

Underlying Depression

Van Morrison

Underlying depression, have to crawl into my room
Underlying depression, don't want to know about the moon in June
Outside there's a cavalcade of clowns, but they're just bringing me down
With underlying depression

Underlying depression and it's starting in my backyard
Underlying depression, and these times ain't even so hard
Lord I was born with the blues and my blue suede shoes
And underlying depression

Underlying depression and there's just nowhere to turn
Underlying depression and things just seem to turn in on one
Sometimes I'm stuck here in the corner, just like Little Jack Horner
With underlying depression

Underlying depression and I just can't get it right
Underlying depression I've got to fight it with all of my might
Right now I don't want to be alone, get my baby on the telephone
Underlying depression

Have to make some concessions when everything is working right
Have to count my blessings, helps me make it through the night
I've got love in my life, as well as trouble and strife, yeah
And underlying depression