

The B-52s, Detour Thru Your Mind

Your brain is an ever changing kaleidoscope of moods and colours
We walk in the park but it's melting in the dark
All of a sudden your mood changes and your face looks like a cake left out in the rain
Is your name MacArthur Parker? Or is it Reba?
Detour thru your mind. Supersaver to your mind

We seem to float by yesterday's child. The new you.
The land time forgot and a horse with no mane
As we go further into the gloom, we chance upon a large orange room
A key pops out of your nose. We open the door
And all of a sudden we realise that we are no more

From ear to ear. From here to now
I hear another galaxy spinning around
Who am I? Where am I going? How much will it cost?

A flash of blinding light and we're in an elegantly appointed doctor's office
It seems that Doctor Aron Butterfly wants to dip us in plaster and use us for bookends
We say to the doctore, "No. Please. No!"
And then we get the doctor's bill. What a shock!
\$16,000! And all he wanted to do was dip us in plaster!

Detour thru your mind. Supersaver to your mind

Who am I?
Where have I been?
Where am I going?
DO I need any luggage?

(Drug-free altered mindscapetalk)

I need to leave my past behind
I need to leave my behind in the past

Backwards message: I buried my parakeet in the backyard. Oh no, you're playing the record backw