

Chicago, 25 Or 6 To 4 (1986)

Waiting for the break of day
Searching for something to say
Flashing lights against the sky
Giving up, I close my eyes

Sitting cross-legged on the floor
Twenty-five or six to four

Staring blindly into space
Getting up to splash my face
Wanting just to stay awake
Wondering how much I can take

Should I try to do some more
Twenty-five or six to four

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