# Opium

## Psychic TV

Sometimes
I feel like I want to live
Far from the metropolis
Just walk through that door
Sometimes
I feel like I want to fly
Reach out to the painted sky
A prisoner to the wind
A bird on the wing
Sometimes
I feel the ocean in my blood
See rain from the sky above
Her song blind tears

And now
Those tears leave taste on my tongue
Like the warm rush you get from
Black opium
Black opium
Sometimes
I feel like I want to leave
Behind all these memories
And walk through that door
Outside
The black night calls my name
But all roads look the same
They lead nowhere
They lead nowhere

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