

The Waxman's moving his shoulders  
He walks down reading the paper  
But the tar sticks, top of the feet  
Like a neighbor, he yells in the street  
And he's a dead palm, still on the beach  
But his hair's gone, a bottle of bleach  
In the water, the news was printed on his arm all along

Sliding through the open air  
Hands are placed into the dirt  
Feeling 'round for something  
He is always there

I'm getting closer, making my way to him  
Older, I'm much too young for him  
He can take my skin and replace  
The wax so he won't melt on down  
I'll give him all of my feelings  
If I'm dead now, it was worth seeing  
If he would let me live inside his mind for a while

I'm sliding through the open air  
My hands are placed into the dirt  
I'm feeling 'round for something  
I am always there  
I'm sliding through the open air  
My hands are placed into the dirt  
Feeling 'round for something  
I am always there  
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I am always there  
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