

Condition

Supergrass

Yeah, yeah, oh yeah,
What condition my condition was in,

I woke up this morning, with the sun down, shining in,
I found my mind in a brown paper bag, within,
I tripped on a cloud, baby, eight miles high,
I tore my mind, on a jagged sky,

I just dropped in to see,
What condition my condition was in,
Yeah, yeah, oh yeah,
What condition my condition was in,

I pushed my soul in a deep dark hole,
And then I followed it in,
I watched myself crawling out,
As I was crawling in,
I got up so tight,
I couldn't unwind,
I saw so much I broke my mind,
I just dropped in,
To see what condition my condition was in,

Yeah, yeah, oh yeah,
What condition my condition was in,

I'm a dead inside,
I had my foot on the gas, as I left the road,
Going out my mind,
And right down in Memphis where I got the spliffs,
Eight miles straight up, downtown somewhere,

I just dropped in,
To see what condition my condition was in,
I said I just dropped in to see,
What condition my condition was in.