

Kingston Wall, With My Mind

Where is the witchdoctor
Who drags me from this fear
What will I tell him so I make myself clear
I've got this bad taste in my mouth
And in my soul
I try to taste it
Just to know what's going on

Some kind of tribulation
Strangles my mind
It makes me wonder
Do I have much more time
Manic depressions
Or just having too much time
With my mind

I keep on scratching
But the itching won't go
My legs turn red but I will have to go on
And when I come home
I find you shining like the sun
I rest my weary head
But you wanna have fun