

The Abandoned Brain

Robyn Hitchcock

I'm sitting here, in the abandoned brain,
Waiting for take off in it.
They says its never going to work again,
But I can spare a few minutes.
Been here before, in the abandoned brain,
There's flowers on all the controls.
The tape keeps telling me again and again,
That I'm the keeper of souls.
The wind blows hard, on the abandoned brain,
But there's nobody thinking at all.
The hyperthalamus is open to the rain,
And the leaves sweep in to the hall.
There's no one else, in the abandoned brain,
But that's not necessarily bad.
It feeds on itself and its not insane,
This brains too old to go mad.
Roses bloom, in the abandoned brain,
And thoughts run wild on the floor;
Like a headless corpse, a derailed train,
Who could ask for anything more?
I'm sitting here, in the abandoned brain,
Waiting for take off in it.
They say its never going to work again,
But I can spare a few minutes