

I been losing my head, I been losing my way
I been losing my brain cells at a million a day
I'm so disillusioned, I'm on suicide street
I seen everything in every shape, seen 1984 in a terrible state
Seen you Quasimodo hanging on my gate

Oh! He was so hung-up and wasted
Oh! He was so physically devastated
He was young enough
He was well-slung enough, oh

I seen my own epitaph, I been to heaven and back
Was introduced to St. Peter where we was having a chat
I felt him losing his mind, I began to retreat
But Desdemona and me, we had a ball in a tree
She read my palm in a moment, it was shocking to me
We were so mystified, we scream out of fear

Oh! She was so hung-up and wasted
Oh! She was so physically devastated
She was young enough
She was well-slung enough destroyed

I been writing a song, we all been singing along
It's like a mild schizophrenia - wondering where we belong!
Sling it all out the window, start all over again, yoh
Oh, come into my heart, come and tear me apart
I want to be claustrophobic - got a passion ha ha!
I'm so confused, I wish I could die die die

Oh! She was so hung-up and wasted
Oh! She was so physically devastated
She was young enough
She was well-slung enough, oh