Approaching Zero

NoMeansNo

Hardly warm you're not feeling normal
Your pulse is faded, could use first aid
Now you private matters need looking after
It's way too late, though, the show can't wait
It's a private screening of life's last gleaming
Your private glory, your personal story
And you're the hero, approaching zeroNow, now, now
Speak your last lineMake it good `cause your tongues like wood
You've got sticks for your arms, it's no false alarm
It's your last hurray, the final straw
And i'm not sory, it's not my worry
Â´Cause I'm the knife that is full of life
Where there once was we, now there's only me
And you're the hero, approaching zeroNow, now, now
Speak your last line

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