

Don't even try reading my mind again
It's the second time I've caught you
Rummaging around in my head
I know what you're after yeah
And I've hidden it where you will never look
I know you like to remember things that never happened
I don't like driving in this fog
I don't like struggling in this web
And if I ever wake up
As if you'll ever wake up
The people in here are getting hungry again
They hunger for something intangible
Something even you can't provide
It hurts to think that in a hundred years
We'll all just be microfiche
Our names and the names of our songs
Cataloged and filed away
I don't like driving in this fog
I don't like struggling in this web
And if I ever wake up
As if you'll ever wake up

Didn't think I felt so empty
Emptiness can feel so good
I see the perfect life is the life of a tree
Yeah the life of a tree is the life for me
But you chop me up for wood

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