

The Wild In Me

Deportees

I asked the doctor
Who lives in me
Why my heart's been
Skipping beats
Why I'm almost
Out of breath
What is this sickness
That lives in health?

Oh, my head
You're gonna go places
You're gonna win prizes
I don't know how
But if you've got it in you
Give me some peace of mind

Oh, my head
You're gonna go places
You're gonna win prizes
I'd trade it all
For the horn of the rhino
And the wings of the dove

It ain't no fever
No broken back
No kind of allergy
No heart attack
When nothing's good and
All is well

You get a sickness
That lives in health
It's getting moldy
Inside this shell
I guess I'm better now
But will I ever get well?

I asked the enemy
Who lives within
When war is ended
Can someone win?
It does not matter
How much you know when
Paranoia cuts you open

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