

B.B. King, Into The Night (Live)

Caught in a quicksand, starting to sink
So tired of struggling that my mind can barely think
Don't know where I'm going
Lord, I don't know what I'm gonna do
Fuel supply is finished, ain't nothing left to burn
I need someone to help me but I don't know which way to turn
I know, I don't have much of a choice
I'll go out of my mind or into the night
Rolling and tumbling, spinning end over end
Got to have some peace and quiet
So I can find myself again, ask me what's the matter
Hey, I don't know what to say
People all around me but I'm so alone
I guess they'd like to help me but I have to do it on my own
I know, I don't have much of a choice
I'll go out of my mind or into the night