

Tiny Demons (Re-Recorded) [feat. Steve Lukather]

Todd Rundgren

One of them plays a piccolo in my ear
Another one makes me smell things that aren't there
And they know where to hide
And they know everything that's inside Of my head
Tiny demons, inside me
One of them ties a lasso around my heart
Another makes me nod when I drive the car And they won't ever leave
But they won't show their faces to me
And they wait 'til I feel
Like they're gone and they jump out and steal My relief
Tiny demons, inside me
Listen, listen
Listen for the sound That is not in the music
Only you can hear it,
Only you can use it
It's the sound of someone breathing, It's the breath of life
It's the sound that you are weaving
With the thread of life
Listen, listen Listen to the sound,
Let nothing disturb you
You are in a place
Where nothing can hurt you If you feel a strange sensation,
It can do no harm
Like the spiral of creation,
It will soon move on

Songwriters

RUNDGREN, TODD Published by

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