

The Way You Are

Jackie Boyz

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are
Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are

 Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are
 Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are

 These fingers aren't my fingers

 These hands are not my hands

 No one sees and no one cares what gets broken

 Not for rhyme and not for reason

 What gets broken, what gets broken

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are

 Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are

 Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are

 And the rhythm of machinery

 Slows to a heartbeat

 Echoing ghost just laid by

 Those who whistle while they work

 Out of time and out of season

 What gets broken

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are

Going far, getting nowhere, going far, the way you are

 Going far, getting nowhere, the way you are

 Going far, getting nowhere

 The way you are, the way you are

 The way you, the way you are

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