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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