

# Stroke 9, Rod Beck

So I woke up this morning with this weird feeling  
And it was kind of like I was not really myself anymore  
So I ran to the mirror and it was still me  
That same cynical, doubtful, unshaven, dirty look  
Unshaven, dirty

Look, I don't know what's wrong with me, I mean  
I've been trying to figure it out for some time now  
Talkin' to people about it  
It's kind of hard to explain  
I mean it's kind of like a lack of excitement about anything, hm

## CHORUS

Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional  
Maybe I need to say that I wish you would leave me alone, this is personal  
The other night I just think I was pissed when you told me you thought I had lost control  
Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional

I don't know, maybe it's just a phase or something  
I'm just going to get through or get over  
Maybe I'm just jaded for the time being  
You know, just desensitized from growing up in a time when, you know  
I was barraged with action movies and video games and  
Overblown media hype, scandals and exposes  
And the line between reality and fiction completely blurred, you know?

## CHORUS

Professional, professional, professional, professional

It's almost like my eyes are the lenses of a camera  
And I'm watching everything happen around me  
I've grown so accustomed to looking at things from afar  
In this weird kind of detached third person sort of way  
That I find myself waiting for things to happen to me in my life  
And then all of a sudden I've come to this incredible understanding  
That my life is happening as all this is occurring  
As I'm waiting my life is happening, this is my life  
And it's a little bit upsetting

Go, go

## CHORUS