

Creatures

The Orwells

My friends are dead ends
Where did they go?
They're spread out and broken
And laying in the road

Hopeless and homeless
Selling what they stole
Dreamless and seamless
Get to the unknown

Reach out (creatures)
And keep up (and keep up)
They'll reach out, they'll reach out
They'll follow just to eat'cha

Fading, creating, losing all control
Spinning, and grinnin', lookin' for a soul
Growin', and throwin', tryin' to find a role
Before you know it, you're livin' in a hole

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And keep up (and keep up)
They'll reach out, they'll reach out
They'll follow just to eat'cha