

Blue Cheer, Out Of Focus

(Dickie Peterson)
Alright!

A cold, cold darkness
And past confusion
Is quickly calling
Yeah, all of my illusions

Now won't somebody tell me what's wrong
Tell me what's wrong with me.

From within
The magic madness
Said Lord, I could feel deep in my heart
A little bit of gladness

Now won't somebody tell me what's wrong
Tell me what's wrong with me.

Won't somebody tell me what's wrong
Cause Lord, I been searchin'
Searchin' so long
Oh, won't somebody
Oh, won't somebody
Tell me what's wrong with me.

Alright!

Won't somebody tell me what's wrong
Cause Lord, I been searchin'
Whoa so goddamn long
Oh, won't somebody
Oh, won't somebody
Tell me what's wrong with me.

And then from out
Of a mystic dream
There came an angel (What a baby, oh yeah)
She spread her wings (Spread 'em babe, Spread it all).

Now don't nobody tell me what's wrong
Tell me what's wrong with me.