

Motorpsycho

"29 Bulletin"

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Back here again.
Totally drained.
Painfully sober again.

It sure feels unreal, when your under the wheel.
But far, stranger still.
When every bone aches and moanes, to once more be
back under there.

Its really not fair.
Its to much to bear.
Over the edge.

Not just bad, but wierd and sad.
and to goddamn fucked up, to understand.

Bursting with beautiful emptiness.
Speachless and babbling, just one big mess.
Self obsessed.
Imature.
And insecure.

Its a a sordid affair.
Wrong and unfair.
Just leave me alone.

Beautiful, beautiful empiness.
Speachless and babbling, just one big mess.
Self obsessed
Imature.
And insecure...

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