

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?

Songwriters

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