

Technology Is A Dead Bird

Mars Argo

Just let me love, let me be
Here on the floor
Flying eastward toward the shore
Knowing that the stars won't last in the sky
I took you to a prison cell
You were afraid and I could tell
Then on a train we met a friend
Who showed us that we should pretend

I need to be myself again
I know precisely when it is time to be the actor
It is amusing when everything is confusing
Let us be in on the joke the world is afraid to admit
Or ashamed to confess
Or, alternatively
Eager to expose
How is it that I'm all of the above?
There's got to be more than denial and drugs
Empty bottles are starting to feel less fun
And would deceive us is deceiving

Technology is a dead bird in your hands
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We could live in a dream (This isn't any time or place to be)
Where is my liberty? (This isn't any time or place to be)
Buried under a tree (This isn't any time or place to..)
Where is my liberty? (This isn't any time or place to be)

Every one of us is in our wonder years
Wishing we were just one year younger
I, I need to get over myself
I'm going to end up on top of the mountain one of these days
If I make it long enough
Sometimes I just want to drift away into outer space

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Where is my liberty? (This isn't any time or place to be)
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