

# Slade

## "I'm Mad"

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I get strange exotic dreams  
With some strange erotic scenes  
Gonna sleep all day

I get notions by the score  
Most of them against the law  
Do them anyway

So I took a trip to see Kane's Xanadu  
Cos at the time there wasn't very much to do  
I think I'm coming down, coming down

I get weird imaginings  
About all different kinds or things  
But I always try

To get fantasising thoughts  
Maybe Bardot in her shorts  
Like a natural kind

So I took a trip to Tutankhaman's tomb  
He was alone and said he hoped I'd come back soon

I'm mad  
This pounding in my brain  
Will somebody explain  
The way back to reality

Hey you  
You keep your nose so clean  
Your mind is so obscene  
You'll find another change in me

I think I'm coming down  
Looking straight ahead  
The room is spinning round  
Them blues have knocked me dead  
Yeh yeh yeh yeh

Break

I'm going mad

Out of my head  
I'm going mad

Cos now I've given back the top hat to Astaire  
Oh not that I expected you to really care

I'm mad  
This pounding in my brain  
Will somebody explain  
The way back to reality

Hey you  
You keep your nose so clean  
Your mind is so obscene  
You'll find another change in me

I think I'm coming down  
Looking straight ahead  
The room is spinning round  
Them blues have knocked me dead  
Yeh yeh yeh yeh yeh-yeh yeh

I'm going mad  
Out of my head  
I'm going mad

Yeh-yeh yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh yeh

I'm going mad  
Out of my head  
I'm going mad

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