

## **Katie Jane Garside**

# **"Lesions In The Brain"**

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Cock for the cross, on the lace sombreros,  
Rape for the run, on the ring.  
I walk the dawn and I drink for the sunrise, I walk the  
dawn time again.  
I watch the mystery, watch for them watching me,  
watch for the mystery sun.  
Checkpoint the Charlie or some other visions, and I  
won't be waiting for long.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no,  
no, no, no).  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time.

I cut down the horses we crossed on the desert, watch  
for the range in the sun.  
I won't be waiting for some former lovers, and I was  
this colour of mind,  
For colour enrages the story of lovers, the rage in the  
cold hand of old  
I will be waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting 'till  
I have got old.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no,  
no, no, no).  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane (no, no, no).

On top of the houses we crossed for the desert and I'm  
waiting home for the sun,  
She lives in my bones but I wrote it already, but I'm  
already waving the gun. Our Souls for the rage and the  
summer of ages, I wade across for my bed,  
The bitter old lady who watch from the sunrise, and oh  
god I'm already scared.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no,  
no, no, no).  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no,  
no, no).

Cock and bull story of some morning glory, the lovers  
cold hand set on fire, please Put it in me oh please  
make it big in me, oh please set it in my desire.

I will be waiting for sunrise.  
No I won't be waiting surprised, for the end of the road  
it was already love, and I Run and I fell down behind  
The ideal structure the shadow of approval.  
I race and I want for the sun,  
I walk forever and ever I walking,  
I never, I never had begun.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no).  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time.

So for the record I cop for the story, I'm missing the cat  
caught on fire,  
The cold handed lover and he threw me into the fire,  
And I fell down from heaven, with belts made of roses,  
I fell I fell and I fell.  
The problem was they have removed all the ground  
piece  
And god I kept falling to hell.  
And as I am waiting for someone to catch me, for  
someone to stop my insane fall,  
I heard a knock and the door was ajar and I opened  
there's no one at all.

'Cause lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this  
time.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time.  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time.

Mother please save me, a girl going crazy, a lover  
deprive me amour.  
I want to hurt you, I don't want to hurt you, I let you  
collide with the floor.

Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time (no,  
no, no, no).  
Lesions in the brain, I'm not going insane this time.

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