

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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