

## Room Full of People in Your Head

Cloud Cult

There's a room full of people in your head, in your head.  
Yeah, there's a room full of people in your head, in your head.  
And every single one of them claims your name.  
You lost control to the mood, my friend.  
Whattcha gonna do if you lose it again?  
"I'm sorry." Again. "I'm sorry." Again. "I'm sorry."  
In the center stands Ego- looking for attention.  
And over there's Self Pity, always crying, "Poor, poor me!"  
Lock up the liquor, or they're gonna get juiced.  
I've got each of these in me.

There's a fight, there's a fight at the party in your head.  
Yeah, there's a fight for control at the party in your head.  
I don't even know who's at the wheel.  
Who wants to play? "Give it to me!"  
Who wants to play? "Give it to me!"  
"I'm sorry." Again. "I'm sorry." Again. "I'm sorry."  
Part of me is the Hang Man, looking for a scape-goat.  
And part of me is the victim, always crying, "Why you pickin' o  
n me?"  
Lock up the gun cabinet, or it's gonna get messy.  
I've got each of these in me.

You've gotta follow the voice you wanna follow,  
gotta kill off the thoughts that funk up your diddy-diddy.  
"You'd be surprised to find how much was in your mind."  
Cuz there's a room full of people in your head, in your head.  
And they will fight for control of your head, of your head.  
"You'd be surprised to find how much was in your mind."  
There's Mr. Self Conscious, carrying too much baggage.  
and over there's the Chameleon, always crying, "Who you want me  
to be?"  
Let's end the charade. This game is over.  
I've got each of these in me.