

# Blake Babies, Brain Damage

Someone, quick, put something on my mind  
Surrounded by the somethings that you said  
I've done all the drugs that I can buy  
And borrowed all the books I haven't read  
Well-worn paths, a glass of warm white wine  
Getting older and I'm cutting it too fine  
Something about surroundings you once said  
The brain damage is all in your head  
It's all in your head

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