

Tiny Demons

Todd Rundgren

One of them plays a piccolo in my ear
Another one makes me smell things that aren't there
And they know where to hide
And they know everything that's inside
Of my head
Tiny demons, inside me

One of them ties a lasso around my heart
Another makes me nod when I drive the car
And they won't ever leave
But they won't show their faces to me
And they wait 'til I feel
Like they're gone and they jump out and steal
My relief
Tiny demons, inside me

Listen, listen
Listen for the sound

That is not in the music
Only you can hear it,
Only you can use it
It's the sound of someone breathing,
It's the breath of life
It's the sound that you are weaving
With the thread of life

Listen, listen
Listen to the sound,
Let nothing disturb you
You are in a place
Where nothing can hurt you
If you feel a strange sensation,
It can do no harm
Like the spiral of creation,
It will soon move on