

And I don't know where I've been

Fill in the gaps

I'm in trouble for the things
I haven't got to yet
I'm sharpening the axe
And my palms are (9) we
Sweating bullets
Well, me, it's nice talking to myself
A credit to dementia
Some day you too will know my pain
And smile its black tooth grin
If the war inside my head
Won't take a day off I'll be dead
My icy fingers claw your back
Here I come again
Feeling paranoid
True enemy or false friend?
Anxiety's attacking me
And my air is getting thin
Once you committed me
Now you've acquitted me
Claiming validity
For your stupidity
I'm chomping at the bit
I'm sharpening the axe
Here I come again
(Whoa)
Sweating bullets



- 1. dark
- 2. back
- 3. still
- 4. mutually
- 5. trouble
- 6. getting
- 7. kicking
- 8. closing
- 9. getting

Fill in the gaps