

Possessions never meant anything to me  
I'm not crazy  
Well that's not true, I've got a bed, and a guitar  
And a dog named Bob who pisses on my floor  
That's right, I've got a floor  
So what, so what, so what?  
I've got pockets full of kleenex and lint and holes  
Where everything important to me  
Just seems to fall right down my leg  
And on to the floor  
My closest friend linoleum  
Linoleum  
Supports my head, gives me something to believe  
That's me on the beachside combing the sand  
Metal meter in my hand  
Sporting a pocket full of change  
That's me on the street with a violin under my chin  
Playing with a grin, singing gibberish  
That's me on the back of the bus  
That's me in the cell  
That's me inside your head  
That's me inside your head  
That's me inside your head