

Brazil, Strange Days

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

These are strange days!

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

These are strange days

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