

Peter J. Birch, Don't know what to do about myself

Sky upon the earth
Flashing screens above the head
Mind over matter
Different thoughts every single day

That's why I don't know what to do about myself
Don't know what to do about myself
How long will I be so confused, when will I do anything good?
I don't know what to do about myself
That's bothering my head

In the evening It starts again
A bottle of whiskey and some pot are my friends
But why am I still complainin'?
'Cause I have some people by my side and they can always help

but still

I don't know what to do about myself
Don't know what to do about myself
I cannot live inside this mess, but who will tell me about it first?
I don't know what to do about myself
Maybe that pointless to say