The Fuzz

Roy Ayers

The fuzz in my head grows
It's already so low
The fuzz in my head stands
It's already all too clear
So much for losing track of time
Can cope with a white noise
Repeating imitation
Can cope with a white noise
Blissful complication
The fuzz in my head stands

It's already all too clear
And the hum
It seperates the two
It's all frontline, frontline
It cuts down inbetween
It's all for nothing
Too bad it's been here for awhile
So much for losing track of time
Let go i've seen it's worth your while
So much for losing track of time...

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