Good Morning, Hypocrite

Electric President

Seems like the roads stretch out like veins, but there's no heart.
Nature's haircut is concrete now, and we played our part.
So we sing ...I've lost my taste for modern things. They're not for me.
I want mundane: a quiet place, where time is free,
And I can sing ...Climbed from my bed, to collect the thoughts that'd fallen from my head,
And you watched me sink, through the carpet, through the basement, and beyond.
And you didn't blink.On the glass, I traced the sun with my thumb. It sank into the ground.
And then the stars were blinking, like kids who were staring into the wind.
So I climbed through the window and walked until I lost my name.
Now I can play the victim. It's fine. I've seen it on TV.
But if there's one thing I know, it's that I never really know enough.Our heads, our hands, our brains, our lungs: they're just machines.
These hearts are all that we've got left, and they don't beat.Live a little, talk a lot; it's the way this goes.
I've come to fear the little knives beneath their well-pressed clothes.
Their arms are reaching; reach is spreading through the neon glow.
Their mouths are moving, but their voices sound like telephones.
The traffic hums; the traffic grumbles near my old window.
The street lights flicker; glow and hover like suspended snow.
I used to watch the moon retreat and wonder where it goes.
Now I just wonder why my head is overrun with ghosts

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