

# Metric, Calculation them

I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance  
Break to love make lust I know it isn't  
I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance  
Cold as numbers but let's dance  
As though it were easy for you to lead me  
I could be passive gracefully  
Half the horizon's gone for a skyline of numbers  
Half the horizon's gone we're working the numbers  
'till I'm sick  
Sleep don't pacify us until  
Daybreak sky lights up the grid we live in  
Dizzy when we talk so fast  
Fields of numbers streaming past  
I wish we were farmers, I wish we knew how  
To grow sweet potatoes and milk cows  
I wish we were lovers, but its for the best  
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,  
Where is the love?  
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,  
Who here is in line for a raise?  
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,  
Where is the love?  
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,  
Who put these bodies between us?