

Broken Bones "Secret Agent"

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I'm hooked on some addicting agent
Society itself is part of the problem
Live each day with mixed up ideas
Thinking about tomorrows tension and fears
Pills to wake me, pills to waste me
Kill my brain, tranquilise me
My mind is gone, I'm slave to a drug
Now, I'm gonna scream
I've had enough

I'm having trouble with sex
My mind won't leave it alone
Left in a state of fantasy
With no escape to reality
Don't stand there and look down on me
Or try to make me into something I don't want to be
Don't try to tell me how to talk
Or you'll make the inside of my head go

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