

Stevie Ray Vaughan, Manic Depression

Manic depression is touching my soul
I know what I want, but I just don't know
How to go about gettin' it
Feeling sweat, feeling
Drops from my fingers, fingers
Manic depression is catching my soul

Woman so weary, the sweet cause in vain
You make love, you break love
It's all the same
When it's, when it's over mama
Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, caress, caress
Manic depression is a frustrating mess

Well, I think I'll go turn myself off
And go on down
All the way down
Really ain't no use in me hanging around
In your kinda scene

Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, caress, caress
Manic depression is a frustrating mess