

Day Green

"80"

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My mental stability reaches its bitter end
And all my senses are coming unglued
Is there any cure for this disease someone called love
Not as long as there are girls like you
Everything she does questions my mental health
It makes me lose control
I just can't trust myself
If someone can hear me slap some sense into me
But you turn your head and I end up talking to myself
Anxiety has got me strung out and frustrated
So I loose my head or I bang it up against the wall
Sometimes I wonder if I should be left alone
And lock myself up in a padded room
I'd sit and spew my guts out to the open air
No one wants to hear a drunken fool.
I do not mind if this goes on
Cause now it seems I'm too far gone
I must admit I enjoy myself
80 please keep taking me away

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