You

Bill Withers

You want to take me to a doctor To talk to me about my mind To try to give directions to some places That I don't really want to find Trouble in me is not related To things that I might say or do I'm really not that complicated Your good doctor friend, he oughta talk to you I notice that he can't remember Things that he never should forget And why does he spend his evenings Smoking them funny cigarettes? I have a friend that knows your best friend He goes some places where she goes He said he saw y'all at a party Sniffing white powder up your nose You got the nerve to call me narrow-minded 'Cause I'm not loose and indiscreet But people lying down always get blinded By people standing on their own two feet Life is just a shadow That I just can't seem to find sometimes But I guess I'll make it 'Cause I found out that it's really in my mind You shouldn't take it too seriously 'Cause it really ain't gon' last too long You really only got two choices You can lay down and be weak Or you can stand up where you're at And still be strong Tomorrow depends too much on today And yesterday All that gentleman is to you is gone All you find out looking back Is the fact that both of us was wrong Both of us was wrong You're talking right to me But you really ain't saying a thang You're pouring muddy water on me

Trying to convince me it's rain You're talking to me crazy But you're trying to make me feel insane You're like a Sunday family Digging animals in a zoo But while you're looking at monkeys Monkey's looking dead at you Two people getting done Trying to figure out who's doing who If you're throwing dirt at people You got to get some dirt on you I got to take a tone of lies Just to get an ounce of truth from you You're like a man loving Jesus That says he can't stand a Jew Get on down and play the dozens Talk about four folks From your mamma to your cousins You down there You know what I'm talking 'bout

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