

# World Too Late

Steadman

What is this sharp elevation?  
Moving too fast to be seen  
Changes all life's imitations  
Pulling me out of a dream  
Making us all come clean

I exceed my limitations  
Keeping control of my head  
You put me under surveillance  
I'm watching you instead  
Why has your face gone red

It won't stop, it gets near  
It goes off then we disappear  
In the beginning, down on our luck  
Crashes in, then we get unstuck  
Wind up the siren  
Put out the fires  
It's already here

Leave it to fate and you'll find out  
There's just so much she can take  
One day they might make a movie  
Call it "A World Too Late"  
Be in "World Too Late"

Don't try understanding  
It's already here  
Don't get a second chance  
Don't try hiding from it  
It's already here  
Can't shield you from the blast