

Manic depression is touching my soul.  
I know what I want but I just don't know  
How to go about getting' it.

Feeling, sweet feeling, drops from my finger, fingers,  
Manic depression has captured my soul.

Woman so willing, her sweet cause in vain,  
You make love, you break love,  
it's all the same when it's ... when it's over.

Music, sweet music,  
I wish I could caress, caress, caress.  
Manic Depression's a frustrating mess.

Well, I think I'll go turn myself off an' go on down.

Really ain't no use me hanging around.

Oh, I gotta see you.