

Jimi The Jet

"SONG ABOUT MY BRAIN"

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Iâ€™m mad so I am (come & take my hand)
a princess feels a grain of sand
and I donâ€™t got much time (but you take my time)
letâ€™s roll our heads to the sinnerâ€™s grave, yeah
feed the vicious coons
sleeping on the railway track
and yesterday I was (in the open light)
heard that shuffle beat before
they told me to ignore
I wanna die now I wanna die now
and I picked up her dirty dress
she had decided not to believe in love
cuz sheâ€™s a floating far through space
and itâ€™s a so called drop dead atmosphere
cuz when sheâ€™s not here
I could hide behind my velveteen rabbit
and my habits are very queer
yeah, daddy said my remember that you need not fear
itâ€™s blowin in my ear
sehâ€™ll put a spell on you, donâ€™t try to hide
better keep her at your side cuz you wonâ€™t come back

alive

she's gonna capture you inside her bed

think about the pieces of your doubt & try instead

she's gonna wrap you inside her hand

think about her velvet dress that slips away like sand

she's gonna draw your head between her legs

this time there's no return (no return)

wegotta feed the vicious coon

and it's a so called low down dirty shame

just believe in what you are

and keep your eyes on the morning star

although it seems so far far far

I climbed the tree

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