Bill Withers, You

You want to take me to a doctor To talk to me about my mind To try to give directions to some places That I don't really want to find.

Trouble in me is not related
To things that I might say or do
I'm really not that complicated
Your good doctor friend, he oughta talk to you.

I notice that he can't remember Things that he never should forget And why does he spend his evenings Smoking them funny cigarettes?

I have a friend that knows your best friend He goes some places where she goes He said he saw y'all at a party Sniffing white powder up your nose.

You got the nerve to call me narrow-minded Cause I'm not loose and indiscreet But people lying down always get blinded By people standing on their own two feet.

Life is just a shadow That I just can't seem to find sometimes But I guess I'll make it Cause I found out that it's really in my mind.

You shouldn't take it too seriously Cause it really ain't gone' last too long You really only got two choices You can lay down and be weak Or you can stand up where you're at And still be strong.

Tomorrow depends too much on today And yesterday - all that gentleman is to you is gone All you find out looking back Is the fact that both of us was wrong Both of us was wrong.

You're talking right to me
But you really ain't saying a thang
You're pouring muddy water on me
Trying to convince me it's rain
You're talking to me crazy
But you're trying to make me feel insane.

You're like a Sunday family
Digging animals in a zoo
But while you're looking at monkeys
Monkey's looking dead at you
Two people getting done
Trying to figure out who's doing who.

If you're throwing dirt at people You got to get some dirt on you I got to take a tone of lies Just to get an ounce of truth from you You're like a man loving Jesus That says he can't stand a Jew. Get on down and play the dozens Talk about four folks From your mamma to your cousins You down there, You know what I'm talking bout.