

# 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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