

Maná **"Manilla"**

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I got my head on the pillow, I can't get to sleep.
All is Manillo, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm,
I can't move a leg and I can't move my arm
I can't understand what's doing me harm.
And the lonely pain grips your weary soul
And goes on and on, on and on and on.
I can't call my woman, no comfort nor love
A man with no face is crushing the dove
I'm leaving this sphere, it's all out of time.
A strange kind of fear some weird design.
And the lonely pain grips your weary soul
And goes on and on, on and on and on. (2)

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