

Cliff Martinez

"Just Dropped In"

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Woke up this mornin',
The sundown shinin' in.
I found my broken mind,
In a brown paper bag of Zen.
Tripped on a cloud,
I fell eight miles high.
Tore my mind upon a jagged sky.
I just dropped in to see what condition,
My condition was in.
Ah, ah.

Pushed my soul in a
Deep dark hole, followed it in.
Met myself crawlin' out,
As I was crawlin' in.
I woke up so tight I said,
"I never will unwind."
Saw too much I broke my mind.
I just dropped in to see what condition,
My condition was in.
Woh, Lord, Lord,
What condition my condition was in.

[Whistling chorus.]

Ah, ah, ah-ha.

Somebody painted "April Fool,"
In big black letters on a Dead End sign.
I had my foot in the gas,
As I left the road and blew out my mind.
Eight miles outta Memphis,
Lord, I got no spare.
Eight miles straight up,
Downtown somewhere.
I just dropped in to see what condition,
My condition was in.
Oh, Lord, Lord, Lawd,
What condition my condition was in.

