

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?