

Run On Empty

Jesus Jones

Don't look up too quick
You'll see the sky is falling down on you
And when you run on empty
The ground will wait to swallow you

I have a dream returning every night
The goal is out of reach but still in sight
I'm getting thin but grinning every day
I run on empty too much, it's just my way

And in all your dreams doesn't it seem
That you're wearing lead boots, growing tree routes, caught in
quicksand?
I can see ahead the end of the line
This is some kind of meltdown just in time
I see declining empires fade away
The games were getting ugly anyway