Megadeth, Breakpoint

Make up the rules for me to live by
Rules you break and just let it slide
You try and find you inside of me
Be as great as you want me to be
Hypocrite, the word that fits
Do as you say
Not as you do
You're pushing me to a breakpoint
Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Self esteem you seem to lack
Point the finger
There's three pointing back
Control's the illusion with all good intent
Bad times are contagious
You laugh and infect
Criticist, the word that fits
Put me down to lift you up

You're pushing me to a breakpoint Pushing me, push, push me to a breakpoint

Watching pain is your only pleasure Sick fascination for someone's disaster Self suffering since you were born Mess with the bull and you'll get the horn Misery, the word that fits Can't seem to smile 'till someone's sad

You're pushing me to a breakpoint You're pushing me, push, push me Push, push, push me to a breakpoint

In my opinions as a professional I recommend We straight-jacket the son-of-a-bitch Lock him in a rubber room Sedate him, heavily And when he wakes up, If he wakes up, we'll see If he can be a nice boy

Well... I don't know... It's gonna hurt me More that it's gonna hurt him

Let's do it!

You push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint Push me to a breakpoint, breakpoint Don't push me, you piece of shit