

Flatline Fever

The Bones

When I try to make love it turns out to be hate
If I go for a coffee I might end up drunk

And my old dreams are back to haunt me
It doesn't matter where I stay
It doesn't matter where I go, yeah

Why do I always bang my head against the wall
So sick and tired of doing, doing everything wrong
Why do I always bang my head against the wall
Right back at you!

Some say that learning by doing is the way we have to live
I haven't learned jack shit, fuck, I'm getting old

Me, I, myself are back to haunt me
It doesn't matter where I stay

Why do I always bang my head against the wall
So sick and tired of doing, doing everything wrong
Why do I always bang my head against the wall

Why do I always bang my head against the wall
So sick and tired of doing, doing everything wrong
Why do I always bang my head against the wall
So sick and tired of doing, doing everything wrong

All my mistakes, all my mistakes
All that you see
Right back at you!