

# Future Sick

## Neon Indian

All strung out  
From all that staring at the future  
Some new smile  
Passes me and I follow it  
Ten years from now  
When my memory no longer suits you  
Let it disappear  
I'll know when because I saw its transit  
Future Sick, Ah Ah  
Future Sick, Ah Ah  
Deep blue sleep

Gossips me about the future  
Condescending me  
With places, people, unfamiliar  
If the world bled  
I'd sleep well into its suture  
Still I dream  
I'll wake when things start to get peculiar  
Ah Ah, I know how it ends now  
There's little you could do  
Future Sick, Ah Ah  
Future Sick, Ah Ah

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