

Continental Drifters, Mezzanine

Written by Carlo Nuccio

Main Voice: CARLO

Produced by Continental Drifters

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Steel train hummin' after Scott starts to sail
Well, they shine up like hair rails
South consume my thought
I start to pick everything apart
Like I would rather sip my milk through a paper straw
I reflect on the world that I've seen
Between ground flow and the mezzanine.

My shoe lace is busted
But it won't make the escalator stop
Should I get pulled in on top
Carefull not to step on my light
It might become electrofied
Still I draw conclusions on the things I've observed
Even before I was eighteen
Between ground flow and the mezzanine.

And bees make slum honey
From an old dye sewn in a paper cup
I'd rather hide than to say, "What's up?"
And if I whistle a tune
It passes off from room to room
Still I'd take time and note the sun shinin' through, it red
All I caught was a daydream
Between ground flow and a mezzanine.