

Numbered

Wire

Believing in something
Believing in nothing
Reliving each moment
Or forgetting everything in time

Our days may be numbered
Our nights remain slumbered
Our meter is measured
Or regretting everything in time

You think I'm a dreamer
I've never really been there
A presence conjured from thin air
You think I'm a number
Still willing to rhumba
To lay it bare as if I care

Some people have questions
Some people have answers
Some people have nothing
They're holding everything in time

The spell may be broken
The demons have woken
The days are still pressing
And regressing everything in time

You think I'm a dreamer
I've never really been there
A presence conjured from thin air
You think I'm a number
Still willing to rumba
To lay it bare as if I care