

Tin Star

"Head"

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Sometimes I wake up in the mornin'
My feet, my soul, my arms, my legs, myself, my eggs...
are all fried
I've gotta do my exams today
I've read my books, turned up on time
But I haven't revised...
I...

I'm not getting along
I'm not gettin' the answer
I'm not getting along

I'm not getting along
I'm not gettin' the answer
I, hi, yi... I can't get out of my head

In the night, sometimes I wake up uncool, uptight
I'm tired of being tired
But in my dreams, my arms are open wide
Open wide...
I open up my eyes
Open up my eyes; everything is dark
I think I'm blind
I think I'm blind
I think I'm blind...

I'm not getting along
I'm not gettin' the answer
I'm not getting along
(Too dumb to use that phone)
I'm not getting along
I'm not gettin' the answers
I, hi, yi... 'cause I can't get out of my head

No, I...
No, I...
No, I can't get out of my head

No, I...
No, I...
No, I can't get out of my head

This profession is my obsession
And this obsession is my depression
And this depression is my release
And this release will never cease

No, I...
No, I...
No, I can't get out of my head

No, I...
No, I...
No, I can't get out of my head

I get my head, heh...
Uh, hey!
(Can't get out of my head)
Yeah, sometimes; uncool, uptight;
In my dreams my arms, myself is open wide...
(Can't get out of my head)
(Can't get out of my head)

I'm not getting along...

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