

Hey, come with me round the way
I'll be the clouds you be the rain
Hey, we'll find another way
I'll help take away all your pain

Most people have most things these days

hey, today a brand new day
Bubbles in bottles to celebrate
Hey we fell off all the rails
North wind taken away off sails

Most people have most things these days

The fink it's all apocolips
Hey, send the personal eclipse
Silhouette sister or a wish
The fink it's all apocolips
Turning a flick of a switch

Most people have most things these days

Flowers by the roadside is all that is left
You feel your hands and feel your pockets for your last breath
Clap your hands get on your knees, a dead man's shoes
Only one thing's for certain, than you can choose

The fink it's all apocolips