

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.