

Fair Weather Friends, Fake Love

I don't find you curious or alarmed
I don't think you would call me if you were lost
I am not really standing in a row
I keep searching
and I think you would go and have some more
maybe you are just better off alone
I don't really want to steal your hours
so I keep searching

so you would rather take your chance of being scattered
you would like to be yourself -- self --maze- it suits you well
you got to be , got to be
but don't know where
see you tied now -- if you

climbing there up high
and you don't look back and hide
if you learned all your surroundings
then I bet that you are gone

I don't really know where you going , isolated
finally I am here and you got me
then you fade away

you like that momentary density of neurons
you like to lose your temper, it fits you well
former vision of this world dissolves in the air
throw yourself into wild dance fever