

## Nervous Tics

Maribou State

On balance I'd take  
'Nother emotional crisis  
Over your slow pulse rate  
I'm picking up more nervous tics  
You're staying inside, playing dead  
And every time my dog barks  
It's a bomb dropping overhead

You control your breathing but you  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me, no

More graphic nightmares  
And I could make that better  
But you won't let me, don't dare  
So, on balance I'd say  
This type of ultra coldness  
Is the worst kind of shade

I'm picking up more nervous tics  
You're staying inside, playing dead  
So, all this longwave silence  
Can we please put it to bed?

You control your heart rate but you  
Can't shut down  
Can't shut down  
Can't shut down  
Can't shut down

You control your breathing but you  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me  
Can't control what you're feeling for me, no