

The words coming faster.
Now slow down, you bastard,
They're dancing and swirling adrift on the wind.
And what does that paper say?
"Product of Paraguay?"
Toss it away and it's starting to spin.
The wind's just a metaphor made by your mind
Bearing the data you're hoping to find.
The dark clouds have gathered, the funnel drops down.
The tornado's upon you, you're lost in the sound.

D **Am7**
The roar of the wind and the sting of the rain,
D **Am7**
You're drowning in data and going insane.
D **Am7**
You're firing synapses to let the switch go,
Dsus2 **E7**
But your mind is too quick and your body too slow.

The switch will release
And be bringing you peace
In a second or less, but subjectively years.
There's just one bad actor
And you're the prime factor.
It's a simple equation - the sum of your fears.
The data will do what your metaphor did
As Dorothy emerges down deep in your id.
You're now leaving Kansas to digitally roam
And the wicked witch screams that you'll never go home.

(Chorus, then alternate chorus)
See it all, hear it all, words in a whirl,
Watching the wind as the patterns unfurl.
Lost in the tornado and hoping to find
The secret of naming,
A method of taming,
Of somehow reframing
And winning at gaming
A chance of reclaiming
Control of your mind.