

Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel

"Psychomodo"

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I been losing my head
I been losing my way
Been losing my brain cells
At a million a day
I'm so disillusioned
I'm on Suicide Street

I seen everything
In every shape
Seen 1994 in a terrible state
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 was having a chat
I felt him losing his mind
I began to retreat

But Desdemona and me
We had a ball in a tree
She read my palm in a moment
It was shocking to me
We were so mystified
We 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

Destroyed

I been writing a song
We all been singing along

It's like a mild schizophrenia
Wondering where we belong
Sling it all out the window
Start all over again

Oh! Come into my heart
Come and tear me apart
Wanna be claustrophobic
Got a passion, ha, ha!
I'm so confused
I wish I could die, die, die

Oh! she was so hung-up and wasted
Oh! she was so physically devastated
She was young enough
She was well-slung enough

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