Bastille, Basket Case

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?
Or am I just Stoned
I went to a shrink
To analyze my dreams
She says it's 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
it's bringing Her 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? Uh,yuh,yuh,ya 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? Or am I just stoned