Modest Mouse, Never Ending Math Equation

I'm the same as I was when I was 6 years old And oh my God I feel so damn old I don't really feel anything On a plane, I can see the tiny lights below And oh my God, they look so alone Do they really feel anything?

Oh my God, I've gotta gotta gotta gotta move on Where do you move when what you're moving from Is yourself? (Is yourself?)
The universe works on a math equation that never even ever really even is gonna end Infinity spirals out creation
We're on the tip of its tongue, and it is saying We ain't sure where you stand
You ain't machines and you ain't land
And the plants and the animals, they are linked And the plants and the animals eat each other

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Oh my God and oh my cat
I told my Dad what I need
Well I know what I have and want
But I don't know what I need
Well, he said he said he said he said
"Where we're going I'm dead."
(repeat x2)