

# I'm Breaking Out

## The Mr. T Experience

I was up all night she said bay bay bay bay baby what's in your  
eye well  
That's storm and that's stress and that's my my my my my migrai  
ne I'm such a  
Mess I see the vultures of doom saying, "Dr. Frank, I presume."  
Wehn you  
Presume you make a pres out of you and me I guess I can't suppr  
ess every  
Little thing I can't calm down I don't know how I'm breaking ou  
t. Don't touch  
Don't probe and lead me not into temptation 'cause I might expl  
ode Don't do  
Anything cause I'm just way way way way waiting for a tragedy o  
o oo what's  
Going on you don't belong girls can ride boys bikes but boys ca  
n't ride girls  
Bikes facts of life and different strokes are coming on at midn  
ight I can't  
Calm down, I'm breaking out, I don't know how.