

## 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

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

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

But enough about me, why don't you tell me about your day?