

When I'm riding home at night now  
I get in so tired  
To the saws and bows that spell out  
E-M-P-T-Y

But driving west now  
Half-past five  
My skin is cut  
My hands are knives  
I could be anyone alive  
But I just can't fit  
And it's too late to quit

When the night air comes to me  
I wonder if the days I've lived through count

With the world strung like a rosary  
Through faces moving in the crowd

What is the color and the number  
When happiness begins?  
When the knight waits in the laurels  
Hesitating...

I found a clarity I've never known  
In fag-end weeks before I left for school  
The darkness in the pylons  
And the smoke and creosote  
Cancelling the faces that we knew

Did they forget the light inside your eyes?  
Those simple words, those lovers' signs?  
The hand is dealt, the cards are played  
But i just can't fit  
And it's too late to quit

I saw them, and I knew them all  
Inside a sheet of flame  
I saw them, and I knew them all  
Inside a sheet of flame

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