

## Max Q "Buckethead"

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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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