Sahara Hotnights, Mind Over Matter

Baby we're bored and bad luck is coming our way We're the last of our kind with a last chance slipping away They said it was a big disaster I heard it on the telephone You called me the morning after to ask me where our plan went wrong

Hey, we're too good to go along my friend Mind over matter again We're too young to get old like them We can't make it better again We can't make it better again No we can't make it better again

And when it's all over just leave me to my own device I should have known when to stop listening to your bad advice They said it was a big disaster I heard it on the telephone You called me the morning after to tell me where our plan went wrong

Baby we're bored and bad luck is coming our way Now that we know what's to come who's gonna keep us awake?