

# Anxiety Attack

Skankin' Pickle

Two, three, four!

Problems in your mind that keep coming up again  
You want a clear mind but you're unable to accept it  
Want to find excuses or maybe it's the best thing  
You can never stray along like that jolly fat man  
Thinking of the future, is it really that important  
To say "Hey, I must be just like him"?  
I want to do the right things and make others happy  
But is this really the thing for me?

And I think I'm becoming a Republican  
And I think I like the way Dan Quayle looks  
But in fact I'm having an anxiety attack!

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Get up on the go, am I happy with my doings?  
Man should be content that everything's not hurry,  
hurry  
Hear the news, mans is shot, child in the street  
DC-10 falls to the ground, did I bring my will with me?  
In love, am I supposed to be as happy as they say?  
'Cause if I am then love is not for me  
You've got to run, you've got to hide or the pressure  
will get you  
And soon you will be just like me

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In with the good times and out with the hard times  
No hard times in my life, no hard times for me  
One, two, one two three four, I'm not Mr. Super  
Hardcore  
There's an anger inside of me that's ready to explode  
Noise, noise, noise, that's all I hear is noise  
American troops in a Noriega spoof  
No, I am not Bob Marley, Bruce Lee or Cheryl Tiegs  
I am just an Oriental who likes to scream anxiety

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ATTACK!