

Venera, Dunno

The world keeps turning 'round and 'round
But I'm still standing still, I'm a human ball bearing
Nothing moves me anymore, stuck in my own rifling
I feel part of the machine, still dunno what I'm waiting for
Tomorrow will things finally change?
I wanna transgress the mundane

I ain't had an original for years
I'm lying in my couch watching back episodes of Friends
They'll be there for me, but can they tell me what I'm waiting for?