

The Frequency

Jets to Brazil

The terror of the view,
the emptiness of this room,
always writing against this truth,
in the way that a painter
must have a surface to hit.

The paint is flying now,
breaking the silence at the speed of sound.
Hitting the frequency,
she's reaching back at me.
Warm and loud,
Warm and loud,
Beautiful demons fly out.

And we're fighting for our lives,
to fill the corners up with light.
Black spell casting against them now,
in the way that a bullet
will go until it is stopped.

And all the medicine
went to my head again.
Late last night,
my bed of saccharine,
my bad amphetamine,
I was lit from within,
burning with means and ends.

And the city life is like sugar high,
knocking me out, keeping me wired.
It's incredible,
unsteady chemicals
come and go the ebb and flow.
When the measure of your work is the measure of your worth,
then you better make it work.

There's some people I could name,
but it's not the time or place
to split hairs with the guys downstairs.
They'll get their fair share I'm sure.
The frequency is gonna take us there.

And the city kids,
the angry with-it kids,
hate everything the first time.
It's incredible,
the kind of chemicals
knocking around in my mind.
In the winter of my night I found a desperate kind of light,
and nothing comes without a fight.

You want to know
where the good thoughts grow,
but you ought to know
where all the good thoughts go.

You can't afford to miss a day.

Call in sick, you better stay that way.
Stay that way.