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The lunatic is on the grass.
 The lunatic is on the grass.
 Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs.
Got to keep the loonies on the path.
 The lunatic is in the hall.
 The lunatics are in my hall.
 The paper holds their folded faces to the floor
                                             Dsus2
                                                      D7 D9
And every day the paper boy brings more.
 And if the dam breaks open many years too soon
And if there is no room upon the hill
 And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.
The lunatic is in my head.
The lunatic is in my head F/D
                          G7/D
 You raise the blade, you make the change
A7
You re-arrange me 'till I'm sane.
 You lock the door And throw away the key
                                             Dsus2
There's someone in my head but it's not me.
                                                       D7 D9
 A
And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear
 You shout and no one seems to hear.
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.
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