

# 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