

Duran Duran, Medazzaland

(Oh, Medazzaland)
I have a problem, they said they can solve
Soon I won't speak
I have no words left in me
I dream in pictures
But the sound is muted
I have no way to understand what they say
(Into Medazzaland)
People are starting to talk
But I don't hear them anymore
Now I can't see
But I am still able to think
Do I have any feeling left?
What are they saying about me?
Do they really understand what's wrong?
I feel their hands on my skin
The time has come for them to begin
I'm sinking deeper and deeper
Into Medazzaland
I can feel the scalpel on my skin
It's cutting in
Deeper and deeper
I'm in Medazzaland
(Oh Medazzaland)