

Brain Dead

Broken Bones

I've got a hole in my head
They drag me to my bed
I didn't want to sleep tonight
'Cos I shake too much when I ain't high
I ain't sick (he ain't sick)
I wake up in bed ... shouting ... Brain Dead!
You sit in your easy black chair
Cigar in hand and swept black hair
My feelings you don't care
I need co-operations
I don't need no operation
They're gonna tie me down
Keep me off the town
Where I can't do any harm
I got a needle in my arm