

Greg Cooper, Headlong Into Orbit

Rich city streets
Rich not with care, but rich with apathy
Unclose my eyes
Look close, the bodies line the sites I love

My selfish soul
My cluttered soul

"Chorus"
They're going headlong into orbit
Leading nowhere
To a lifelong drift through orbit
Avoidance only lasts so long
I said "my friend, it's time";

One-legged man
If that man can smile, then why on earth can't I?
My finger points
My finger points, but three point back at me

My selfish soul

"Chorus"

Though they are homeless in body
They are not homeless in soul
Though we all wait for more money
Forget not the now

They're going headlong into orbit
Leading nowhere
To a lifelong drift through orbit
Avoidance only lasts so long
Un- numb my soul
I said "my friend";
Maybe I said "my friend";
Maybe I said "my friend, it's time";