

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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