

# Haunted Head

## Ezra Furman

I'm up at six  
I get a slice of bread, I cut a hole in it  
I crack a little egg into a frying pan  
and I try to get my mind turned off  
I'm naked now  
Because it doesn't really matter when the shades are down  
I was born this way I'll die this way  
I don't know how I'm ever gonna tell myself the truth  
I live alone  
A house without a heart is not a home  
I think I may destroy these things I own  
I'm going back way back to black and red  
Inside my haunted head  
I get the prayer shawl on  
I wrap myself in something that is way beyond  
anything my mind could get its dirty fingers on  
I'm going through the motions like a champ  
I take these aimless drives from two A.M. to four  
I live these secret lives  
Identities that all die off not one survives  
By morning there's nobody at the wheel  
I'm out on Lake Street now  
I'm coming to a red light but there's no one around  
The law sits on my shoulder and it weighs me down  
It's talking in a language long since dead  
Inside my haunted head  
(Gentlemen!)  
I'm having too much fun  
My arms around the toilet like a long-lost chum  
I'm kneeling at the throne  
I'm stricken deaf and dumb  
I'm learning what it means to really pray  
Tried to get cute with pain  
I thought I could avoid it  
Thought I knew that game  
But just when you get the hang of it the rules all change  
and you're doing time for crimes that don't exist  
So I sit and wait  
til I can finally see the sense it makes

I know this sick world's bound to be explained  
So I'm hanging on if only by a thread  
    Inside my haunted head  
    (Haunted, ha-ha-haunted head)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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