

Sing, Baby

Farewell

Down on your luck these days are numbered one by one
Feeding the masses with their pacifying thumbs - too important
to listen
They've got us pinned against the wall, and so we say - more th
an one in
A million baby, but that's just how it goes - I've got a famili
ar feeling that
Everybody knows - crooked minds and timeless finds have rotted
out the core
Subconscious leading to precarious trap doors - too tarnished to
glisten
They've got us poised to take the fall, and so we say - clouded
rooftops
And the suits you're living in can't save your skin - so I'll s
ing this song to you,
You're my one and only - you're one of a million dead beats was
hed up on the shore
White - cap of a new wave that'll be crashing at your door