

# Soulwax, Compute

All we ever wanted,  
Was to know how to shake off every impulse,  
Looking up evolution's skirt,  
To see what the future will bring.

The stink that smacks the nostrils,  
Tracks down it's origin in reason,  
Somehow we just can't help but feel,  
The beat of the wrong guy.

Everything seems to work fine,  
But something doesn't compute.  
It does not compute.  
Everybody's feeling alright,  
But something doesn't compute.  
It does not compute.

The answer's gone to waste,  
The question is wrapped in hesitation.  
But all the handshakes in the world,  
Couldn't grasp why this is absurd.

Every time this happens,  
Some representative of instinct.  
Slips you his business card and leaves you,  
To figure out what it means.

This sinking feeling,  
That there's more than meets the eye.  
You just have to wonder why,  
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