

Yngwie Malmsteen, In The Dead Of Night

Manic depression's touching my soul
I know what I want but I just don't know
How to, huh, go about gettin' it
Feeling sweet feeling,
Drops from my fingers, fingers
Manic depression's a catchin' my soul
Woman so weary, the sweet cause in vain
You make love, you break love
It's, a, all the same
When it's, when it's over, baby
Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, caress, caress
Manic depression's a frustrating mess
U'ow!
Well, I think I'll go turn myself off,
And, huh, go on down
All the way down
Really ain't no use in me hanging around
In, a, your kinda scene
Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, in a kiss, kiss
Manic depression is a frustrating mess
U'ow!
Yeah
Ow!
Music sweet music, sweet music, sweet music, uh. . .
Music sweet music, sweet music. . .yeah
Oooooooo....
Depression . . .