

Agitated

Midnight

Oh, I'm so agitated, so agitated
Run through a washing machine, agitated
I'm so agitated, I'm so convoluted
I don't know what but I'd just like to shoot it
It's 5 a.m., I'm crawling the walls
Just waiting for imaginary telephone calls

And I'm so agitated, agitated
A-a-a-agitated
I'm so agitated, so agitated
I'm agitated, so agitated

You know what I think, I think the whole world stinks
I don't need no shrink, I just hate it, ow

Ugh, I'm so agitated, so agitated
A-a-a-a-agitated
So convoluted, so convoluted
I don't know what convoluted means

Nothing I say, I'd be better off dead
Just like my cousin, ooh, yeah