

I want to know the secret
Of life and the universe
So I asked of Caesar's daughter
But she didn't say a word

Now the word was there beforehand
Before all the evil speak
It's both what you say and how you say
And sometimes it sounds so cheap

But I don't care what you say
It's in the brainbox
It's in your brainbox
It's in your dreadlocks
It's in my red socks

I asked the Delphic Virgins
What's in the stars today
And I grabbed a slightly lapsed one
And took her home to play

Now that was no solution
To my enquiring mind
Her thighs had not the answer
I was trying to find

He seemed like an old timer
With the knowing hands of a god
He found water in my desert
Without the aid of a rod

It's in the brainbox
It's in the full stop
It's in the dreadlocks
It's in the dead, dead, dead fox

It in the brainbox
Brainbox
Brainbox
Brainbox