

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 1984 in a terrible state
I seen Quasimodo 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, oh

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, 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
We were so mystified, we 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, be strong

Well, 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

Oh, come into my heart, come in and tear me apart
I wanna be claustrophobic, got a passion, ha ha
I am so confused, I wish I could die, die, die

Oh! she was so hung-up and wasted
Oh! she was so physically devastated
She was young enough
She was well-slung enough