comes your nine-teenth nervous breakdown.

Oh, who's to blame, that girls just insane.  
Well nothing I do don't seem to work,  
It only seems to make matters worse. oh please.

You were still in school  
When you had that fool  
Who really messed your mind.  
And after that you turned your back  
On treating people kind.  
On our first trip  
I tried so hard to rearrange your mind.  
But after while I realized you were disarranging mine.

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