

Far out and failing
So they lead you away
Speak for me would you
I have nothing to say

And you would not notice
My hands have let go
Feel free to replace them
They are idle and slow

Mothers and fathers
You sisters all lost
The pending opinions
Are you worth what they've got

And they would not notice
Your hands open wide
Some Judas before them
With thorns in your side

Feel free to lay down
You could use a rest
Speak for me would you
Since you've taken my breath

And you would not notice
My hands have let go
Feel free to replace them
They are idle and slow