

Forty times you may question your life  
Four to five with a hunting knife  
Before you find out if you survive  
Questioning marks have turned into stars

For the record you remember the few, yeah  
Who for a second time you bid adieu  
Forty days in the neon haze  
Festering dreams are dressed in fakeries

You follow the skyway  
You follow your right-of-way  
You follow the streets and the cars  
And the shadows and the stars

All right,  
Forty lessons you may hear from the sun, now  
You never listened to a single one  
Fallen leaves whisper like thieves  
Not that you mind, you live on stolen time

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Fist loaded with a furious disdain  
Your velocity will be your shame  
Fast motion like a curious flame  
The best I can do is to turn my back on you

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