

Say Anything, Slowly, Through A Vector

Passing slowly through a vector damp with fog,
The bog that grows through former business sector
With my laugh, my lone companion.
Only I can save the lives that blink within this canyon.

(Whoa)
We're passing slow, we're passing slow
(Whoa)
Slow! Slow!

Drink the colors of the nighttime
If you were wrong, then I was right and this will be the right time.
(Oh!) I'll display my disaffection
(You grind me up and you spit me out!)
Out across the city, loud and proud in your direction.

Whoa
We're passing slow, we're passing slow
Whoa
Slow! Slow!

Whoa
We're passing slow, we're passing slow
Whoa
Slow! Slow!

When I get to your apartment,
I climb the rail upside the building.
A band of them were in your apartment.
They tied you up, unwound, unwilling.
I watch them cut, watch them touch.
I watch them do what they came to do,
And then in I come to lick it up,
And clean up what is left of you.

Ha, ha, ha.
Show me what you've got...