Braindead

Tom MacDonald

They keep telling me I'm braindead, I tell 'em they're wrong
They're just mad I make bread, I don't have a job
Everybody hating, man. I swear to God
This is being braindead, I pray it never stops
I been working way too hard
Call me crazy, I ain't stopping now
I done come way too far
Call me crazy, I like how that sounds, I'm braindead

They keep telling me I'm nuts, I say I don't give a fuck
I wanna wake up with a smile, I wanna make a couple bucks
I'm tryna be on your TV, I'm tryna do that for my mom
Tryna be celebrities, the only ones who ain't on drugs, ooh
I ain't scared to lose my mind
Long as happiness is what I find
And I ain't worried 'bout going blind
'Cause then all I see is the good old times

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You can blame it on the generation X
Blame it on the alcohol
Rock and roll and sex
Yeah
Blame me I'm allergic to a 9-to-5
Just wanna live while I'm alive
Maybe they're right I went and lost my mind
But if I lose it all, at least I tried
They only dream when they're asleep at night
But live a nightmare while about to make my dreams my life

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Go ahead and call me braindead
Your whole circle of fake friends
Work your whole life for a paycheck
But I'm braindead, that'll make sense
Y'all are right that I'm way left
So you got dough and never make bread
Try to lock us up with that chain wrecked
When your cage bent, my gang laughed

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