

Take a walk to the new town, take a look around
Pretty road names pass us by, a foundation sound
They paint their walls and ceilings white to feel clean inside
Ten square miles so synchronized I could have cried
And the bodies go by barely half awake
Awaiting things to come again, nice things to come
It's such a nice environment I'm in
I wonder why I'm here and the bodies go by barely half awake.
All but the few ever notice anything at all, Oh dear
All but the few ever notice anything at all.
I've got a nice new wristwatch with a bright red strap
The second hand really moves quite fast - I'd never thought of
that
And then I pick my picture book to compensate outside
It's back to fiction once again, I could have cried.
And the bodies go by barely half awake
Awaiting things to come again, nice things to come
It's such a nice environment I'm in
I wonder why I'm here and the bodies go by barely half awake.
All but the few ever notice anything at all, Oh dear
All but the few ever notice anything at all