

John Hiatt, New Numbers

Stand before it to the nines

Hurry up and get in line

They've got your ashes scattered

Before you even burn

Blasting off for baby town

Wearing cars like angel gowns

Even though I'm wearin' tatters

I just can't wait my turn

CHORUS:

'Cause I've got

New numbers don't understand

New numbers I'm gettin' out of hand

New numbers countin' on me for

New numbers

Oh your body still behaves

Standard issue mindless slave

Somebody gave you your papers

You just stuck around

Now I wanna make a scene

Interrupt your magazine

You're all so tucked in and tapered

I'd only let you down

REPEAT CHORUS

I took the last train home and I,

I can't remember the faces

I'm adding up possibilities

How's the view at twenty paces

REPEAT CHORUS

New numbers

New numbers