

Beat My Head Against The Wall

The Suicide Machines

I need some patience because I have none
do I need a conscience or a gun you say I
need drugs I think that depends I think
revenge is the best medicine a prescription
of Prozac and Vicodin will these panic attacks
ever end a little less sadness and no more pain
another fucking night I can't sleep again

Beat my head against the wall
Against the wall
Sometimes I feel like I can't breathe it
finally wears me out then I fall asleep
waking up depressed not knowing why
sometimes I feel like I want to die there's
so much paranoia that I can't think depression
keeps getting the best of me I need a fucking
will or an ounce of hope the solution doesn't lie at
the end of a rope