

A Quick Fix

Press to Meco

Now that the spark has gone there's no questioning
If there was anything even there at all
Nothing at all, nothing at all
The only one you can talk to looks at you appalled
But how can anyone pretend to care at all?
Care at all, care at all

Relics and artifacts
And coin enough to break your back
A golden hand is cold to hold, you know

Searching, always searching
For something to make you glad you're still alive
Yeah, do you feel alive?

Can't feel your face, you've been drinking (hey!)
Left your compass at the sea of hops and barley
Oh, eagle eyes, you see a quick fix across the room
She bats her eyes and gestures to you
Now you've gone and done it again
Now what you gonna do?

And when the morning comes
You crawl back to the only one
Whoever gave you strength to carry on

Searching, always searching
For something to make you glad you're still alive
You know you're always
Searching, always searching
For something to make you glad you're still alive
Yeah, do you feel alive?
Do you feel alive?

Searching, you're searching
Searching, you're searching