

Just Fell In

Styx

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It was 8:15
When I pulled into the 7 Eleven
I bought a 12 ounce coffee
And I threw down a 357

I guess I was thinking I would never be found
Next thing I knew I was spread-eagle
Down on the ground

I just fell into a manic depression
And I really want to spend it with you

I got pretty paper shoes
And I'm weaving you a basket for Christmas
Three hots and a cot
And a cellmate who keeps calling me missus

But I like to think I'm the king of the couch
And I like my shrink
'Cause he always brings me smoke in a pouch

I just fell into a manic depression
And I really want to spend it with you

We don't have any inhibitions
We're not consumed by ambition
We've got no mission control

They say Dr. Freud might call me an anal retentive
But my PO says I'm delinquent and I got no incentive

Rehab is a thing of the past
I step into the cab and say "Hey buddy, step on the gas"

Just fell into a manic depression
And I really want to spend it with you

Okay ladies, it's time for your medication.