

Austrian Death Machine

"Brainchild"

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Some of the things a cowboy do
To make you howl out at the moon
And blush...
I think youç£€ better look around
Thereç£— a genius in every town
Keep your ear down to the grown
No mothers son will ever forget it

Brainchild - you stole away my life
For a while
Stole away my life
Stole away my time
Stole away...
Youç£—e a thief with style

Your unfaithful sertvants calling you
In and out of your blind spot out of view
I think youç£€e better turn a leaf
The poet is the only thief
What Patti says Patti does
No mothers son will let you forget it
Brainchild

Style - meticulous and gaunt
Style - articulate!
Style - preoccupation

Great lost albums no outtakes
Youç£—e getting older and past your peak
I think you better look around
Thereç£— a genius in your home town
No mothers son will ever forget you
Brainchild
Youç£—e a thief with style

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