

## Worry

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Don't you worry. Worry no more  
YOur own holocaust to wallow in  
Exaggeration in story telling  
Merely a statistic in this latitude  
Don't you worry

These words are like bullets  
They go straight to my head  
And I grow on greed, with the mother of invention  
Don't you worry  
These words are like bullets  
They go straight to my head  
The fruits of life, gave me dysentery

These words are like bullets  
They go straight to my head  
Keep an ear to the ground  
Only flesh is earthbound  
Don't you worry no more  
Worry no more