

Along For The Ride

Mates of State

The boxes piled high. no order, no mind. I'll save the work for
you,
'cause I'll be busy sorting through the merrier designs I make
inside.
And on the hollowest pages, the pen dissolves without the bait.

Don't try to be a model. don't want to waste more space.
Oh, look at our models. oh, the blasted space.
Tune in me tonight. turn down all the lights.
I'm just along for the ride. the moving pictures we see.
The colored cities or the sea. go and taste them one by one.
Until that time, you can't be done.
Know your station you just can't direct.
Let's plant a white one just for you.
And chart the growth until the move.
Don't try to be a model.
Don't want to waste more space.
Oh, look at our models. oh, the blasted space. tune in me tonig
ht.
Turn down all the lights. I'm just along for the ride.