Brainchild

Nostrum

Some of the things a cowboy does
To make you howl out at the moon and blush...
I think you'd better look around
There's a genius in every town
Keep your ear down to the ground
No mothers son will ever forget it

Brainchild - you stole away my life for a while
Stole away my life
Stole away my time
Stole away...
You're a thief with style

Your faithful servants calling you
In and out of your blind spot out of view
I think you'd better turn a leaf
The poet is the only thief
What Patti says Patti does
No mothers son will ever forget it

Brainchild

Style - meticulous and gaunt
Style - articulate!
Style - preoccupation

Great lost albums no outakes
You're getting older and past your peak
I think you better look around
There's a genius in your home town
No mothers son will ever forget it
Brainchild
You're a thief with style

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