

Soft Boys, Hear My Brane

Hear my brane a coming
Down your slender track
Ever since I went away I've been wishing I was back
Oh yeah, wishing I could quack
Feel me head a coming
Through your window pane
The glass melts when the head comes through and seals back again
Oh yes - Indeed - Quite so - In fact
Maybe you'll remember
Maybe you'll forget
It doesn't matter very much it hasn't happened yet
Oh no, it hasn't happened yet
She sells brain cells
She sells brain
She there when I'm hungry
Rob me when I'm bad
Teach me foreign languages
But don't give me any food
Ah no, don't give me anything to eat