

The Mr. T Experience

"I'm Breaking Out"

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I was up all night she said bay bay bay baby what's
in your eye well

That's storm and that's stress and that's my my my my
my migraine I'm such a

Mess I see the vultures of doom saying, "Dr. Frank, I
presume." Wehn you

Presume you make a pres out of you and me I guess I
can't suppress every

Little thing I can't calm down I don't know how I'm
breaking out. Don't touch

Don't probe and lead me not into temptation 'cause I
might explode Don't do

Anything cause I'm just way way way way waiting for a
tragedy oo oo what's

Going on you don't belong girls can ride boys bikes but
boys can't ride girls

Bikes facts of life and different strokes are coming on
at midnight I can't

Calm down, I'm breaking out, I don't know how.

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