

# Headspace

The Wombats

Headspace, I need a route of my headspace  
'Cause it's a war in here and I need you take  
Take her out of my headspace

Gonna drive, drive, drive this Cadillac  
Up the ocean road until it runs out of gas  
'Cause I'm hurt  
I laugh and I joke but I'm hurt  
I'm gonna sing, sing, sing my new swan song  
So all the bright young sparks have got a tune they can hum  
But it'll hurt  
I'll dance if they ask but it'll hurt

Headspace I need a route of my headspace  
There's it's a war in here and I need you take  
Take her out of my headspace  
These 5.5 liters of blood  
Have some sour taste  
For your sweet taste buds

'Cause now I feel, feel, feel like a disco ball  
From the 1970's all dusty and worn  
And it hurts, I reflect the light, but it hurts  
I use to run, run, run until my knees gave way  
I use to wrestle with bears and kiss poisonous snakes  
I didn't care, they scratch and they bite I didn't care

I didn't care

Headspace I need a route of my headspace  
'Cause it's a war in here and I need somebody to say  
Take her out of my headspace  
These 5.5 liters of blood  
Have some sour taste  
For your sweet taste buds

You put a war zone inside me  
Above and below the neck  
Above and below the neck

Someone flick a light on  
The dark just makes it worse  
I'm running out of options and I'm lost for words  
Little life wrecker, are you gonna let me know?  
Or keep showing me the compassion of a talk show host?  
I'm not acting my age here and I'm growing up too fast  
If these streets are paved with gold  
I want my money back  
'Cause Liverpool feels like a clouded memory  
Now the Californian air has wrapped their claws around me  
(Head space, my head space)  
She wrapped her claws around me  
(Head space, my head space)