

Everybody's soaking wet, ready for the solar dip  
It was so easy to fly, it was so easy to fly  
Thunder in the blue sunshine  
When did this city die?  
I'm sick of turning you off  
I'm sick of turning you off

After an afternoon of insatiable begging  
Every frenzy is real  
Skin is singing, hands are burning  
Everybody is healed  
I am good enough for someone, good enough for you

Flown way out in space  
Who's on your tapes?  
Who's in your wall?  
Who's in your way?  
Who keeps you soft?  
Who makes you late?  
Who do you call when you're ok?  
And when you're not?  
I'm so mad i could spit  
I'm so mad i could spit

I don't invite chaos  
It's just that they hate us  
I'm sick of pissing them off  
I'm sick of pissing them off

After an afternoon of mysterious fighting  
Every frenzy is real  
Skin is singing  
Hands are burning  
Everybody is healed  
I am good enough for someone  
Good enough for you

Flown way out in space  
Who's in your face?  
Who's in your heart?  
Who do you pay?  
What have you got?  
Who complicates your easy plot?  
Who hesitates and then you're lost?