

Sometimes I feel
Like a frustrated child
I got everything I want
And there's nothing that I need
I can't stop my brain from running wild
Running wild, from running wild
My brain, my brain is running wild

Sometimes I'm looking somewhere
And I don't like what I see
Seems like my soul is made of paper
So I took a look outside myself
Trying to get myself together
Things have changed, now I find
I've just been messing, messing up my mind

So now my troubles are all over
And I'm pleased to find
That I was right and they were wrong
I have messed up my mind
You see those colors, hear those voices
[?]