

Steadman, World Too Late

What is this sharp elevation?
Moving too fast to be seen
Changes all life's imitations
Pulling me out of a dream
Making us all come clean

I exceed my limitations
Keeping control of my head
You put me under surveillance
I'm watching you instead
Why has your face gone red

It won't stop, it gets near
It goes off then we disappear
In the beginning, down on our luck
Crashes in, then we get unstuck
Wind up the siren
Put out the fires
It's already here

Leave it to fate and you'll find out
There's just so much she can take
One day they might make a movie
Call it "A World Too Late"
Be in "World Too Late";

(Chorus)

Don't try understanding
It's already here
Don't get a second chance
Don't try hiding from it
It's already here
Can't shield you from the blast