

Running Through the Back Brain

Hawkwind

Running through my backbrain in the morning
I think that what I'm getting is a warning
Messages are scrambled but they're urgent
Something in the cortex 'bout detergent

I think it's coming clearer
I can see it in the mirror
Heading for a relapse
Clogging up the synapse
Or is it just Cassandra yawning?

Killers in the streets are wearing striped pants
They are interfering with my larynx
My brother and my sister joined the army
They promise that they do not mean to harm me

Messages messages Persecution Persecution messages messages...

Now it's growing dimmer
I can see the mirror shimmer
Sounds are getting stranger
Warning me of danger
Or can it be that I am merely tired?

There's a roaring in my ears that will not die
And signals in the sky I can't identify
My eyes are melting and my lips are moving
And the words that I am hearing are not soothing

Breathing's getting harder
There's nothing in the larder
The building's falling over
Or the Sun is going nova
Or is it my old-fashioned paranioa?

I think that it's important information
Giving me my future destination
Fragments of mysterious conversation
Lend the game a frightening complication

I know they're trying to tell me
What can they want to sell me?
The floor is undulating
My bones are soft and aching
Or have I temporarily lost my bearing?

Every little sound is charged with meaning
Percentage bandits riding out of Ealing
Stuttering, shouting, crying, and declaiming
Sentences are waxing, now they're waning
I'm nearly out of letters
From my elders and my betters
The Killer's moving faster
He tells me that he's my master
Or was he just asking me "the time please?"