Psychomodo

Steve Harley

I been losing my head
I been losing my way
I been losing my brain cells at a million a day
I been so disillusioned
I'm on suicide street
I seen everything
In every shape
I seen l984 in a terrible state
I seen you Quazimodo
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
I seen my own epitaph
I been to heaven and back
Was introduced to St. Peter; we were having a chat
I felt him losing his mind
So I began to retreat
Desdemona and me
We had a ball in a tree
She read my palm in a moment: it was shocking to me
Oh, we were so mystified
Began to 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
I been writing a song
We all been singing along
It's like a wild schizophrenia - wondering where we belong!
Sling it all out the window
Start all over again...
Come into my heart
Come in and tear me apart
I wanna be claustrophobic - got a passion - ha ha!
I'm so confused I wish I could die

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