

# John Porter, Outta My Bed

There's a whole lotta people comin' in  
There's a whole lotta people goin' out  
There's a great big quene around the block  
Fillin' everybody with doubt

I don't get out on the streets much these days  
I don't really know what's goin' down  
I only know there's a hole in my soul  
And every beggar's got his own crown....

I'm fallin' outta my head  
I'm fallin' outta my bed  
I feel out of last week  
I think it's called a losin' streak

Everybody knows there's an answer  
To the questions that we don't have  
And everybody knows we're going faster  
Faster, faster, faster, faster – yeah

I aint been down on the street  
I don't hit the concrete these days  
I really don't know what's goin' on Baby  
I feel I'm caught in a phase...

I'm fallin' outta my head  
I'm fallin' outta my bed  
I feel out of last week  
I think it's called a losin' streak

Just don't ask me  
I've got nothin' to offer you  
I aint got no more anarchy  
I'm changing my points of view

And if you wanna run faster  
Then run faster than the speed of light  
You're never gonna find what you're lookin' for  
Until you turn on the light

I'm fallin' outta my head...