

Foo Fighters, My Poor Brain

real life is so hard
we hide in the stars
that's where our heads are
my head and your heart
this is a black out
don't let it go to waste
this is a black out
I want to detonate
when you are so far
I'm falling apart
lose all my sonar
you jam my radar
sometimes I feel I'm getting stuck
between the handshake and the fuck
you've got me on guard
I've got my head start
my head and your heart
the same in the stars
sometimes I wish that I could change
I can't save you from my poor brain
o.k.

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