

Green Day, Geek Stink Breath

I'm on a mission
I made my decision
To lead a path of self destruction
A slow progression
Killing my complexion
And it's rotting out my teeth

I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face

Every hour my blood is turning sour
And my pulse is beating out of time
I found a treasure
filled with sick pleasure
And it sits on a thick white line

I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face

I'm on a mission
I've got no decision
Like a cripple running the rat race
Wish in one hand shit in the other
And see which one gets filled first

I'm on a roll
No self control
I'm blowing off steam with methamphetamine
Don't know what I want
That's all that I've got
And I'm picking scabs off my face