

# Duran Duran, Medazzaland

(Oh, Medazzaland)  
I have a problem, they said they can solve  
Soon I won't speak  
I have no words left in me  
I dream in pictures  
But the sound is muted  
I have no way to understand what they say  
(Into Medazzaland)  
People are starting to talk  
But I don't hear them anymore  
Now I can't see  
But I am still able to think  
Do I have any feeling left?  
What are they saying about me?  
Do they really understand what's wrong?  
I feel their hands on my skin  
The time has come for them to begin  
I'm sinking deeper and deeper  
Into Medazzaland  
I can feel the scalpel on my skin  
It's cutting in  
Deeper and deeper  
I'm in Medazzaland  
(Oh Medazzaland)