

Better Off Dead

ZZ Ward

Can't keep tape on my mouth,
I can't put locks on my door,
I can't just stay in this house,
I just can't do it anymore,
You've got this collar so tight,
Playin' tricks on my eyes,
It's like I'm swinging my fists,
When I'm not in a fight,

Don't know when I'm awake or when I'm dreamin',
I got these voices in my head,
Strap up that straightjacket on me,
I asked that doctor what he say,
He said, "There ain't enough meds,
Oh boy, you better off dead,"

Had four twenties in my drawer,
Call three numbers to report,
I couldn't tell you who it was,
But someone's stealing from the poor,
Shadows following me,
I feelin' legs, I'm asleep,
Say I'm losin' it hard,
Count down from ten when I breathe, whoa,

I got these voices in my head,
Strap up that straightjacket on me,
I asked that doctor what he say,
He said, "There ain't enough meds,
Oh boy, you better off dead."

I don't care what people say,
I'm anything but crazy, crazy,
Talkin' to my shadow, only she knows I'm not crazy, crazy,

I got these voices in my head,
Strap up that straightjacket on me,
I asked that doctor what he say,
He said, "There ain't enough meds,
Oh boy, you better off dead,"