

Station Wagon

Shame

I need a new solution
I need a new resolution and it's not even the end of the year
(Hit or miss, hit or miss)
It goes swell with a cup of coffee
Extra sugar and extra cream, I'm living the dream
(Hit or miss, hit or miss)

I'm sweet enough but there's no harm in getting sweeter
Just ask Rita
(Hit or miss, hit or miss, hit or miss)
The hits are heavy but the misses are frequent
James Dean, juvenile delinquent
(Oh oh)

There's no time to erode
There's a new station wagon and it's hitting the road
(Oh oh)
I feel light as a feather
Just like that cloud up high, I drift through all types of weather

(Oh) These hands keep on breaking
(Oh) Stretch through the mist, I could never resist temptation
(Oh)
(Oh)

Look
Look up there
There's something in that cloud
We've all seen it before
A constant vapour of light
Lift up my trousers and kiss my ear lobes
Feel the rain tremble through the sky
Won't, won't somebody please bring me that cloud
And all is but a distant memory when I look up at it
Voices shatter in disbelief that anything could ever look so... beautiful
And like Atlas, I shall carry the weight of the sky on my shoulders
And if you listen closely, then you'll hear the bones crack and the muscles stretch
Voices, voices, voices
Happiness is only a habit
And if that's true, then I'm habitually dependent on something that I cannot control
Something I cannot touch, taste or tamper with
But nobody said this was going to be easy
And with you as my witness I'm gonna try and achieve the unachievable
Because one day that vapour will be in my pocket
Comforted by lint and an external warmth
And I wonder
Will it drift?
Will it change colour, shape and size?
We're gonna be the only people who know about it
And that's the only kind of thing worth knowing about
Won't somebody please bring me that cloud
Move that cloud
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