Ants Marching

Four Shadow

He wakes up in the morning
Does his teeth bite to eat and he's rolling
Never changes a thing
The week ends the week begins
She thinks, we look at each other
Wondering what the other is thinking
But we never say a thing
These crimes between us grow deepertake these chances
place them in a box until a quiter time
lights down, you up and dieGoes to visit his mommy
She feeds him well his concerns
He forgets them
And remembers being small
Playing under the table and dreamingTake these chances
Place them in a box until a quieter time
Lights down, you up and die
Driving in on this highway
All these cars and upon the sidewalk
People in every direction
No words exchanged
No time to exchangeWhen all the little ants are marching
Red and black antennas waving
we all do it the same
we all do it the same wayCandyman teasing the thoughts of a
Sweet tooth tortured by the weight loss
Programs cutting the corners
Loose end, loose end, cut, cut
On the fence, could not to offend
Cut, cut, cut, cutTake these chances
Place them in a box until a quieter time
Lights down, you up and die

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