

Breakbeat Era

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Underneath the moon, the tumult forces me to action
'Cause I don't care what car they drive, my ministry's the men who need to play

Underneath the moon, the tumult forces me to action, so much dross
Try me one more time, before it's really gone forever

'Cause life was talking thru' you mister,
I'm just listening to your system,
One and one ennui makes nothing,
You and you and me makes something.

Life was talking thru' you mister,
Words to hit you like a piston,
One and one ennui make nothing,
You and you and me makes something.

Struggling with realization
I was hoping you would do it for me,
Someone backed me in a corner,
Grimed me with some slimy stories.

Life was talking thru' you mister,
Words to hit you like a piston,
One and one ennui make nothing,
You and you and me make something.

(Hey this new girl right right now)

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