

# Casualties

## American Aquarium

Rat-a-tat-tat on the window  
Of a casualty dawn  
The wind's tapping out a message for us  
A message I already know  
The wind's picking up as our words become  
The litter of the night before  
Words that seem so empty now  
Blowing round the room, getting twisted and torn  
Everybody's in their own world  
Everybody's staring at the floor  
No one wanna see the sign in the sky  
Says people don't talk anymore  
I don't wanna stay here  
But I don't think I can go  
I don't wanna stay here  
But I really don't think I can go  
It must have been some evil one  
It must have been a twisted joke  
Whoever it was round here  
Turned on that radio  
My God, it's a sick world  
Out there on the radio  
Any way you look at it, man  
We're on our way out at the end of it all  
I gotta say, it's a sick world  
In here it's a human disgrace  
Are you saying if we can get some  
We're gonna make it to the moon?  
But I don't wanna go there  
But I don't wanna stay  
No, I don't wanna stay here  
But I really don't think I can go  
No, I really think I can go  
No, I really think I can go  
Oh no, oh no, nowhere to go, oh no  
'Cause we're all going down together, together  
Yeah, we're all going down together, forever  
Yeah, we're all going down forever, forever  
Yeah, we're all going down forever, together  
Forever, together, together, forever  
Going down, down, down  
Going down

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