STRANGE DAYS

Brazil

There's a room inside my finger
Where ghosts of authors linger
There's a little man that whispers
In a radio transmitter
There's a lady on a spider
With a baby's head beside her
There's a voice inside my earlobe
From a place the sidewalks don't go[Chorus]
These are strange days!There's a man with an umbrella
Who is smoking citronella
And he sees fantastic visions
Of a world outside my prison
There's a fountain full of ashes
And a snake beneath the grasses
And he's asking everybody
What makes them melancholy[Chorus]My language is patois
Philosophy is in my boudoir
My head's in Constantinople
And my body's in a bubble
I'm a Rosicrucian Lackey
In the ministry of Peculiar Things
I will tell you my secret
But only if you keep it[Chorus]But enough about me, why don't you tell me about your day?

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