Chrome Waves

Ride

One hundred years from now
See the chrome, can't hear it move
I'll meet you on the way down
Wrapped around somebody's handWe've all moved on from here
The color's running dry
A drowsy line of wasted time
Bathes my open mindThis strange machinery
Is keeping you from seeing me
I'll meet you on the way down
Can't stay, unbearable to goWe've all moved on from here
The color's running dry
A drowsy line of wasted time
Bathes my open mind

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