

# BOKKA, Answer Me

How I hate this kind of pressure  
There's no time for any pleasure  
My hands are shaking, too much coffee  
I think I broke my toe, toe, toe, toe  
I'm stuck again in human traffic  
And their never ending yapping  
If I had a gun, I would start shooting  
Why don't they all just go, go, go, go  
My head is ready to explode  
And I can feel my each an ever bone  
Where are you?  
Your phone doesn't even work  
When you're gone?  
I'm going crazy!  
How I hate this kind of state  
Everything seems to fall and break  
You're always there when I don't want you  
And never when I yearn to hold you  
Answer me, babe  
This is a serious situation  
Talk to me babe  
Coz only you can stand my fixations