Deep Blue

Nuthouse

Here
Are my place and time
And here in my own skin
I can finally begin
Let the century pass me by
Standing under night sky
Tomorrow means nothing
I was only a child then
Feeling barely alive when
I heard a song from the speaker of a passing car
And prayed to a dying star
The memory's fading
I can almost remember singing la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
We watched the end of the century
Compressed on a tiny screen
A dead star collapsing and we could see
That something was ending
Are you through pretending
We saw its signs in the suburbs
You could never have predicted

That he could see through you
Kasparov, Deep Blue, nineteen-ninety six
Your mind's pulling tricks now
The show is over so take a bow
We're living in the shadows la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
Hey
Put the cellphone down for a while
In the night there is something wild
Can you hear it breathing?
And hey
Put the laptop down for a while
In the night there is something wild

I feel it, it's leaving me
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la
La la, la la, la la la la

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