

one day i was telling you
all about coming from dust
cashed it i to buy a few locks i knew wouldn't rust
if i lock you up
will the edges fade
will you understand
how simple i am
i can walk for many miles
thinking that i'll never comprehend
i can't argue worth a damn
'cause i know my questions never end

if i walk away
will the phrases play
or will they all become one
under the sun

and when the pleasure is done
(why don't i want to know it all) (2x)
and when the measuring's done
somehow i already know it all

answers never satisfy
i wear them out as soon as they come
i lie in between the sides
i'm happy when the fighting is done
so i'll read the news
and i'll get the blues
and i'll make it matter
for a minute or two