

## **B.W. Stevenson**

### **"Straight Jacket"**

Visit "[Straight Jacket](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Kool G. Rap]

Help me doctor doctor cause I'm seein lots of spots  
I'm thinkin of pink elephants with little polka dots  
I'm tired, crazy tired, but I can not get no sleep  
Cause every time I close my eyes I think I'm six feet  
deep

I feel I'm goin slow as hell but everything is speedin  
Last night I woke up screamin and my bathroom walls  
were bleedin

I thought I fell asleep at work, but then when I awoke  
I was all alone and had my own hands on my throat  
Clippings from the newspaper of murders my library  
Sometimes I get a urge to walk inside a cemetary  
I looked into a mirror seen a rope around my neck  
I smoked a lot of cigarettes, cause I'm a nervous wreck  
Tryin to relax, I ran some water in the tub  
Vision somebody slaughtered, then the water turned to  
blood

I'm runnin down the hallway tryin to reach an exit door  
The more and more I run seems like it's further than  
before  
Voices sometimes tell me what I won't do, what I will do  
Voices in my head right now are tellin me to kill you  
Filled up with anxiety, I went to Lover's Lane  
Seen a couple kissin, then blew out the brother's brain  
I feel the world's against me and the women are so  
dirty

I hate women today because my mother used to hurt  
me

I think I'm goin crazy Doc no longer can I hack it  
Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket

A lady picked me up hitchikin, what a big mistake  
Several hours later, there's a body by the lake  
Walked into a train station, headed towards the back  
Caught a flashback, and pushed a man right on the  
track

I'm in my darkroom inside my house that is deserted  
developin the photo of a hoe that I just murdered  
I took a walk one night because I wanted to get out  
I stepped outside, I paused, and I was back inside my

house

Called up PLENTY doctors, told em all about my health  
My phone just plays a dial tone, I'm talkin to myself  
Snap back to reality, at least that's what I thought  
Runnin from the spirits of the bodies I just caught  
I can't escape this hell I'm in, not even in my dreams  
I cover both my ears, because I'm sick of hearin  
screams

I been a mental case since I was in the seventh grade  
Stabbed another student, licked his blood off of my  
blade

I got two personalities inside sometimes they battle  
When I look at my picture all I see is scribble scabble  
I feel I'm really losin it, I need to write to Abby  
The characters on TV try to reach right out and grab  
me

I always hear somebody talkin bout they gonna do me  
But I listen again and it's those voices talkin to me  
You heard of shadowboxin? I see mine and then attack  
it

Please, doctor please, put me in a straight jacket

Visit [B.W. Stevenson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.