

Ants Marching

Dave Matthews Band

He wakes up in the morning
Does his teeth, bite to eat and he's rolling
Never changes a thing
The week ends, the week begins

She thinks, we look at each other
Wondering what the other is thinking
But we never say a thing
And these crimes between us grow deeper

Take these chances
Place them in a box until a quieter time
Lights down, you up and die

Goes to visit his mommy
She feeds him well his concerns he forgets them
And remembers being small
Playing under the table and dreaming

Take these chances
Place them in a box until a quieter time
Lights down, you up and die

Driving along this highway
All these cars and upon the sidewalk
People in every direction
No words exchanged, no time to exchange

When all the little ants are marching
Red and black antennae waving
They all do it the same
They all do it the same way

Candyman tempting the thoughts of a sweet tooth
Tortured by weight loss
Program cutting corners
Loose end, loose end
Cut, cut on the fence not to offend
Cut, cut, cut ,cut

Take these chances
Place them in a box until a quieter time
Lights down, you up and die

Lights down you up and die