

## Steve Hackett

### "Psychomodo"

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I been losing my head

I been losing my way

I been losing my brain cells at a million a day

I been so disillusioned

I'm on suicide street

I seen everything

In every shape

I seen 1984 in a terrible state

I seen you Quazimodo

Hanging on my gate

Oh! he was so hung-up and wasted

Oh! he was so physically devastated

He was young enough

He was well-slung enough

I seen my own epitaph

I been to heaven and back

Was introduced to St. Peter; we were having a chat

I felt him losing his mind

So I began to retreat

Desdemona and me

We had a ball in a tree

She read my palm in a moment: it was shocking to me  
Oh, we were so mystified  
Began to scream out of fear  
Oh! she was so hung-up and wasted  
Oh! she was so physically devastated  
She was young enough  
She was well-slung enough  
I been writing a song  
We all been singing along  
It's like a wild schizophrenia - wondering where we  
Belong!  
Sling it all out the window  
Start all over again...  
Come into my heart  
Come in and tear me apart  
I wanna be claustrophobic - got a passion - ha ha!  
I'm so confused I wish I could die

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