

Just Fell In

Styx

Noitacidem rouy rof emit s'ti, seidal yako
It was eight fifteen when I pulled into the seven eleven
I bought a twelve ounce coffee and I threw down a three fifty seven
I guess I was thinking I would never be found
Next thing I knew I was spread-eagle down on the ground
I just fell into a manic depression and I really want to
spend it with you
I got pretty paper shoes and I'm weaving you a basket for Christmas
Three hots and a cot and a cellmate who keeps calling me, "Missus"
But I like to think I'm the King of the Couch
And I like my shrink 'cause he always brings me smoke in a pouch
I just fell into a manic depression and I really
want to spend it with you
We don't have any inhibitions
We're not consumed by ambition
We've got no mission control
They say, Dr. Freud might call me an anal retentive
But my PO says, "I'm delinquent and I got no incentive"
Rehab is a thing of the past
I step into the cab and say "Hey buddy, step on the gas"
I just fell into a manic depression and I really want to
spend it
Just fell into a manic depression and I really want to spend it
Just fell into a manic depression and I really want to spend it
Oh, round and round
Oh, manic depression I fell in
Okay ladies, it's time for your medication

Songwriters

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Published by
TRANQUILITY BASE SONGS (*WARNER*)

Lyrics provided by

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