

Ride, Chrome Waves

One hundred years from now
See the chrome, can't hear it move
I'll meet you on the way down
Wrapped around somebody's hand
We've all moved on from here
The colour's running dry
A drowsy line of wasted time
Bathes my open mind

This strange machinery
Is keeping you from seeing me
I'll meet you on the way down
Can't stay - unbearable to go