

The Saints, The Music Goes Round My Head

All my life I've searched upon the reasons for us being here
The universe and all that it contains
Well I tried to find the secrets of the brain

Twenty years I've labored trying to find who my creator was
But now at last the pieces fall in place
It's funny and it shows upon my face

And the music goes 'round my head
And I can't hear a thing you said
And my life echoes through my brain
It's so comical I'm insane

Now the people herald me as being the genius beyond compare
They're clamoring to hear what I will say
It's funny and they carry me away

And the music goes 'round my head
And I can't hear a thing you said
And my life echoes through my brain
It's so comical I'm insane
All right

All my life I've searched upon the reasons for us being here
The universe and all that it contains
I tried to solve the secrets of the brain

And now the music goes 'round my head
And I can't hear a thing you've said
And my life echoes through my brain
It's so comical I'm insane

And the music goes 'round my head
And I can't hear a thing that you said
And my life echoes through my brain
It's so comical I'm insane
And the music goes 'round my head
And the music goes 'round my head
And the music goes 'round my head 'round
And the music goes 'round my head
And the music goes 'round my head 'round
And the music goes 'round my head whoa
And the music goes 'round my head
And I can't hear a thing you said (and the music goes 'round my head)
My life echoes through my brain (and the music goes 'round my head)