

Nana

"Basket Case"

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Do you have the time, To listen to me whine,
About nothing and everything all at once?
I am one of those,
Melodramatic fools
Neurotic to the bone no doubt about it

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me,
It all keeps adding up,
I think I'm cracking up!
Am I just paranoid.
I'm just stoned

I went to a shrink
To analyze my dreams
She says this lack of sex
That's bringing me down
I went to a whore
He said my life's a bore
So quit my whining cause
That's bringing him down

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me,
It all keeps adding up,
I think I'm cracking up!
Am I just paranoid?
I'm just stoned.

Grasping to control...
So I better hold on...

Sometimes I give myself the creeps,
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me,
It all keeps adding up,
I think I'm cracking up!
Am I just paranoid?
I'm just stoned.

