

The Overload

Talking Heads

A terrible signal
Too weak to even recognize
A gentle collapsing
The removal of the insides I'm touched by your pleas
I value these moments
We're older than we realize
In someone's eyes A frequent returning
And leaving unnoticed
A condition of mercy
A change in the weather A view to remember
The center is missing
They question how the future lies
In someone's eyes A gentle collapsing
Of every surface
We travel on the quiet road
The overload

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