

## Disturbed

### "Mid-life Crisis"

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[Faith No More cover]

Go on and wring my neck  
Like when a rag gets wet  
A little discipline  
For my pet genius  
My head is like a lettuce  
Go on and dig your thumbs in  
I cannot stop giving  
I'm thirty-something

Sense of security  
Like pockets jingling  
Midlife crisis  
Suck ingenuity  
Down through the family tree

You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you (you're only you)  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleedin' enough for two

It's a midlife crisis  
It's a midlife crisis...  
What an inheritance  
The salt and the Kleenex  
Morbid self attention  
Bending my pinky back  
A little discipline  
A donor by habit  
A little discipline  
Rent an opinion

Sense of security  
Holding blunt instrument  
I'm a perfectionist  
And perfect is a skinned knee

You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart

It ain't bleeding enough for two

It's a midlife crisis...

You're perfect, yes, it's true

But without me you're only you

Your menstruating heart

It ain't bleeding enough for two [Repeat until fade]

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