

# Wall Kingston, With My Mind

Where is the witchdoctor  
Who drags me from this fear  
What will I tell him so I make myself clear

I've got this bad taste in my mouth  
And in my soul  
I try to taste it,  
Just to know what's going on

Chorus:  
Some kind of tribulation  
Strangles my mind  
It makes me wonder  
Do I have much more time  
Manic depressions  
Or just having too much time  
With my mind  
(end chorus)

I keep on scratching  
But the itching won't go  
My legs turn red but I will have to go on

And when I come home  
I find you shining like the sun  
I rest my whery head  
But you wanna have fun

Chorus