

Chevelle, Tom

And I don't think I'd like to feel this;
I wanna make the cravings stop now.
So pretty now
Many forces coming down
I lied now
Yes another's 'so much' are few

And they carry bottles with messages
Stop throwing them at me.
And I passed them on, the splendor's overwhelming
Haven't spoken, waiting for the right time,
And now my cat is crouched and waiting,
Lying in the yard

Saying "Join me.
"Join me.
"Join me."

I will be...

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Now we'll be...