

## **Mad Happy "Mid July Mania"**

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Beat, can't sleep summer heat and the blurry vision  
very weary bleary eyed tried by the television  
news shows cop shows paid advertisements  
late night religious nut's spiritual advising  
sending me in to a skeptic's fit  
like the end is nigh, and i think i'm down for it  
who the hell is president? what does he do? what does  
it mean  
vote for x - it's all the same, rearrange the balls an'  
chains

as if it really mattered  
another night thinkin how to change the world  
Lows are so low so when i get up i wanna  
Lows are so low so when i get up i wanna  
Lows are so low so when i get up i wanna  
Lows are so low so when i get up i wanna hold it

Words keep oozing out of me like fluids out o' corpses  
threatening to drown me in neurotic neurosis  
sit amongst friends silent and embarrassed  
insecure beneath the weight of social paralysis  
time flies. fine, i'm waitin'ta get left behind  
mentally composin' a goodbye to my dear mind  
things are really comin' to a head here what's ahead is  
unclear  
probably more of this wear and tear, need and fear

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All I've really been tryin a do here  
is let out some pain  
an' there really aint nothin new here  
just tears in the rain

the beat don't stop till the break of dawn  
walk the city streets till it's all night long

no pity sleeps on my broken lawn  
just a preacher preachin 'bout where ya been  
whatcha been doin an how it's a sin  
but there's no such thing as evil and i show no shame  
hang my guilt in a gilded frame  
take a look at what the cat dragged in  
straight faced hustlers  
n' hard luck whores

wired, tired, un-in-spired and i

don't know why i'm talkin cause you probably heard it  
all before  
bet it's been put better by a def-er dead competitor  
competing for the minds ear of the disenfranchised  
disenchanted literate academeans that I pine for  
here the attention and respect and admiration of  
anything for eternal life is that alot to ask for?  
things are really coming to a head here what's ahead is  
unclear  
probably more o this wear n tear, n needy fear

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Words by Rivka and Mike iLL  
Music by Mad Happy  
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