

Small Black Box

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Picture this, a small black box
To open it, unlock the locks
As I dissect in retrospect this scene

You turned it on like a machine
A mechanizing go-between
The clock-to-China figurine

I do crash
With everybody on the ground
In pieces, coming down
If we do crash
With everybody on the ground
And pieces coming down

On take-off we were unaware
That we'd wind just up in the air
Now we're fighting for the flare it seems

All you want's another toy
We all need something to destroy
Until you can believe the joy when

You crash
With everybody on the ground
In pieces, coming down
If we do crash
With everybody on the ground
And pieces coming down