

Max Q "Bucket Head"

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Sometimes you feel like hell
And your whole world is hell as well
Sometimes you feel just like
All you can do is sleep
There's an eyeball on your shoulder
And Lord it's been there such a long time
And you can't escape this feeling
Though there's nothing there wrong
There's a monitor where the mind once was
An aircraft passes overhead
Resounds like rain in the bucket of my head
Bones just like guns
Marching off to bore
Some sizeable holes in this suit of skin
Sometimes you feel like hell
And your whole world is hell as well
Sometimes you feel just like
All you can do is sleep
I know that sickness is here
Come on and buy your own disease
Cause we're the product of the product
Can't turn but to rot
There's a monitor where the mind once was
An aircraft passes overhead
Resounds like raain in the bucket of my head
Bones just like guns
Marching off go bore
Some sizeable holes in this suit of skin

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