

Burning Airlines, The Deluxe War Baby

haven't we got some place else to be?
cash in our collective memories
they go cheap

the lines are open
testing 1, 2, 3
but disconnection's still our sweetest dream

like it's free

exit, please

call it love with a new face
and new guts, a growth industry
'cause we're all headed west
whatever we think we believe

never have i felt so well-policed
why should i be anything but pleased?

sit down

now the best you can be
is the beast that they don't want to see
but you'll never get over
you're greasing the adding machine
surveilled and serene
they hype satisfaction
until you forget where you've been
and we're all headed west
whatever we think we believe in

call it love with a new face
and new guts, a growth industry
but you'll never get over
you're greasing the adding machine
surveilled and serene
they hype satisfaction
until you forget where you've been
the exploded view shows that
there's nothing cementing the seams