

Bats in the Belfry

Annihilator

'the attitude here is one of anger, bordering on insanity; a mood we all had to
Get into to do this song. broken strings, a dozen picks, a lot
of coffee and 10
Drum sticks!! I'm a poet and I don't even know it! ha!!'
I'm getting sick and tired of wasting all my time
And trying to read between your lines
It's hard to see yourself, when the mirror's cracked
Why don't you try to see the signs
It's time to realise
It's not that hard to see
Just open up your eyes
I've got bats in the belfry
Why not take all of me, or was this all in vain
I'm crying out 'don't take me down with you'
My pain and all your problems are coming to the boil
So tired of all the hell I've been put through
It's time to realise
It's not that hard to see
Just open up your eyes
I've got bats in the belfry
Why don't you listen
I'm trying to help you
You don't, don't give a damn
Why can't you hear me
I'm trying to save you
You don't give a, you don't, don't give a damn
Anxiety attacks as confusion rips at the mind
Help me, my head is spinning round and round
Help me, I guess you'll never know until it hits you in the face like a bat
I sit here in my room without too much to say
At least I'll live to see another day, no thanks to you
Too late to realise
It wasn't that hard to see
Just open up your eyes
I've got bats in the belfry