

# Eureka

## Crash Tokio

Hello, Hello, can you hear me?  
Are your skies clear and sunny down there?  
Even in this rain the breath of the breeze is reaching me here

Here on this phone  
A quarter a day room for me  
And as things stay the same  
I'm quickly running out of change  
You're thinking on your feet  
While you're sitting there on your ass  
Fresh crease in your shirts  
No stain of sweat on your back  
There's no need  
There's an employee  
To make up for all of your slack  
A seed don't make a tree  
Without a servant who waters the grass

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