

I feel it through my shoes. They used to call that the blues.
Now they call it depression.

Everywhere I go, yes, I get to feel so low,
If I got depression.

My wife don't want no part of me, and yes that fact is hard on me.
That's true.

I give the doctor a description, and he just writes a prescription,
Or two.

Peace and quiet were here before, but they both walked out the door,
And left me with depression.

I hardly leave my room, most days I sleep 'till noon,
If I got depression.

Most folks think I'm fine, but the truth is I'm suprised,
I've got depression.

To all those girls I've loved before, I'm sorry I love this one more,
That's true.

If she would just stay with me, her presence can only lift me,
And get me through.

I start to come around, I stop putting myself down,
That's called progression.

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh ...