

Frank Black, Headache

This wrinkle in time, I can't give it no credit
I thought about my space and I really got me down "(got me down)"
Got me so down, I got me a headache
My heart is crammed in my cranium and it still knows how to pound

I was counting the rings
And I fell me into sleep
I peeked to see if you were way back when
I was counting the trees
Until a day when there was one
I'd hoped beneath, asleep is where that you had been

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My heart is crammed in my cranium and it still knows how to pound

Well, I found you
Maybe you can help me
And I can help you

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