

# Restless Heart Syndrome

Green Day

I've got a really bad disease  
It's got me begging  
on my hands and knees  
Take me to the emergency  
'cause something seems to be missing  
Somebody take the pain away  
It's like an ulcer bleeding in my brain  
So send me to the pharmacy  
So I can lose my memory  
I'm elated  
Medicated  
Lord knows I tried to find a way to run away.

I think they found another cure  
for broken hearts and feeling insecure  
You'd be surprised what I endure  
What make you feel so self-assured?

I need to find a place to hide  
You never know what could be  
waiting outside  
The accidents that you could find  
it's like some kind of suicide

So what ails you is what impales you  
I feel like I've been crucified to be satisfied

I 'm a victim of my symptom  
I am my own worst enemy  
You're a victim of your symptom  
You are your own worst enemy  
Know your enemy.

I'm elated  
Medicated  
I am my own worst enemy  
So what ails you is what impales you  
You are your own worst enemy  
You're a victim of the system  
You are your own worst enemy  
You're a victim of the system  
You are your own worst enemy