

## Suicide Machines, The "Bonkers"

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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 lifes on  
hold  
cause all these doctors think im crazy,  
but all thi shit it doesn't please me  
oh yeah , imgonna lose it now, can't stop me no way ,  
no how  
there's a word, i hink its zonkers, all these people think  
im 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 wanna roll his ass)  
you wanna 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!

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