

# 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