

Body

The Servant

You've got to take your mind off him
But not with aspirins
You won't
You won't let your family in
Like smoke your body comes
Through the gaps in the urban slums
You try
You try to speak american
When you don't know what you want
You end up finding that you haunt your own
Your own life
You're the daylight ghost that creeps
You're the empty city streets and I
And I see you
And those talkshows fill your days
Something is slipping away
Sometimes it feels like you don't have a body
Your skin is cellophane
You know I feel the same
Sometimes it feels like you don't have a body

When you make a cup of tea
You act like it's alchemy
But it's not
It's not what you think it to be
Seeing everything as signs
Seeing everything as lines always
Always lying saying you're fine
When you don't know what you want
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When you don't know what you want...