

Carol

Priests

Walk in silently pass through my front door
Without recourse
Without recourse
You're not an officer anymore

You start to get this rhythm once a century
Is age a barrier to intimacy?
Do you believe in vision, free elections or feeling?

To answer your question I was jogging to a strip mall
I felt nothing at all
Nothing I can recall
Besides a dollar tree, sears and Thai bistro

You start to get this rhythm once a century
Is age a barrier to intimacy?
Do you believe in vision, free elections or feeling?

I'm a polygraph, I'm a brick wall
I'm a mirrored disco ball, I'm a disco ball
You're not an officer anymore

You start to get this rhythm once a century
Is age a barrier to intimacy?
Do you believe in vision, free elections or feeling?