

Flatliners, The "Picking At My Brain"

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Picking at my brain, need a place to stay
Open your door and let me in
Don't wanna stand outside no more
Will you lose? Will you win?
Think of the things that could happen
Where you stand, another useless fashion
Stupid actions on your behalf
Second guess yourself, get yourself arrested
Drunken nights and spinning lights
Get in a fight despite your rights
HA! HA! HA!
Genocide's not justified, but everything's alright

Picking at my brain
Got to find a place to run to
Picking at my brain
Got to find a place to run and hide
Picking at my brain
Picking at my brain
Picking at my brain
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Ticking clock of fame, not in the spotlight
Picking at my brain, gonna go insane
Close your eyes again, again
You hate the places that you've been
Thought of all the things you've said
Marching ahead, not looking back
Oh not again, not again
Rip up the paper holding notes that you hold
You call your own
And overthrow authority to make it something never
known
And you're spitting in the rain
Something I can not explain
Need to find someone who feels the same way

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