

She's had a psychotic dream
For the last ten days
She feels as if she's sinking
In and out, in and out, in and out of
She combs up her hair
She think she's a queen
Starts telling all the choir boys she's this
She dresses in black only for the occasion
She thinks she's a negro, but she's only Caucasian
She can't tune in
She can't tune in
She can't get off that bus
Can't get off that bus
She can't grab hold
She can't grab hold
She's a mess, this girl
And
Instead of watching my own dream
This is not what it seems; so calculated
Now that it's completed
I'm cautious with daylight
I'm frightened by sunlight
But I know those nights has to keep me from harm
She can't tune in
She can't tune in
She can't get off that bus
Can't get off that bus
Can't grab hold
She can't grab hold
She's a mess, this girl
Please try
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm
Keep on keeping me from harm