

## Just Dropped In

Mickey Newbury

Woke up this mornin',  
The sundown shinin' in.  
I found my broken mind,  
In a brown paper bag of Zen.  
Tripped on a cloud,  
I fell eight miles high.  
Tore my mind upon a jagged sky.  
I just dropped in to see what condition,  
My condition was in.  
Ah, ah.

Pushed my soul in a  
Deep dark hole, followed it in.  
Met myself crawlin' out,  
As I was crawlin' in.  
I woke up so tight I said,  
"I never will unwind."  
Saw too much I broke my mind.  
I just dropped in to see what condition,  
My condition was in.  
Woh, Lord, Lord,  
What condition my condition was in.

[Whistling chorus.]

Ah, ah, ah-ha.

Somebody painted "April Fool,"  
In big black letters on a Dead End sign.  
I had my foot in the gas,  
As I left the road and blew out my mind.  
Eight miles outta Memphis,  
Lord, I got no spare.  
Eight miles straight up,  
Downtown somewhere.  
I just dropped in to see what condition,  
My condition was in.  
Oh, Lord, Lord, Lawd,  
What condition my condition was in.