

War For My Mind

The Smithereens

Guess what, there's a black cloud inside of my head
Don't mess around with me or you'll find yourself dead
Yes, I'm mad at the weird things that turned out for me
Someday, maybe soon, I will buy myself free

Good things get harder to find
And as I start to unwind
I'm fighting all of the time
In the war for my mind

Keep talking 'bout the good things you've found in your life
All you want is enough time, some kids and a wife
Not saying that it's wrong and I can't disagree
Just saying that I can't see it happening to me

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