

Never Ending Math Equation

Modest Mouse

I'm the same as I was when I was 6 years old
And oh my God I feel so damn old
I don't really feel anything
On a plane, I can see the tiny lights below
And oh my God, they look so alone
Do they really feel anything?
Oh my God, I've gotta gotta gotta gotta move on
Where do you move when what you're moving from
Is yourself?
The universe works on a math equation
that never even ever really even ends in the end
Infinity spirals out creation
We're on the tip of its tongue, and it is saying
We ain't sure where you stand
You ain't machines and you ain't land
And the plants and the animals, they are linked
And the plants and the animals eat each other
Oh my God and oh my cat
I told my Dad what I need
Well I know what I have and want
But I don't know what I need
Well, he said he said he said he said
"Where we're going I'm dead."