

The Future

Nada Surf

The future has long lines
The future looks like a screen
It's all you'll ever see
All lit up like a stadium and
Who will be the first?
The future's made of dust
And we are all just rust in the machine

I'm bound to make some more mistakes
Get deathly ill three or four times
I'll find money on the street, no unexpected luck
I will spend some time crying
I'll be helped so much I'll be transformed
I'll get the baby in the king cake
I'll climb a small mountain, get three more bikes
stolen
Paint four more kitchen ceilings

Which is imitations and hooks
Bits that you remember nothing
Ask it's another look
The future's empty in it's way
The future has long lines
The future looks like a screen
And I cannot believe the future's happening to me

Arrows pointed, educated, words to let you know
The border guards have graduated
They're taking up their post
I lift the receiver, find you there
I'll win and lose some bets
The magic hour, make me feel at home
In a place I don't know yet
I'll spook the horse, keep the lights on
Leave mythologies alone
I'll try to say all the right things
But get hung up on the tone

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