

New Numbers

[John Hiatt](#)

Stand before it to the nines
Hurry up and get in line
They've got your ashes scattered
Before you even burnBlasting off for baby town
Wearing cars like angel gowns
Even though I'm wearin' tatters
I just can't wait my turn'Cause I've got
New numbers, don't understand
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand
New numbers, countin' on me for
New numbersOh, your body still behaves
Standard issue, mindless slave
Somebody gave you your papers
You just stuck aroundNow I wanna make a scene
Interrupt your magazine
You're all so tucked in and tapered
I'd only let you down'Cause I've got
New numbers, don't understand
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand
New numbers, countin' on me for
New numbersI took the last train home
And I'm I can't remember the faces
I'm adding up possibilities
How's the view at twenty pacesNew numbers, don't understand
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand
New numbers, countin' on me for
New numbersNew numbers, don't understand
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand
New numbers, countin' on me for
New numbers, new numbers
New numbers

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