

Chrome Waves

Ride

One hundred years from now, see the chrome, can't hear it move
I'll meet you on the way down wrapped around somebody's hand

We've all moved on from here, the colour's running dry
A drowsy line of wasted time bathes my open mind

This strange machinery is keeping you from seeing me
I'll meet you on the way down, can't stay, unbearable to go

We've all moved on from here, the colour's running dry
A drowsy line of wasted time bathes my open mind