Sweating Bullets by Megadeth

Blood stains on my hands

And I don't know where I've been

Fill in the gaps

Hello me, meet the real me	I'm in trouble for the things
And my misfits way of life	I haven't got to yet
A dark black (1) is my	I'm sharpening the axe
Most valued possession	And my palms are (7) wet
Hindsight is always 20-20	Sweating bullets
But (2) back it's still a bit fuzzy	Well, me, it's nice (8) to myself
Speak of mutually assured destruction?	A credit to dementia
Nice story, tell it to Reader's Digest!	Some day you too will know my pain
Feeling paranoid	And smile its black tooth grin
True enemy or (3) friend?	If the war inside my head
Anxiety's attacking me	Won't take a day off I'll be dead
And my air is getting thin	My icy fingers claw your back
I'm in trouble for the things	Here I come again
I haven't got to yet	Feeling paranoid
I'm chomping at the bit	True enemy or false friend?
And my palms are getting wet	Anxiety's attacking me
Sweating bullets	And my air is getting thin
Hello me, it's me again	Once you committed me
You can subdue, but never tame me	Now you've acquitted me
It (4) me a migraine headache	Claiming validity
Thinking down to your level	For (9) stupidity
Yeah, just keep on thinking it's my fault	I'm chomping at the bit
And stay an inch or two (5) (6)	I'm sharpening the axe
distance	Here I come again
Mankind has got to know	(Whoa)
His limitations	Sweating bullets
Feeling claustrophobic	
Like the walls are closing in	



- 1. past
- 2. looking
- 3. false
- 4. gives
- 5. outta
- 6. kicking
- 7. getting
- 8. talking
- 9. your

Fill in the gaps