

I thought about the thing's that I'd lost.
It didn't seem like much at all.
Until I found that I'd lost you and got down.
Wednesday morning three a.m.
I think I'll pay you a visit.
I'm drunk again and disorganized and I'm down.
Too too many and I'm caught in a breeze.
But it'll happen 'cuz it's up to me.
I got the weight and all the backup on my side.
Just one dilemma: Have I lost my mind?
Speak up, I'm drunk. I can't understand a word.
It sounds like your saying that you don't want me anymore.
But I know that you've still got it for me
and your crazy to think that I'll leave you alone.
Ain't it amazing how I've seemed to survive?
Now my life can go on without any pride.
I'm feelin' like Freddie until the day that you realize.
Or maybe it's me who needs to open my eyes.
It seems to me that I don't even exist.
Someone else has taken my place.
Why, O why do I feel so obsolete?
Why, O why am I dragging on my feet?
I've got this thing and it's not quite understood.
I think I'll lay myself on top of your hood.
Please speak to me and I'll tell you how I feel
And how I've ended up and how it's all surreal.