Strange days

Katja Maria Werker

Good morning don't cop out
You crawled from the cancer to land on your feet
Are you crazy to want this even for a while?
Making this shit up the reasons for being are easy to pay
You can't remember the others they just kind of went away
So you're driving, it's rush hour
The cars on the freeway are moving like slugs
You drift off to wake up, do you always hit the brakes?
We're done lying for a living
The strange days have come and you're gone
Dead or dying, dead or trying to go
It's evening, you're tired you sleep walk, a robot out on the street
Are you crazy to want this, even for a while?

You're driving, it's rush hour the cars on the freeway
Are moving backwards into a wall of fire
Backwards into a wall of fire
Backwards into a wall of fire
Backwards into a wall of fire
We're done lying for a living
The strange days have come and you're gone, you're gone
We're done lying for a living
The strange days have come and you're gone, you're gone
Either dead or dying, either dead or trying to go
Good morning don't cop out

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