

Cantatonia, Dead From The Waist Down

The sun is shining
We should be making hay
But we're dead from the waist down
Like in Californ-i-a

Victory is empty
There are lessons in defeat
But we're dead from the waist down
We are sleeping on our feet

We stole the songs from birds in trees
Bought us time on easy street
Now our paths they never meet

We chose to court and flatter greed
Ego disposability
I caught a glimpse and it's not me

Make hay not war
Make hay not war
Make hay not war
Or else we're done for
When we're D from the W down

There's no contracts binding
No bad scene beyond repair
But when you're dead from the waist down
You're too far gone to even care

We stole the songs from birds in trees
Bought us time on easy street
Now our paths they never meet

We chose to court and flatter greed
Ego disposability
I caught a glimpse and it's not me

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