

# Van Morrison, Underlying Depression

Underlying depression, have to crawl into my room  
Underlying depression don't want to know about the moon in June  
Outside there's a cavalcade of clowns but they're bringing me down  
With underlying depression

Underlying depression and it's starting in my backyard  
Underlying depression, and these times ain't even so hard  
Lord I was born with the blues and my blue suede shoes  
And underlying depression

Underlying depression and there's ust nowhere to turn  
Underlying depression and things just seem to turn in on one  
Sometimes I'm stuck in the corner just like Little Jack Horner  
With underlying depression

Underlying depression and I just can't get it right  
Underlying depression I've got to fight it with all of my might  
Right now I don't want to be alone  
Get my baby on the telephone  
Underlying depression

Have to make some concessions when everything is working right  
Have to count my blessings, helps me make it through the night  
I've got love in my life as well as trouble and strife  
And underlying depression

Underlying depression, underlying depression, underlying depression  
Ain't nothing but the blues  
Underlying depression ain't nothing but the blues  
Underlying depression, ain't nothing but the blues  
Underlying depression