

Milkman in your burgundy and white van
Aid me in my effort to abuse you
Implied are the efforts are my way
And past your eyes go the memories
Of days gone by

Vanities of you and I colliding
Is felt only by the two of us
Green rivers and packages for hiding
The self-serving are perfectly impossible to open up

Without
Technological intervention
Technological intervention
Technological intervention
Technological intervention

I'm sending out my signal
And it takes up the keys, yeah
So open the files
And release this disease