

# The Way You Are

## The Afters

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
        These fingers aren't my fingers  
        These hands are not my hands  
    No one sees and no one cares what gets broken  
        Not for rhyme and not for reason  
        What gets broken, what gets broken  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
        And the rhythm of machinery  
        Slows to a heartbeat  
        Echoing ghost just laid by  
    Those who whistle while they work  
  
    Out of time and out of season  
        What gets broken  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
        Going far, getting nowhere  
    The way you are, the way you are  
        The way you, the way you are  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
    Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are  
        The way you are  
        The way you are  
        The way you are  
        The way you  
        The way you are

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