

You're moving borders
And I'm moving out of this old town
You got away with everything criminal
That you could find

You're in the water noticing everthing
That comes your way
Your iris blackens
My insides out
Around it all

And half of you don't understand
The other half's too sick to mention
And half of you don't give a damn
The other half's losing sight

I'm on the floor now
Counting the histories that you repeat
You got a system
Waiting for engines to turn their heads

And half of you don't understand
The other half's too sick to mention
And half of you don't give a damn
The other half's losing sight

You and me
It's plain to see
Coming down
Overhead

You're in the buisness of noticing everything
That comes your way
You're looking cock-eyed
And I'm living cocky, one more time