

The Flaming Lips, Just Like Before

My long hair it blows, in the industrial breeze.
My fingernails grow, down to my knees.
The light that's beside me, is just laves of beans.
All that I know, is not what it seems.

Cause I've tried moving out,
But I'm tied to this floor.
It's just like before.

It's the red of the world, that you see with your eyes.
You say that you're happy, when you're wanting to die.
Oh well, it's just like before.
Oh well, it runs in your veins.
Just like before.
It keeps it the same.

Cause I've tried moving out,
But I'm tied to this floor.
It's just like before.

Well, the sun's in the sky, it swings and it sways.
But it don't shine on Tuesdays, and it's cloudy all day.
It's just like before.
Oh, when it runs in your veins.
It's just like before.
Nothing will change.

Cause I've tried moving out,
But I'm tied to this floor.
It's just like before.