

Rez Band, Numbers

He's the one with the stare, talks to himself,
I sits in a chair, he's put on the shelf
He's an ugly picture in a twisted frame,
Do you recognise him? Do you know his name?

Got myself a room and a medicine man, but what I'd give just to find a friend,
They pass me by when I'm on the street,
They look the other way, afraid of the freak.

I got discharged in '71, from a Georgia town to communist gun,
Lost my woman and I landed in jail,
No. 10611 couldn't pay his bail.

Painted by numbers, black is ten,
Brown says change my address again,
Painted by numbers, keeping the code,
Green and red says overload,
Painted by numbers, statistical slot,
Halfway crazy and halfway not,
Painted by numbers in a gentle land,
Left to find dinner in a garbage can.

Numbers,
Just numbers,
We're all numbers.

I got discharged in '71, from a Georgia town to communist gun,
Lost my woman and I landed in jail,
No. 10611 couldn't pay his bail.

Hit the street then hit the wall,
Pills can't catch you when you fall,
Accidents happen, do people too?
Painted by numbers, black and blue,
Colour by numbers, left to chance,
Love expressed in a Thorazine dance,
Painted by numbers where we fall,
Subtract my soul, divide us all.

Numbers,
Just numbers,
We're all numbers.