

# Brain, Brain

## Mental As Anything

It's midnight, we're fighting

It's more than, just chiding

No more she wants to feel these selfish handsThe flyscreen is broken

More wrong words are spoken

She's leaving and I don't know what to do...what to doBrain, brain, brain, brain won't you help me

You know this day, isn't going to last for long

Brain, brain, brain, brain won't you guide me

These arms, these legs, propel them to another dayI just cannot stall her

As cab lights grow smaller

An empty road reflects the crimson sky

Songwriters

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