

## Rod Beck

Stroke 9

So I woke up this morning with this weird feeling  
And it was kind of like I was not really myself anymore  
So I ran to the mirror and it was still me  
That same cynical, doubtful, unshaven, dirty look  
Unshaven, dirty

Look, I don't know what's wrong with me, I mean  
I've been trying to figure it out for some time now  
Talkin' to people about it  
It's kind of hard to explain  
I mean it's kind of like a lack of excitement about anything, hm

Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional  
Maybe I need to say that I wish you would leave me alone, this is personal  
The other night I just think I was pissed when you told me you thought I had lost control  
Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional

I don't know, maybe it's just a phase or something  
I'm just going to get through or get over  
Maybe I'm just jaded for the time being  
You know, just desensitized from growing up in a time when, you know  
I was barraged with action movies and video games and  
Overblown media hype, scandals and exposés  
And the line between reality and fiction completely blurred, you know?

Professional, professional, professional, professional

It's almost like my eyes are the lenses of a camera  
And I'm watching everything happen around me  
I've grown so accustomed to looking at things from afar  
In this weird kind of detached third person sort of way  
That I find myself waiting for things to happen to me in my life  
And then all of a sudden I've come to this incredible understanding  
That my life is happening as all this is occurring  
As I'm waiting my life is happening, this is my life  
And it's a little bit upsetting