

## 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.