

## Good Charlotte

### "Crazy Del Song; Operator"

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(Scratching, random dialogue)

I seek souls like mines  
so my mind finds inner peace  
and then a beast  
could never devour  
my powers arrive  
from survivors of this holocaust.  
Please be hopeful,  
never thinkin' all is lost  
in my sector,  
specter  
slidin',  
collidin' with my lifestyle  
so I fight while they threaten me,  
sweatin' me -  
well I'm quite mild,  
the world makes me gnarly,  
but an introvert not hardly.  
I deal with it.  
I feel a bit  
under the weather,  
I need to pull my pieces back together.  
Fallin' apart, stallin' a heart of sincerity  
since there will be another stoplight  
and its not right  
so I might go insane of this brain  
of mine  
maintain a line that has been tame  
before the tempest.  
I'm looking to my better interests.  
I never tried to post or tried to impress  
anyone  
so why do I got to suffer  
every single day it seems the way of the world is  
rougher.  
And then you wonder why I love to hallucinate,  
because I never ever thought I would get used to hate.  
So I imbedded my time within my mind,  
and rhymin'  
was the only way I kept from bein' confined

to quarters,  
sure there's good times and bad,  
but the bad time's are overwhelming,  
and how the hell things  
get out of hand I ask you,  
you have to give an answer;  
eating at my brain like it was cancer.  
Worryin'.  
Hurryin',  
My thought processes.  
I got offices  
imbedded in my skull,  
a million secretaries actin' scary  
when they type 200 words per minute.  
It just occurred to me I'm in it.  
'Cause I'm the boss,  
the head honcho,  
at least to this mutiny.  
The whole idea is cute to me.  
so I entertain it  
and let my brain get  
deeper and deeper  
until it vibrates like a beeper  
and I can't maintain it.  
So what's the verdict?  
It's D.E.L. the visionary and I come with the absurd shit.

[Break with freaky "call the operator" sample]

If I had not one friend I would be goooooone.  
Way in outer space singin' one soooooong:  
'Zippety doo dah, zippety day,  
my oh my what a wonderful day  
when my mind's dusted'.  
Thrusted  
out beyond the stars, I'm the satellite.  
Transmittin, fit in situations that'll rattle tikes -  
scare 'em,  
dare 'em to go farther.  
So then I go father,  
burnin' my brain out with mental lava.  
Scalding,  
all things  
rearrange so I never socialize,  
when you feel my eyes.  
The dilated pupils,  
I violated scruples,  
'cause I told myself I'd never do it again,  
but now I grin.  
Laugh on the inside,  
men tried to strap me

in a straight jacket  
when I laugh and I'm happy  
for two hours straight,  
these powers hate me  
and they make me wanna cower,  
but lately I've been feeling like a tower.  
Tall and sturdy,  
wordy, though I never say a word,  
'cause when I say a word,  
before it's like they never heard.  
Nothing ever changes except within my cerebellum,  
so I'll never tell 'em,  
never tell 'em,  
never tell 'em.  
I'll tell it to my soul over and over  
even though I'm locked within a room with padded  
walls,  
I'm never sober.  
Inspections,  
injections,  
keep me confined  
to my inner thoughts  
and this is how I lost my mind.

[Break with maniacal laughter]

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