

Will Dockery & Henry Conley

"Psychedelic Sorrow"

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Psychedelic Sorrow

Everything's looking groovy
blow my dice for luck.
The Thin King's coming back on deck
driving a used fire truck.
Made it through another Thursday
all the poor folks got paid.

Psychedelic sorrow
the news is all around.
On the street corner the word is love
in this shaking town.

Everybody's saying nothing
saying it quite too much.
Some girl's riding a donkey
going down like a rocking lush.
Standing downtown at the stump
at high noon in the shade.

Psychedelic sorrow
the news is all around.
On the street corner the word is love
in this shaking town.

Everybody's knocking groovy
sniffing thier lives away.
Thinking all my credit's been cashed
in this old heart sway.
Made it through another Thursday
still can't get the time of day.

Psychedelic sorrow
the news is all around.
On the street corner the word is love
in this shaking town.

