

Funny In My Mind (I Believe I'm Fixin' to Die)

Robert Plant

Feelin' funny in my mind, Lord I believe I'm fixin' to die
Oh, funny in my mind, Lord I believe I'm fixin' to
I don't mind dyin' but I sure hate to leave my children cryin' Well, now look over yonder to that burying ground
Oh, look over yonder to that burying
It sure seems lonesome, Lord when the sun goes down Oh why, oh why, oh why? Black smoke rising up above
my head
Black smoke rising up above my
Oh tell me Jesus to make up my dying bed Left my home just to be with you
Well now left my home just to be with
You got me here, now that's the way you do
Oh, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, yeah
Mama, oh mama mama yeah Oh I, oh I, oh I Take me baby, try me one more time
Take me baby, try me one more
I feel that soon, that you'll saw me gone blind I'm feelin' funny in mind, Lord I believe I'm fixin' to die
Feelin' funny in mind, Lord I believe I'm fixin' to
I don't mind dyin' but I sure hate to leave my children
I don't mind dyin' but I sure hate to leave my children
I don't mind dyin' but I sure hate to leave my children cryin' Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, oh, oh, oh
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, yeah
Yeah, oh, yeah, oh, oh
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, yeah

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