

In the basement waiting for a statement  
but station's frequency is vacant  
why don't we go outside  
in the break room waiting for a big boom  
smoke haze rising in a big plume  
everyone's dissatisfied

The pools have dried the trial's been tried  
but the leak's still spilling they don't know what to do  
the flow won't stop pressure still won't drop  
tanks are overfilling

Forward we crawl backwards we fall through the ebb and the flow  
living within a dream wading through the stream beyond the ebb  
and flow

Up late to earn the proceeds  
all stressed out, working until your eyes bleed  
overtime to buy things we don't need

Always on the go and you're thirty thirty  
gotta make the ends and get dirty dirty  
will it ever stop will it ever end  
is it worthy

Reality of this is you go loco loco  
and too much of this way and you'll go postal postal  
happens all the time just get in line  
and go comatose

The moms and pops have all closed up shop  
and who can blame them? I don't know anyone  
the kids just hide scared to go outside  
and just who can blame them?

At times it seems unreal  
we can see but we can't feel  
and no one's at the wheel  
born here all alone  
growing old with hearts of stone  
the lights are on but no one's home