

Robert Plant, Funny In My Mind (I Believe I'm Fixin'

(Bukka White/Plant/Adams/Deamer/Baggott/Jones/Thompson)

Feelin funny in my mind lord I believe I'm fixin to die
Oh funny in my mind I believe I'm fixin' to
I don't mind dying but I sure hate to leave my children crying

Well now look over yonder to that burying ground
Look over younger to that burying it sure seems lonesome lawd when the sun goes down

Oh why, oh why oh why

Black smoke rising up above my head
Black smoke rising up above my oh tell me jesus to make up my dying bed
Left my home just to be with you
Well now left my home just to be with you got me here now that's the way you do

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon yeah

Mama mama yeah

Oh I Oh I Oh I

Take me baby try me one more time
Take me baby try me one more I feel that soon saw me goin blind

Im feeling funny in mind lord I believe I'm fixing to die
Feeling funny in mind lord I believe I'm fixing to

I don't mind dying but I sure hate to leave my children
I don't mind dying but I sure hate to leave my children
I don't mind dying but I sure hate to leave my children cryin