

Here Goes My Head Again

Great White

I smoke too many cigarettes
My lungs they should be caving in
But I'm still breathing in the atmosphere
The smog's so bad this time of year
I wonder if today's my lucky day
Or should I hide away

Hey here goes my head again
I'm tripping off life I mean as if it's the end
I took a shortcut to thinking man I could use a good friend
Hey here goes my head again
Turning every little thing into the bitter end
I turned myself around just to hit the wall again
Hey here goes my head again

I'm saving for a holiday
I never seem to break away
But I keep on dreaming of the perfect life
Two point five kids and a wife
But things like that just never turn out right
Except on television

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