

# Anthrax

Gang of Four

Woke up this morning desperation A.M.  
What I've been saying, won't say them again  
My heads not empty, it's full with my brain  
The thoughts I'm thinking like piss down a drain

And I feel like a beetle on its back  
And there's no way for me to get up  
Love'll get you like a case of Anthrax  
And that's something I don't want to catch

Ought to control what I do to my mind  
Nothing in there but sunshades for the blind  
Only yesterday I said to myself  
The things I'm doing aren't good for my health

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And there's no way for me to get up  
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