

Cholla cholla  
You kept us away  
We'll come back tomorrow  
And give you one day  
The talent of time  
That thief that delays  
We'll come back tomorrow  
And tear down your ways  
Otherwise

Where are we going?  
What are we doing?  
You siphon a smile from the source  
How do we move on  
When nothing is growing  
Your hands turned to daggers again

Non par  
Non par nonpareil  
You rush to the future and paint it yourself  
Together we're lucky  
Together we're set  
When nothing comes easy  
Only the finest are left

Where are we going?  
What are we doing?  
You siphon a smile from the source  
How do we move on  
When nothing is growing  
Your hands turned to daggers again, my love.

This is the way it has played  
But these are our riches to take  
What came of, of goodness  
Of fairness  
Nothing proves otherwise

Where are we going  
Where are we going  
Where are we going  
Where are we going  
Where are we going  
And what are we doing  
Cholla, cholla, cholla