

# 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

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