

# Metric, Calculation Theme

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, dance  
Cold as numbers but let's dance

As though it were easy for you to lead me  
I could be passive gracefully

Half the horizon's gone  
Skyline of numbers  
Half the horizon's gone  
Working the numbers  
'Til 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?