

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