

Airborne Toxic Event, The "Happiness Is Overrated"

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And speaking of little Miss Catherine...I feel swell. Oh well.
Because losing you was something I always did so well.

I guess I just can't tell anymore.

And the feeling I get when I see your clothes spread
out on
my floor.
I'm such a bore. such a bore.
I don't do anything anymore. I
just count these ceiling tiles falling to my floor.

Sorry. I really lost my head.
I'm sorry. I really lost my head.
But you know those words that you said? They get
stuck here in my head. and this feeling I dread? It
makes me
wish that I was dead.

Or just alone instead, I'll be alone instead. i don't need
anyone in this bed.

Just these ceiling tiles falling through my head.

Sorry. I really lost my head. I'm so sorry. I really lost my
head.

Oh, those words you said.

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