

# 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 paranoia?

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?"