

Yngwie Malmsteen

"Manic Despression"

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Manic depression's touching my soul
I know what I want but I just don't know
How to, huh, go about gettin' it
Feeling sweet feeling,
Drops from my fingers, fingers
Manic depression's a catchin' my soul
Woman so weary, the sweet cause in vain
You make love, you break love
It's, a, all the same
When it's, when it's over, baby
Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, caress, caress
Manic depression's a frustrating mess
U'ow!
Well, I think I'll go turn myself off,
And, huh, go on down
All the way down
Really ain't no use in me hanging around
In,a, your kinda scene
Music, sweet music
I wish I could caress, in a kiss, kiss
Manic depression is a frustrating mess
U'ow!
Yeah
Ow!
Music sweet music, sweet music, sweet music, uh. . .
Music sweet music, sweet music. . .yeah
Ooooooo....
Depression . . .

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