

New Numbers

John Hiatt

Stand before it to the nines
Hurry up and get in line
They've got your ashes scattered
Before you even burn

Blasting off for baby town

Wearing cars like angel gowns
Even though I'm wearin' tatters
I just can't wait my turn

'Cause I've got
New numbers don't understand
New numbers I'm gettin' out of hand
New numbers countin' on me for
New numbers

Oh your body still behaves
Standard issue mindless slave
Somebody gave you your papers
You just stuck around

Now I wanna make a scene

Interrupt your magazine
You're all so tucked in and tapered
I'd only let you down

I took the last train home and I
I can't remember the faces
I'm adding up possibilities
How's the view at twenty paces

New numbers
New numbers