

Restless Heart Syndrome

Green Day

I've got a really bad disease
It's got me begging on my hands and knees
So, take me to emergency
'Cause something seems to be missing
Somebody take the pain away
It's like an ulcer bleeding in my brain
So, send me to the pharmacy
So, I can lose my memory
I'm elated, medicated
Lord knows I've tried to find a way
To run away
I think they found another cure
For broken hearts and feeling insecure
You'd be surprised what I endure
What makes you feel so self-assured?
I need to find a place to hide
You never know what could be waiting outside
The accidents that you could find
It's like some kind of suicide
So, what ails you is what impales you?
I feel like I've been crucified
To be satisfied
I'm a victim of my symptom
I am my own worst enemy
You're a victim of your symptom
You are your own worst enemy
Know your enemy!
I'm elated, medicated
I am my own worst enemy
So, what ails you is what impales you?
You are your own worst enemy
You're a victim of the system
You are your own worst enemy
You're a victim of the system
You are your own worst enemy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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