

Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

"Mister Mental"

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If you caught me smiling
Do you think I'm laughing
Can't you see I'm working
Look at me I'm boring
What you say about my friend
Do you think he's funny
Like the screaming weather
I'm amazed I'm living tonight

Do you suffer from mental
Do you suffer from mental tonight
Do you suffer from mental tonight

Are you dieing for pleasure
Does it make you feel better
Are you dieing for pleasure tonight

I can feel your heart beat
Can you keep on running
And your mind is on heat
As the world keeps burning
As she draws her last breath
Will you hear her calling
Look at her she's fading
Be a man and suffer tonight

Do you suffer from mental
Do you suffer from mental tonight
Do you suffer from mental tonight

Are you dieing for pleasure
Does it make you feel better
Are you dieing for pleasure tonight

Like a star at nightfall
Are you feeling lonesome
I belive in action
So I'm moving closer
Look at him he's crying
I'm a towering pillar
And the world is looming

Theres a war on terror Tonight

Do you suffer from mental
Do you suffer from mental tonight
Do you suffer from mental tonight

Are you dieing for pleasure
Does it make you feel better
Are you dieing for pleasure tonight

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah

Do you suffer from mental
Do you suffer from mental tonight
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Are you dieing for pleasure
Does it make you feel better
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