

Suicide Machines "Bonkers"

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i don't have a lot to say because i lose my mind each
day
so lock me in a padded room, straight up, straight out
straight jacket doom
goin' nuts, insane you see this padded room so leave
me be
this padded room here all the time. cause you see
I lost my mind

I bust a nut an lost a bolt, now you know my lifes on
hold
cause all these doctors think im crazy, but all thi shit it
doesn't please me
oh yeah , imgonna lose it now, can't stop me no way ,
no how
there's a word, i hink its zonkers, all these people think
im BONKERS

Society is smothering me, this place is where people
fuck quietly
and they have bland orgasms, suburbia is so beautiful
expansive green lawns for expensive white people
and that mailman he smiles and says hello
(i just wanna roll his ass)
you wanna know why?
cause now are the days you've got to be crazed
you've gotta live your life your own way

I'd really like to run away, go out and have some fun
and play
but i'm still locked in this padded room
with this world's fucked up, shitty gloom
competition sucks, you see this padded room is killing
me
this padded room, i'm here to die. just tripped out
no reason why
I pound a spike and lose a screw
my brains scrambled
nothing you can do
be great to play while someone pays me, not called
bonkers its called LAZY
i'll stand up and take a bow what do you think of me

now?
there's a word i think its zonkers,
all these clones they say i'm
BONKERS!

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