

Hieroglyphics on your skin
Designs of sleep I find in the morning
And with all this waking up with you
I've got a lot of work to do

In the canopy of evening
Tumbling thru the streets like
Driftwood from the balkans
When you love somebody you must
Be their hero sometimes
But mama's little boy's grown selfish

I'm flying away I have to leave
You love me it gives me the creeps
Me, this waste of sound, this tangled fog
That holds you back from what you want