

## In The Stream Of Commerce

Cave In

no matter how many times we paint over these walls  
the writing still shines through

in the stream of commerce we're afloat  
a thousand washed-up rockers trash the banks.  
oh no.

in the stream of commerce we're afloat  
and unafraid to sail a sinking boat  
honestly my hand is on the plug this time  
it says here right on my dotted line

haste creates waste  
keep your eyes on the road  
you might be able to drive  
but you're so lucky to be alive

in the stream of commerce we're afloat  
miles of red tape have choked us dead  
now it's building like a nasty mold  
and everybody can't help but catch the cold

aah aahh aaahh

all the writing on the wall shines through...  
all the while we knew.