Creatures

The Orwells

My friends are dead ends Where did they go? They're spread out and broken And laying in the road

Hopeless and homeless Selling what they stole Dreamless and seamless Get to the unknown

Reach out (creatures) And keep up (and keep up) They'll reach out, they'll reach out They'll follow just to eat'cha

Fading, creating, losing all control Spinning, and grinnin', lookin' for a soul Growin', and throwin', tryin' to find a role Before you know it, you're livin' in a hole

Reach out (creatures) And keep up (and keep up) They'll reach out, they'll reach out They'll follow just to eat'cha