

Wooden Toy

Amon Tobin

Should you choose to walk about to light sounds to another
Open up a door to more than you could ever live to love
Tell me all about you even though you've given in
Listen, say the days that you leave for the rest
Sing the songs that rumble in the twilight to abscond
Can't put your intellect before it and before you quit
Disappear into the beacon of the lonely if you can
Given all the voices you should choose to fit without your head