

Quiet Riot, Condition Critical

Oh the tension's mounting
The pressure starts to show
All the men in haunting
Please don't let me go

(Don't go)
Try to free my body
(Don't go)
Try to strap me down
(Don't go)
These'll never break me
(Don't go)
Free wheel to look at me

Condition critical
I'm feeling physical
Condition critical
Now I'm really cynical

The bells they are ringing
Or is it in my head
My nerves numb understanding
I'm falling out of bed

(Don't go)
So call it paranoia
(Don't go)
I don't see it that way
(Let's go)
You say I adore ya
(Hell no)
We're gonna rock they way

Condition critical
I'm feeling physical
Condition critical
Now I'm really cynical

Ooh ooh

Whips and chains
Don't feel no pain
What's so wrong
I think I'm going out of my head
Over heels
I can't feel
No pain, only pleasure
Get me out
Take me home
Can't you see my condition

Woo-woo-woo

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

Condition
Condition
Condition critical

Condition critical
I'm feeling physical
Condition critical

Now I'm really cynical

Condition critical
I'm feeling physical
Condition critical
Now I'm really cynical (Cynical)

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

Condition
Condition
Condition critical, critical

The pressure is mounting
I'm on the critical list, hell!

Ooh-ooh-ooh