

Gets on Top

The Skints

Sometimes I get mind blown
By the things on the TV in my home
And the things that I read on my iPhone
Are they listening to me?
These adverts on the screen
Are feeling scary and I know
I been running through these cities with my woes
What's the world gonna be like when I go?
It's a mystery to me
I think I need some sleep, but quickly

One more and it
Seems I'm done for
You know my head gets lost
My eyes open in my bed
From the existential dread
You know it gets on top

And sometimes I wonder
Is it me or the sensi I'm under?
Is it time to invest in the bunker?
Or am I just a freak?
Cos this ain't new to me
It's been a long time I'm dealing
With these apocalyptical feelings
And the world seems a long way from healing
Tell me it's just a dream
You people are all sheep
So give me

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From the existential dread
You know it gets on top
And [?]

Sometimes it gets on, gets on top
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