

The Way You Are

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