

B.B. King, Into The Night

Caught in quicksand
Starting to sink
So tired of struggling
That my mind can barely think
Don't know where I'm going
Lord, I don't know what I'm gonna do

Fuel supply is finished
Ain't nothing left to burn
I need someone to help me
But I don't know which way to turn
I know I don't have much of a choice
I'll go out of my mind
Or into the night

Rolling and tumbling
Spinning end over end
Got to have some peace and quiet
So I can find myself again
Ask me what's the matter
Hey, I don't know what to say

People all around me
But I'm so alone
I guess they'd like to help me
But I have to do it on my own
I know I don't have much of a choice
I'll go out of my mind
Or into the night