

Mental Breakdown

John Maus

You got the cemetery's law, my friend
I think you've got a deformed mouth

Oh oh
Take a take a ride with Shakira
She's been shaking it up
Blowing in the mind

Oh oh
Take a take a look in my eye
The people are dancing in there
Blowing in the mind
Oh oh, oh oh
Blowing in the mind

The answer, my friends, is blowing in the mind
Blowing underneath your friend's call
They call it a mental breakdown
Oh oh

The answer, my friends, is blowing in the mind
Blowing underneath your friend's call
They call it a mental breakdown

What the fuck is going on?
I got so stupid from the city's sun
And I think I lost my mouth again
Busted
Oh yeah, oh yeah

Take a take a ride with Shakira

What the fuck is going on?
Tuesday's gone, Wednesday's gone
And why the fuck do I sleep all day?
Well, the answer, my friend, is blowing in the mind

Riding through the night on a black line
Into black water's mind
The black rails

Looking for your sister, write her a love song
She cries and she cries and she pisses her pants
Blowing in the mind

The answer, my friends, is blowing in the mind
Blowing underneath your friend's call
They call it a mental breakdown
Oh oh

You got the cemetery's mouth, my friend
I think you've got a deformed mouth

Oh oh
Take a take a look at my dumb skull
I think it's been cracking up
Blowing in the mind

Oh oh
Take a take a look past the nighttime
We've been spending a month blowing in the mind
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh
Blowing in the mind