

The Flaming Lips, Riding To Work In The Year 20

On some driven ship, the morning commuter ride,
everything is orange and bright.
In reflection, you can see you're standing paralysed
Your suspended disbelief has lied.

Your invisible now, and I know that it's hard to get used to,
'cause you're the last secret agent reporting back
but you're reporting back to nothing.

Your invisible now, and I know that it's hard to get used to.

The panoramic scene, the landscape's grand design,
the moment overtakes your life.
In the silver morning sun the worst is magnified
it makes you see the use of Christ.