

Epoxies, Walk The Streets

I walk the streets on a saturday night
the skies are dim but the neon is bright
the lights are warm but the pavement is cold
love is bought and bodies are sold

Doesn't mean a thing to me
I'm just one of so many
I don't feel a thing at all
I'm not waiting for your call

I'm not in love
and I don't want to
I'm good for nothing
cuz nothing is true

People searching about tonight
Looking for someone
No one seems right
the skin is warm and bodies are cold
Love is bought and bodies are sold

The world is made of glass and steel
Like a set where nothing's real
Let them watch it on a screen
I'm not put where things are seen