

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