

# Smith Kendra, In Your Head

They tell him that he should be dead  
Radionic thugs are getting in his head  
He sorts it out by sound and vibe  
Knowing that it's all true and it's a lie  
In your head ...

Tries to wrap his car around a tree  
But his vehicle never lets him down  
His lot is hard but he don't mind  
Destination written clearly underline  
In your head ...

Invisibly he duels without a gun  
Impervious to everything but western sun  
He breathes in eastern air  
Bullets flying past him but he don't care  
After the light enters the eye  
It's all the truth and it's a lie  
With evil creatures lurking underground  
Why are luck and love among the things you've found  
In your head.