

Mad Caddies, State Of Mind

I feel the heat, the fire that burns
Deep in my soul, as this hair-rat returns
No one around to hear me cry out
Open my mouth, but I can't make a sound

I feel the weight of the world sometimes
Hanging on my head, whoa
Look for the light at the end of this tunnel once again

I'm talking 'bout the right state of
The right state of
The right state of your mind

Fit for the worst, I can't catch my breath
My heart beats to the sound of unrest
Pull strings and I, my thoughts are so low
Reach out my hand, but there's no one to hold

We walk alone through this strange life
It can be so cold sometimes, whoa
Just close my eyes and remember
If you search you just might find

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