

I'm Breaking Out

The Mr. T Experience

I was up all night she said bay bay bay bay baby what's in your
eye well
That's storm and that's stress and that's my my my my my migrai
ne I'm such a
Mess I see the vultures of doom saying, "Dr. Frank, I presume."
Wehn you
Presume you make a pres out of you and me I guess I can't suppr
ess every
Little thing I can't calm down I don't know how I'm breaking ou
t. Don't touch
Don't probe and lead me not into temptation 'cause I might expl
ode Don't do
Anything cause I'm just way way way way waiting for a tragedy o
o oo what's
Going on you don't belong girls can ride boys bikes but boys ca
n't ride girls
Bikes facts of life and different strokes are coming on at midn
ight I can't
Calm down, I'm breaking out, I don't know how.