

Yolandita Monge

"Troubled Mind"

Visit "[Troubled Mind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Headin' down to the river, feelin' all undone
Might be for the best if I just stare into the sun
So I can't see, what a fool you made of me

Well, I am sittin' home alone, blue as I can be
Music turned up loud as hell, it hurts but just as well
But(?) I can hear people talking 'bout us Dear

Chorus:

By the looks I get seems I am the last to know
Apologetic eyes follow me everywhere I go
I swear I'm twenty-twenty but I never saw the signs
And now I sit alone and try to ease my troubled mind

Headed down to the barroom to get myself a drink
Money in my pocket's gonna help me not to think
Of you at all, no I won't think of you at all

Well, I swear that women, she's like a mystery
I read those pages through and through
I still don't have a clue 'bout what went wrong
Or why she left after so long

[Chorus - x2]

Visit [Yolandita Monge](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.