When in the prop of the morning, with the traffic and the canon lights on and on 'till the evening with its thick and orange light and now we nervous walk here the whole city tried to eat itself you kill some track to zero working hard just to get yourself

sometimes I can't get it started
back from nothing
sometimes I can't get it started

it is a mass production
all the blank little minutes align
on and on 'till the evening
where it's black and orange light
and now we nervous walk here
swinging arms like satellites
and now we're nervous walking
until the body won't sleep through the night

sometimes I can't get it started back from nothing sometimes I can't get it started sometimes I can't get it started back from nothing sometimes I can't get it started

where we lies is a little burned spinning around don't they know that the hours move slow?

and I can't get it started and I can't get it started and I can't get it started and I can't get it started

where we lies is a little burned spinning around don't they know that the hours move slow? slow?