

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 hands
The flyscreen is broken
More wrong words are spoken
She's leaving and I don't know what to do...what to do
Brain, 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 day
I just cannot stall her
As cab lights grow smaller
An empty road reflects the crimson sky

Songwriters

PETER O'DOHERTY Published by

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