

Cassandra's still shouting from the city walls but no one ever hears

And far below the traffic moves like fish upon the ocean floor to the rhythms of the tide

We're holding on so tight because it seems as if we're moving very fast

But all this speed is just illusion as we while away our lives

Whatever they want from you - you don't have to give

Whatever they say to you - you don't have to give

Whatever they put you through

Fury to the left of me, madmen to the right

And on Caesars Mall seduction is so sweet

It's easy to forget that there's a price on

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