Jimi Hendrix, Manic Depression

Manic Depression is touching my soul, I know what I want, but I just don't know how to go about getting it. Feeling, sweet feeling drops from my finger, fingers Manic Depression's captured my soul.

Woman so willing the sweet cause in vain, vain you make love, you break love, it all seems the same when it's... when it's over.
Music sweet music, I wish I could caress, all my tenderness, now Manic Depression's a frustrating mess.

Well, I think I'll go turn myself off and maybe I'll go down. Really ain't no use me hanging around. Music, sweet music, I wish I could caress and all my tenderness. Manic Depression is a frustratin' mess.

Sweet music, sweet music, sweet music

Well my woman, she's so willing She's the cause of my pain, my pain We make love, we break love But somehow it all seems to be the same Well I've been down that slick road before

Yeah, you know, I never wanna do it again So now, I really got to tell you how I feel Oh oh, I feel oh I feel