

## Trying to Get Rid of a Headache

I was there when David Bowie died  
The radio was on and I'm sure he was playing his favourite song  
Anything that sounds like Dylan,  
Waves of synthesizers rush my brain, like the ice that was formed when the rain hit the ground  
I was there, lying in bed,  
Looking like those Cowboy Junkies as the sun turns around the wrong corner, it's getting late  
Boredom kinda feels like you're about to go through surgery  
So I sleep, and the rain fills my ears but I dream of that time in Dominican,

I can't find you anymore, it's just first names and  
Really terrible ideas to call our bands, but you take it to far and try to name our children  
That's all I can remember but I wake up alone,  
The sun found the place and theres a war on the driveway and in my head  
So I take two Tylenol, but it doesn't do shit  
So I walk downstairs, and fall asleep as if I were stuck in a hurricane  
Easier said than done, so I try to phone you,  
But there's no names in my phone that remind me of you, so I don't

It's later now, same as always  
So I walk over to the kitchen and I take two more Tylenol, but they don't do shit  
I turn on the radio again,  
It's not Bowie, but I feel like he wrote it, or played piano on it or something  
It doesn't really matter  
But I still like the way Iggy Pop describes being a passenger,  
Leaving the kitchen now  
I turn back to the war on my front lawn and ask them all to stop fighting

They call me a hippie,  
And a lunatic, but that's not my concern, I just want to get my head to stop hurting  
So I imagine they were you,  
But I can't really picture your face that well anymore, it's pretty blurry  
So they look like they showed up  
Out of some kind of prank video that I don't really like, but still are inevitably popular  
Where the guy acts kind of like an asshole  
But doesn't get convicted, man he's living the dream

Speaking of dreams it's getting pretty late again,  
So I take two more Tylenol and fall asleep to the sound of a slightly less painful hurricane  
And when I wake up the whole thing starts again  
There are two little backwards arrows you can press if you want to hear about it  
So I'll leave it there, and

Let all you literary analysts go over this, until you discover  
That this is really just about trying to get rid  
Of a headache, with a love song in the backdrop, if you'd like