

The Link

Bettie Serveert

All I see is just a strange cat
howling at a perfect moon
and even if I wore the same hat
I couldn't be like you.
'Cause you, you don't wanna be here
and all you're ever gonna see here
is a pallet full of broke down tunes
in a silent room.

Down in sunny California,
no one really knows the way you feel.
But all the kids say they adore you
how it bores you, it's so unreal.
It makes you feel so small
'til you don't feel at all,
it makes you look for signs, secret signs.
Oh, tell me, operator,
did you get my call,
20 minutes later, it's gonna get us all.
Signs, secret signs.
Stupid information, never make the link,
phony adoration, but's it's never what you think.