

# Midlife Crisis

## Disturbed

Go on and wring my neck  
Like when a rag gets wet  
A little discipline  
For my pet genius  
My head is like lettuce  
Go on, dig your thumbs in  
I cannot stop giving  
I'm thirty-something Sense of security  
Like pockets jingling  
Midlife crisis  
Suck ingenuity  
Down through the family tree  
You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you (you're only you)  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleedin' enough for two It's a midlife crisis  
It's a midlife crisis... What an inheritance  
The salt and the Kleenex  
Morbid self attention  
Bending my pinky back  
A little discipline  
A donor by habit  
A little discipline  
Rent an opinion  
Sense of security  
Holding blunt instrument  
Midlife crisis  
I'm a perfectionist  
And perfect is a skinned knee You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleeding enough for two Midlife Crisis It's a midlife crisis  
It's a midlife crisis... You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleeding enough for two  
You're perfect, yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleeding enough for two  
Go on and Wring My Neck  
Go on and Wring my neck

like when a rag gets wet  
Go on and wring my neck

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>