

## Psychomodo

Steve Harley

I been losing my head, I been losing my way  
I been losing my brain cells at a million a day  
I'm so disillusioned, I'm on suicide street  
I seen everything in every shape, seen 1984 in a terrible state  
Seen you Quasimodo hanging on my gate

Oh! He was so hung-up and wasted  
Oh! He was so physically devastated  
He was young enough  
He was well-slung enough, oh

I seen my own epitaph, I been to heaven and back  
Was introduced to St. Peter where we was having a chat  
I felt him losing his mind, I began to retreat  
But Desdemona and me, we had a ball in a tree  
She read my palm in a moment, it was shocking to me  
We were so mystified, we scream out of fear

Oh! She was so hung-up and wasted  
Oh! She was so physically devastated  
She was young enough  
She was well-slung enough destroyed

I been writing a song, we all been singing along  
It's like a mild schizophrenia - wondering where we belong!  
Sling it all out the window, start all over again, yoh  
Oh, come into my heart, come and tear me apart  
I want to be claustrophobic - got a passion ha ha!  
I'm so confused, I wish I could die die die

Oh! She was so hung-up and wasted  
Oh! She was so physically devastated  
She was young enough  
She was well-slung enough, oh