

# Pink Floyd, Brain Damage

The lunatic is on the grass  
The lunatic is on the grass  
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs  
Got to keep the loonies on the path  
The lunatic is in the hall  
The lunatics are in my hall  
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor  
And every day the paper boy brings more  
And if the dam breaks open many years too soon  
And if there is no room upon the hill  
And if your head explodes with dark forbodings too  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon  
The lunatic is in my head  
The lunatic is in my head  
You raise the blade, you make the change  
You re-arrange me 'till I'm sane  
You lock the door  
And throw away the key  
There's someone in my head but it's not me.  
And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear  
You shout and no one seems to hear  
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

"I can't think of anything to say except...  
I think it's marvellous! HaHaHa!"