

I'm Dying (Or Am I?)

Eric Burdon

Got that sleepy feeling... got that sleepy feeling
When the lights go out... know the lights go out
Well, I know I should not do things... know I should not do things
But I really must work out... really must work out
Really must work out
It's a chemical reaction to state your piece of mind
God knows I'm dying

Body can't keep up... with my mind
Heard many people like me... many people like me
On this manufactured trade... manufactured trade
Trying to satisfy people... trying to satisfy people
When you know they've got you whipped... know they've got you whipped
Know they've got you whipped
One can only hope
Someday the sun will shine
God, knows I'm dying

My body can't keep up with my mind
You told me I'd be dying
At the temple was the living
But even when you're dying
There's some sweet joy in giving giving
Giving, giving, giving

Sometimes I sit and wonder... sometimes I sit and wonder
In an wine and smoke filled room... in a wine and smoke filled room
Why we sit here talking... why we sit here talking
Only adding to the gloom... adding to the gloom
Adding to the gloom
Then I see the wonder
The sky bursts into flame
God knows I'm dying