The Futurist

Something for Kate

A servant to no sweet heart of convenience.
No colour of love saw its emotion as evidence.
This transaction doesn't tear my soul apart,
Just burn a hole in my pocket but not in my heart.
And the head tic's taken more than it's given,
It's counting up to infinity, still doesn't feel like living.
Black crosses up on a calender speak,
So many moments that can't be made to me.I started walking because my heart was frozen and I couldn't feel a thing.
Your door was open,
There were flowers on the table,
holding up the ceiling.
Over the city,
Was the guys and the guns,
The money and the drugs.
Only looking for a quiet place to be where the future never comes.And the some time that's gathering, its never going to be enough.
I just keep both filling up and filling it up,
And the difference between what you want and what you need,
Is if you're hearts not safe at night,
It's much harder to sleep.I started walking because my heart was frozen, I couldn't feel a thing.
Your door was open,
There were flowers on the table,
holding up the ceiling.
Over the city,
Was the guys and the guns,
The money and the drugs.
Only looking for a little patch of green where the future never comes.Ohh...I started walking,
I started walking through the birds and the drugs,
Now I'm singing in the park.
I found you watching all the lovers walking around like they're glowing in the dark.
Over the city,
Was the guys and the guns,
The money and the drugs.
Only looking for somewhere else to be where the future never comes.Inside the city,
Was these guys with guns,
The money and the drugs.
I count my blessings for this little patch of green where the future never comes.

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