

Metric, Calculation

I'm sick, you're tired; let's dance.
Break to love, make lust I know it isn't.
I'm sick, you're tired; let's dance, dance, dance.
Cold as numbers, but let's dance.
As though it were easy, for you to leave me.
I could be passive, gracefully.

Half the horizon's gone, skyline of numbers.
Half the horizon's gone, working the numbers until, I'm sick.

Sleep don't pacify us until,
daybreak, sky lights up the grid we live in.
Dizzy, when we talk so fast.
Fields of numbers streaming past.

I wish we were farmers, I wish we knew how to,
Grow sweet potatoes, and milk cows.
I wish we were lovers, but it's for the best.

Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
where is the love?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
who here is in line for a raise?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
where is the love?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
who put these bodies between us?