

Degenerates

Moby

Are we having the time of our life?
Are we having the time of our lives?
Are we coming across clear?
Are we coming across fine?
Are we part of the plan here?
Are we having the time of our lives?
Are we coming across clear?
Are we coming across fine?
Are we having the time of our lives?
Are we part of the plan here?

We have the driver and time on our hands
One little room and the biggest of plans.
The days were shaping up,
Frosty and bright.
Perfect weather to fly.

Perfect weather to fly.

Pounding the streets where my fathers feet still
Ring from the walls,
we'd sing in the doorways,
or bicker and row
Just figuring how we were wired inside
Perfect weather to fly.

So in looking to stray from the line
we decided instead
we should pull out the thread that was
stitching us into this tapestry vile,
And why wouldn't you try?
Perfect weather to fly.

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