

With My Mind

Kingston Wall

Where is the witchdoctor
Who drags me from this fear
What will I tell him so I make myself clear

I've got this bad taste in my mouth
And in my soul
I try to taste it,
Just to know what's going on

Some kind of tribulation
Strangles my mind
It makes me wonder
Do I have much more time
Manic depressions
Or just having too much time
With my mind

I keep on scratching
But the itching won't go
My legs turn red but I will have to go on

And when I come home
I find you shining like the sun
I rest my whery head
But you want to have fun

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