

The Music In My Head

Michael Franks

I like to stay up late at night reading
In a one-half lotus, past midnight in my bed

I like to walk out early in the morning
In the scented woods and, and listen to the music in my head
The music in my head

Please don't misunderstand me
I promise you I'm not crazy
When I get the blues I wait for my muse
To turn up the sound and save me

I like to listen to the sounds of August
When a thunderstorm drums distant timpani

With the cicadas droning just like sitars
In a raga which the wind accompanies

Birdsong stereophonic
Creates inner ear elation
The wind chime plays pentatonic
And fills me with inspiration