

# Losing My Mind

Pharoahe Monch

A clock without a minute hand  
An hourglass without sand  
Suspended within space and time  
I walk a thin line  
Amongst the masses all alone  
A furnished house with no one home  
I see through walls that's hard to climb  
I'm losing my mind

No medicaid, no medication  
Thinking you're better off dead  
Instead should have been dedicated to education  
I spin, the cylinder on my revolver  
I spin, the cylinder  
Would someone explain who'd leave a dick in charge of a bush  
Of a colon I'm screwed, saw more war than Warsaw Poland, viewed  
An infant's insides, outside of his body  
Inside of a place of worship, ungodly  
Out cries tears "Dear God, where are we?"  
That's what I scream towards the skyline but probably  
No one can hear a word of what I was saying  
Insurgents surged in the temple where I was praying  
Now flashbacks wake me abruptly when police pass by  
Lights flash, if I could only put the past on a flashdrive I'd  
For peace of mind, install an external drive  
So I'd be more driven internally to survive  
I'm...

A clock without a minute hand  
An hourglass without sand  
(So I spin, the cylinder on my revolver  
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A furnished house with no one home  
(So I spin, the cylinder on my revolver  
I spin, the cylinder on my revolver)

My family customs were not accustomed to dealing with mental health  
It was more or less an issue for white families with wealth  
Void, I defected, employed self annoyed  
Went independent, enjoyed stealth  
Now doctors prescribed sedatives and Prozac  
The rent's cheaper in the ghetto but you can't go back  
So I, spin the cylinder on my revolver  
Then, maybe let it draw blood like Chupacabra  
And dissolve into the abyss, without evolving  
Instead of revolving around the habitual problem solver  
Research like, George Washington Carver  
But no answer so my mantra is to deal with it in and chart then  
Part, instead of being incredibly defiant  
Peddle through revenue issues I'll do it for medical science  
It's better to be level-headed than to regret it and pious  
Settling for life without sun-shine, never vibrant, I'm...

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I'm losing my- I'm losing my mind