

## **Green Day "Basket Case"**

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Do you have the time,  
To listen to me whine.  
About nothing and everything,  
All at once.  
I am one of those,  
Melodramatic fools.  
Neurotic to the bone,  
No doubt about it.

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me.  
It all keeps adding up,  
I think I'm cracking up.  
Am I just paranoid?  
Or am I just disturbed.

I went to a shrink,  
To analyze my dreams.  
She says it's lack of sex,  
That's bringing me down.  
I went to a whore,  
He said my life's a bore.  
So quit my whining cause,  
It's bringing her down.

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me.  
It all keeps adding up,  
I think I'm cracking up.  
Am I just paranoid?  
Or am I just disterbed.

Grasping to control,  
So I better hold on.

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me.  
It all keeps adding up,  
I think I'm cracking up.  
Am I just paranoid?  
Or am I just disturbed.

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