

SWING HIGH (Jack Williams *with Judy Smith*)

*Humorous reflections of a cluttered mind*

A brain, a brain's a terrible thing  
A mass of confusion and a whole lotta pain  
Like a Tupperware party in the back of a skull  
Full of blabber and chatter till you're addled and dull  
Send in a worry, an accordion or two  
Children, chickens, and a train runnin' through  
Forgettin', regrettin', and turnin' the screw  
What you gonna do now, boy  
What you gonna do now?

I'm up the creek with no relief  
Runnin' through the alley like a common thief  
So I buy me a ticket and i take my seat  
Up above the altar where I wash my feet  
And I come to my senses and I look around  
Shake my head and start climbin' down  
I get to the bottom but it can't be found  
What you gonna do now, boy  
What you gonna do now?

*Swing high! Swing high!*  
*I'm overloaded and I'm 'bout to cry*  
*My mind's as cluttered as the midnight sky*  
*Swing high!*

You can show me the numbers to economize  
But I'd rather lose it all and apologize  
Tell me your names again, damn, I forgot 'em  
I'm a bucket fulla noise with a hole in the bottom  
And one, two, three, I've lost my way  
Like a mockin'bird with too much to say  
When the men in white coats come to take me away  
What'm I gonna do now, boy  
What'm I gonna do now?

I'm like a penny arcade on a Saturday night  
Pinball bouncin' from light to light  
Thinkin' never got me from here to there  
Runnin' down through the cellar up a crooked stair  
I'm lost in the crowd and turnin' blue  
So I climb on the ceiling for a better view  
I was lookin' for God, but I found you  
What you gonna do now, boy  
What you gonna do now?