

# Terminal Boy

Bad Nerves

I'm burning my television  
The news is good today  
Smoking in my bed, out the window  
Sleep with a phone, know you're not alone  
A kid from his golden years  
And I met this girl, she had dreams like my own!  
Got a car full of old cassette tapes  
I'm driving to meet you  
Meet you, meet you, I wanna  
Meet you, meet you, yeah!

I know, I know!  
I gotta get off it somehow  
'Cause I don't feel the same  
I know, I know!  
I've stayed up here, 'til now  
'Cause I don't know my way

I know your favourite records  
You played me every one  
Spinning round, a day never gets old  
Dreaming too big, another good hit  
The kid from his golden years  
So I quit my job, I got dreams of my own  
Getting cold like my radiator, yeah  
Baby I need you  
Need you, need you, I know I  
Need you, need you, yeah!

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I gotta get off it somehow  
'Cause I don't feel the same  
I know, I know!  
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It's karma kid, work it out  
I'm trying harder now, oh no you're not  
Everybody thinks but they don't feel  
It's karma kid, I can never let you go  
I can see it all flash before my eyes

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