

Everybody Panic

Jukebox the Ghost

In a house on the end of a street without a name
With the moon turning blue in a new peculiar way
Your eyes are deceiving, awake or in dreaming
And a voice from beneath says "I'll keep you company"

Everybody panic, but one at a time
People have jobs to get to
Everybody panic, but not all the time
People need sleep, why don't you?
Are you drawn to the crowd like a moth to the light?
Does torchlight flicker in your window?
Maintain a single file line, so that everyone can panic
But one at a time

In the spaces between the footsteps on the street
You can make out the faintest sound from underneath
Gears that are turning, machinery learning
The rhythm and the pattern in the steps that are yet to be

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Everybody knows that isn't true

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