

My Depression

Rick Springfield

Born in the Southern land where a man is a man
Don't remember too much, warm mama cold touch
Post war baby boom, 50 kids in one room
All white, future bright but living in a womb
Got a TV receiver, Jerry Mathers as the Beaver,
No blacks/no queers/no sex/Mouseketeers
Daddy kept moving round, I can't settle down
Always the lost new kid in town.

Manlicher lock and loaded,
JFK's head exploded
Dark figure at the fence,
end of my innocence
Hormones hit me, chew up, spit me.
Get stoned, get plastered, always was a moody bastard.
Guitar fool, kicked out of high school
Joined a band/Vietnam/mama-san/killed a man.
Daddy gets real sick, it's too intense,
I can't kick it Buy myself a ticket to the USA.

Oh my God, it's my life. What am I doing kicking at the foundations?
That's right, my life. Better start looking at my destination.

Hollywood sex-rat, been there/done that
Jaded, afraid I'd never get a turn at bat.
Last in a long line, finally hit the bigtime
Goldmine, feeding time, money/fame I get mine.
Use it, abuse it, Daddy dies I lose it
Get a wife, get a son, beget another one
My head said "God's dead", motor-cycle-body-shred
Big life crisis rears it's ugly head.

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Well Prozac, Lithium, could never get enough of 'em
Last wills/ shrinks bills/sleeping pills/sex kills
Edge of sanity, my infidelity
Looking in the mirror and thinking how it used to be
Don't like the skin I'm in, caught in a tail spin
Honest-to-God vision, spiritual transmission
Climb aboard the life raft, looking back I have to laugh
Take a breath, don't know if I'm ready for the second half.

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That's right, my life. Better start looking at my destination
My life, my depression, my sin, my confession
My curse, my obsession, my school, my lesson
My depression My depression