

# Seven Mary Three, Zeroes And Ones

She talks to her television.  
Changing channels with her mind.  
When this new world turns politic,  
she just slips in between their sighs.  
And we talk when the talking is good.  
Saying over and over.  
Maybe we should run.  
While the running is run down.  
I know forgiveness tastes like dry salt in your mouth.  
I temper all the alcohol with names that I don't say out loud.  
There's a cloud that hangs around my house.  
Electric signals, zeroes and ones.  
They accompany the Headline News with hairpin turns and domestic bombs.  
And I look when the looking is good.  
But I can't ever uncover.  
All the faces I turned away slowly turned into one another.  
I have made my decision to hang around inside.  
But I can't get to the places that I want to go from where I hide.  
Believe the path is round.  
Over and over.

A peaceful underground.  
Hiding from the numbers.  
Believe in living cells.  
I know you're heavy bored.  
Belief in peace invents a man with a heart of gold.  
Peace don't betray me now.  
I'll find you out, in the empty corners of a restless mind.  
I have made my illusions bend.  
I bury them when I shut my eyes.  
I would hold hands, if holding was good.  
If it could hold us together.  
Zeroes and ones, zeroes and ones.  
Yes, your name's become a number.  
I have made my decision to hang around inside.  
But I can't get to the places that I want to go from where I hide.  
No, I'll never find the places that I want to go from where I hide.