

I'm Afraid There's A Hole In My Brain

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I dream a little bit
About the chance of seeing you
And outside stays true And outside through the window pane
And the hole in my brain I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself And honey, it's stunning
At such a peculiar pace
I see the wrinkles in your face
Start to deepen and form And outside through the window pane
And the hole in my brain I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself
I'm getting, getting, getting hold of myself And I said we'll run until the sun burns out
And I'd like to know
Who wants to run until the sun burns out?
And I'd like to, I'd like to And I said we'll run until the sun burns out
And I'd like to know
Who wants to run until the sun burns out?
And I'd like to, I'd like to Honey, it's fitting
At such an unusual time
I see the freckles and the lines
Start to darken and sag And I said we'll run until the sun burns out
And I'd like to know
Who wants to run until the sun burns out?
And I'd like to, I'd like to And I said we'll run until the sun burns out
And I'd like to know
Who wants to run until the sun burns out?
And I'd like to, I'd like to And I said we'll run until the sun burns out
Run until the sun burns out
Who wants to run until the sun burns out?
Run until the sun burns out

Songwriters

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