

Losing Touch With My Mind

The Icarus Line

I'm losing, losing touch with my mind.
I'm falling, falling way behind.
I'm walking, down a one way street.
I'm trying, trying to find my feet.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright, alright, alright.
I'm leaving, but I'm going no place.
I'm thinking, but my mind's in space.
I'm hoping, hoping to find my head.
I'm aiming, but I don't take the blame.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright, alright, alright.
I'm shooting, shooting off my gun.
It's too bad now babe, but it's a lot of fun.
I'm living, like you'd like to live.
But I'm wanting you baby, what you have to give.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright.
I need it babe, it makes me feel alright, alright, alright.
I feel alright (repeat x 7)