

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, 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 oh
I feel