

Future Sick

Neon Indian

All strung out
From all that staring at the future
Some new smile
Passes me and I follow it
Ten years from now
When my memory no longer suits you
Let it disappear
I'll know when because I saw its transit
Future Sick, Ah Ah
Future Sick, Ah Ah
Deep blue sleep
Gossips me about the future
Condescending me
With places, people, unfamiliar
If the world bled
I'd sleep well into its suture
Still I dream
I'll wake when things start to get peculiar
Ah Ah, I know how it ends now
There's little you could do
Future Sick, Ah Ah
Future Sick, Ah Ah

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