

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
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