

# The Fly

## Die Toten Hosen

There's a fly buzzing round inside my head  
and it can't find its way out.  
Crawling here and there not getting anywhere,  
I can feel it panicking now. As it follows a bundle of nerve fibres  
down the temporal lobe to my spinal cord.  
Backs up to the pituitary gland,  
flees to the forebrain, turns again... I can feel each footstep like a punch,  
my eyes explode with pain.  
As it makes its way up my optic track  
then pauses and turns again... It probes my hypothalamus,  
blunders round my cranium.  
From the tectum to the tegmentum  
stretches its wings, then turns again...

Songwriters

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