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Insanity is a state of mind  
A mind is a terrible thing to waste  
Waste not, want not  
Not invented here  
Here I shall remain  
Remain calm at all times  
Times are a' changing  
Changing tires  
Tires us with his driveling nonsense  
Nonsense he said  
Said artifacts were not found  
Found and Lost  
Lost in the high castle  
I'm not a fan, I just work here

"Does it make any sense to you?"

"A stream of thought probably. Convoluted, weird, but I cannot discern a pattern. It's like random thoughts. Only it's connected, see the last word in each sentence is the first word in the next sentence. And there's a couple of artistic references as well. See, like -"

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"Yeah, I get all that. I can read myself. I'm not a Bob Dylan fan, but I can recognize some of it. You're still not helping though? Does it make any sense? Can you profile this guy?"

"In depth?"

"That's supposed to be your job, ain't it?"

"It's not an exact science. I need more to go on. This, this could be just like sudoku to pass the time."

"Well I need less. I hate crime scenes. I hate this pathetic brew Hendles calls coffee. I hate this job."

"Then why don't you quit already?"

"I don't need therapy doc. I need to find this guy, so I can get back to regular I-don't-give-a-fuck-hours to go along with my they-don't-give-a-fuck salary. Give it some thought."

"But I'll need more!"

"Then give him some time. This doesn't look like a passion crime now, does it?"

"Technically, everything's a passion crime. You see -"

"Spare me. Call me tomorrow."

"I can't. I'm seeing someone."

"You have a very weird sense of humour and awful timing, Nedina."

"The hallmarks of my profession."

"Right."