

Tomorrow I'll Be You

Thursday

In the circuit the frequency's breaking up
The speakers can barely move
(This is not a test
Tune to the broadcast)
Witness the jet-lag
Look in the mirror
Adjust the v-hold Shatter the lens (lens)
Pull out the shards (shards)
Choke on her words (words)
Caught in your throat
How long can the wheels maintain a spin at this velocity? On every block a reminder
You can't stop this intersection
At every turn
Dead forests of tenements rise like antennas The miles are adding up and the days are counting down
Cut the jet black from my hair
Before we're bathed in the dawn of new year's day
I will change back to myself in the flame (flame)
We burn like the paper hearts of dead presidents
But we're too lost to lose hope
Maybe the night seems so dark
Because the day is much too bright
(For us to see) We are cured, we are cured)
(Shatter the lens, pull out the shards)
We are cured, we are cured
(Choke on her words)
Caught in your throat That's the sound of music from another room
The piano player hangs up from piano wire
But the player piano carries on
(Sit back and tune to the broadcast)
Witness the jet lag Shatter the lens (lens)
Pull out the shards (shards)
Choke on her words (words)
Caught in your throat
This is not a test
This is not a test Shatter the lens (lens)
Pull out the shards (shards)
Choke on her words (words)
Caught in your throat As the language dissolves and the sentence lifts
A slow alphabet of rain is whispering:

"Aabettipachdefg"

Since I replace the 'T' in 'live' with an 'o'
I can't remember who you are But tomorrow I'll be you
Just pick up the phone
I'm calling from your house, in your room, in your name
Lying in your bed, following your dreams
If I listen to your voice get caught in my throat as I sing:
"This is just a dream" On New Year's Day
We will change back to ourselves in the flame
We are cured, we are cured, we are cured

Lyrics provided by

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