

## Rory Block

### "Jinxed"

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My heart's in trouble, my soul's on fire,  
My mind is aching for my one desire.  
This heavy weather, will it never seem to end,  
I start to wonder will my poor heart ever mend.

I don't know what I am supposed to think,  
This must be some kind of jinx.

My line's been tapped, my mail's been screened,  
I could be wrong but that's the way I feel,  
Everything I try just crumbles before I start,  
Feel like a lost child, searching in the dark.

Will I swim or will I sink,  
This must be some kind of jinx.

You've got your heart locked up,  
And you've thrown away the key,  
Feel like I'm sinking down,  
Into the endless sea.

My heart's uneasy, my soul's on fire,  
You're the ice--please put out this fire.  
This crazy weather, will it never seem to end.  
It's getting harder with all the bad news that you send.

I don't know what I am supposed to think,  
This must be some kind of jinx.  
I don't care what anybody thinks,  
'Cos this must be some kind of jinx.  
Will I swim or will I sink,  
This must be some kind of jinx.

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