

Man, Manillo

I got my eyes on the pillow, can't get to sleep.
All is Manillo, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm,
I can't move a leg and I can't move an arm
And I can't understand what's doing me harm.
And the lonely pain grips your weary soul
And goes on and on, on and on and on.

Can't call my, woman, no comfort nor love
A man with no face is crushing the dove
I'm leaving this sphere, it's all out of time.
A strange kind of fear some weird design.

And the lonely pain grips your weary soul
And goes on and on, on and on and on.