

## Own Brain

Ian Brown

You can't fight the feeling  
While aiming for the stars  
You may hit the ceiling  
To be healing from the scars  
Through aftershock tremors  
Through ? and weather  
Through anything ever  
Here we came sir,  
Rise around

From stony ground, I'm far away  
Upon my path, upong my way  
The wasted days are history  
The future is a mystery

I've got my own brain

It's good to look, on route to stare  
A second glance as your laid bare  
Your action's more than systole  
The future is a mystery

I've got my own brain  
I got the one aim  
I've got my own brain  
An anagram of my own name

You can't fight the feeling  
While aiming for the stars  
You may hit the ceiling  
To be healing from the scars  
Through aftershock tremors  
Through ? and weather  
Through anything ever  
Here we came sir,  
Rise around

The realms I found  
Are where I stay  
My blood flow halts  
My temple veins

I've got my own brain  
I got the one aim  
I've got my own brain  
An anagram of my own name