

Well there's a crazy moon, been up all week
And it's messing with the things that I think and do
And I find myself staring at a screen
wondering how far we've come since the death of cool
There ain't no targets to aim for
No more mountains to climb
At least they're not where they used to be
Why even keep it hard in a flat-lined world
where every piece of dung is the next big thing
What's gonna happen now?
Will the good guys pull through somehow?
Stay tuned till next time and we'll see what's what
Now the boys upstairs with all their best and worst intentions
know that chaos always wins out in the end
They don't got your back
so use your imagination
and be pretty goddamned careful how you choose your friends
So hold each other tight now and look into each other's eyes
Don't be too impressed with the ones above
'Cause the world's getting shaved by another drunken barber
and you gotta build your trust with the ones you love
Well the lies keep coming tough
We need wings to stay above
Stay tuned till next time and we'll see what's what