

# Faze Wave

## The Cave Singers

The World that pours over you,  
waiting for a ride.Saw you at the supermarket  
shopping for a lime.And all these businesses  
I'm... just tryin to succeed.They let poor lambs hand it  
Bam beatSee God in the air?  
Nah, he's a man in the end.Uh Well he's child of God,  
Yeah well he's windowpane that opens up and let summer wind in.You are that Christmas ornament I left on the  
bench.  
The million times you wore the sympathy through the trench.When them bombs were half of our head.  
No heading and all, no head at all.See, I had to wake in the shack will cover the days  
to get the wake at a stop-in and some pane.  
Threwed in some booms, half of my brain.  
No joke at all, it's not a joke at all.See, the world was zooming, zooming, zoo-woman.  
I'd have paid him god, at least twice. How nice.See, I aint the man I am, nah.  
I ain't the man I was.They'll teach you can't do the walk a mile.  
They'll teach your past, you understand.I - I - I ain't the man I am.  
No, no I ain't the man I was.Can't teach your past to walk a line,  
Can't teach future to understand  
before the nothing and the summer wind end.

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