

Joe Satriani, Strange

My heart is pounding, my stomach's inside out
I'm feeling kinda shaky, my mind is full of doubt.
All I ever think about is fearing fear itself,
Wish I could unscrew my head and put it on the shelf.

Chorus:

- you know I'm feeling kinda... strange.
- you know I'm feeling kinda... strange.

Everything is twisted, everything is oh so tight.
Don't know what I'm looking at, the lights are all too bright.
My brain's about to crumble, spill out on the floor.
Sweep 'em up, throw 'em away, I don't want 'em any more.

Chorus

Clouds race across the sky, day turns into night.
Still there are the questions, no answers in sight.

Everything is twisted, everything is oh so tight.
Staring out the window, everything is just too bright.
Brain's about to crumble, spill out on the floor.
Wish I could unscrew my head and kick it out the door.

Chorus