

Bonkers

The Suicide Machines

I don't have a lot to say because I lose my mind each day
So lock me in a padded room, straight up, straight out
Straight jacket doom
Goin' nuts, insane you see this padded room so leave me be
This padded room here all the time. cause you see
I lost my mind

I bust a nut an lost a bolt, now you know my life's on hold
Cause all these doctors think I'm crazy, but all this shit it doesn't please me
Oh yeah , I'm gonna lose it now, can't stop me no way , no how
There's a word, I think it's zonkers, all these people think I'm bonkers

Society is smothering me, this place is where people fuck quietly
And they have bland orgasms, suburbia is so beautiful
Expansive green lawns for expensive white people
And that mailman he smiles and says hello
(I just want to roll his ass)
You want to know why?
Cause now are the days you've got to be crazed
You've gotta live your life your own way

I'd really like to run away, go out and have some fun and play
But I'm still locked in this padded room
With this world's fucked up, shitty gloom
Competition sucks, you see this padded room is killing me
This padded room, I'm here to die. just tripped out
No reason why
I pound a spike and lose a screw
My brains scrambled
Nothing you can do
Be great to play while someone pays me, not called bonkers its called lazy
I'll stand up and take a bow what do you think of me now?
There's a word I think its zonkers,
All these clones they say I'm
Bonkers!