

It is not wealth  
To have more than others  
It is not peace  
When others are in pain

It perched there coiling light  
Though that many years ago  
I remember the feeling like it was today  
A strange feeling like a living memory  
Like a weird kind of stranja-vu or something

I want to know, I want to know  
How can it stop when there's nowhere to go?

It is not vicory  
To murder thousands in battle  
It is not health  
To take vitamins and excercise

Then what's even stranger is the moment it left  
The memory feeling, it grew very dim  
And we all were in disagreement about what we had seen  
And Trevor said, "If you've seen it, it just dropped you off"

I want to know, I want to know  
Where was it from? and where did it go?

All its life, wandering  
All of mine, wondering

It is neither animated nor unanimated  
Vegetable nor machine, real nor unreal  
It exists as 'It', in fact we can't even be sure of that  
And there it is, a strange group memory

I want to know, I want to know  
How can it stop when there's nowhere to go?  
I want to know, I want to know  
Where was it from? and where did it go?