

Concussion

Luca Brasi

I got no problems with the good times
I got problems when they end
Heart jumping out of your chest
I got no problems getting started
I got problems slowing down
Pushed myself right to the edge

'Cause I been falling
Yeah, I been falling
Off every available edge

Think I gave myself concussion
Wish I bit my tongue more often
Good intentions count for nothing
Went and gave myself concussion
Think I know myself quite well
How to make a personal hell
Guess it was the warm blood rushing
Think I gave myself

Ain't got much to cry about
A sleeping dog, your nighttime sounds
Is all I need right now
A feeling grabbed me last night
When everything was quiet outside
Chasing every available high

'Cause I been falling
Yeah, I been falling
Off every available edge
'Cause I been falling
Yeah, I been falling

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Good intentions count for nothing
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Think I know myself quite well
How to make a personal hell
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Too scared to say good things aloud
In case they don't come true somehow
Too scared to say good things aloud
Every high gotta come back down

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Wish I bit my tongue more often
Good intentions count for nothing
Went and gave myself concussion
Think I know myself quite well
How to make a personal hell
Guess it was the warm blood rushing
Think I gave myself

Too scared to say good things aloud

From every high, gotta come back down