



D<sup>b7</sup>G<sup>b</sup>D<sup>b</sup>

or even on the phone, you can write it in a letter, either way I have to know. Did I never treat you right

A<sup>b</sup>G<sup>b</sup>D<sup>b</sup>/FE<sup>b</sup>m7D<sup>b</sup>

did I always start the fight? Either way I'm going out of my mind, all the answers to my questions I have to find.

D<sup>b</sup>D<sup>b7</sup>G<sup>b</sup>

1. My head's spin - ning, - boy I'm in - a daze, - I feel i - so - lat - ed,  
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

D<sup>b</sup>D<sup>b7</sup>

don't want to com - mun - i - cate. - I'll take a show - er, I will - scour, - I will run -



— find peace of mind, the hap - py mind, I once owned — yeah.



Flex-in' vo-cab-u-la-ry runs right through me. The al-pha-bet runs right from A to Z.



Con-ver-sa-tions, hes-i-ta-tions in — my mind, you got my con-science asking ques-tions that I can't find



I'm not cra - zy. — I'm sure I ain't done no - thing wrong. — No,



I'm just wait - ing, 'cause I heard that this feel - ing won't last — that long.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so low, when you gon - na take me out of this black hole.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so sad. The way I'm feel - ing, yeah you got me feel - ing real - ly bad.



Nev - er ev - er have I had to find, I've had to dig a - way to find my own peace of mind.



I nev-er ev-er had my con-science to fight, the way I'm feel-ing yeah it just don't feel right.



Nev-er ev-er have I ev-er felt so low, when you gon-na take me out of this black hole.



Nev-er ev-er have I ev-er felt so sad, the way I'm feel-ing, yeah you got me feel-ing real-ly bad.



Nev-er ev-er have I had to find, I've had to dig a-way to find my own peace of mind

G<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>/F E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> fr<sup>6</sup> D<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> D. S. al Coda

*To Coda* ⊕

I nev-er ev-er my con-science to fight— the way I'm feel-ing, yeah it just don't feel right.

⊕ Coda D<sup>b</sup> N.C.

the way I'm feel-ing yeah it just don't feel right. — me to— my face,— you can tell  
You can tell

*ad lib.*

*Repeat ad lib. to fade*

— me on—the phone.— Ooh,—you can write it in a let-ter babe, 'cause I real-ly need to know.— You can tell—

*Verse 2:*

I keep searching deep within my soul  
For all the answers, don't wanna hurt no more.  
I need peace, got to feel at ease, need to be  
Free from pain, go insane, my heart aches.

Sometimes vocabulary runs through my head  
The alphabet runs right from A to Z  
Conversations, hesitations in my mind.  
You got my conscience asking questions that I can't find  
I'm not crazy  
I'm sure I ain't done nothing wrong  
Now I'm just waiting  
'Cause I heard that this feeling won't last that long.