

All the things you like
Guided by their charms
Behind them safety store
Wrap your greedy arms around them all

Sail, don't try to steer, just sail
You can be hell of a force
With the button to a broken man

Because you know I'm impatient
I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore

Did the little boy only get his orders from himself?
Did the whole world revolve his middle class act?
The girl next door hears voices in her head every night
The mother's tears that he's bringing home trash from the pile

You know I'm impatient
I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore

And you know I'm impatient
I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore

Wife still believes life settles like a stream of dust
Through the beams you lose you underneath

Did the little boy on his pedestal
And the girl next once the voice is gone
And did the whole world and the mothers tears
Sink the sunshine on the back field?

The grasping is hand is never full
And the perfect life is just damaged goods
And you should have talked and you should talk too
Because in twenty years you'll be a mute