

Running Through the Back Brain

Hawkwind

Running through my backbrain in the morning

I think that what I'm getting is a warning

Messages are scrambled but they're urgent

Something in the cortex 'bout detergent I think it's coming clearer

I can see it in the mirror

Heading for a relapse

Clogging up the synapse

Or is it just Cassandra yawning? Killers in the streets are wearing striped pants

They are interfering with my larynx

My brother and my sister joined the army

They promise that they do not mean to harm me

Messages messages Persecution Persecution messages

messages.....Now it's growing dimmer

I can see the mirror shimmer

Sounds are getting stranger

Warning me of danger

Or can it be that I am merely tired? There's a roaring in my ears that will not die

And signals in the sky I can't identify

My eyes are melting and my lips are moving

And the words that I am hearing are not soothing

Breathing's getting harder

There's nothing in the larder

The building's falling over

Or the Sun is going nova

Or is it my old-fashioned paranoia? I think that it's important information

Giving me my future destination

Fragments of mysterious conversation

Lend the game a frightening complication

I know they're trying to tell me

What can they want to sell me?

The floor is undulating

My bones are soft and aching

Or have I temporarily lost my bearing? Every little sound is charged with meaning

Percentage bandits riding out of ealing

Stuttering, shouting, crying, and declaiming

Sentences are waxing, now they're waning

I'm nearly out of letters

From my elders and my betters

The Killer's moving faster

He tells me that he's my master

Or was he just asking me "the time please?"

Songwriters

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