

Strokes, The "Ize Of The World"

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I think I know what you mean but watch what you say
'cause they'll be trying
to knock you down in some way. Sometimes it feels like
the world is falling asleep.
How do you wake someone up from inside a dream?
Your mind would wander and search its place in the
night.
Your body followed this feeling like following light.
Once that your music was born it followed you 'round
and then it gave
your activities meaning and let you be loud. You're sad
but you smile.
It not in your eyes. Your eyeballs don't change.
It's the muscles around your eyes.

An egg to fertilize,
A pulse to stabilize,
A body to deodorize,
A life to scrutinize,
A child to criticize,
Young adults
to modernize,
Citizens to terrorize,
Generations to desensitize.

You're dreams are sweet and obsessed and you're
overworked.
You've overtaken my visions of being overlooked. How
disappointed would
D.I.D.I.P.P be to see
such our power in our hands all wasted on greed? I am
a prisoner to instincts
or do my thoughts just live as free and detached as
boats to the dock?
Just like when music was born and detached from your
heart.
Is your free time to free minds or for falling apart?
Night after night you turn out the light.
You don't fall asleep right away.
"Are we... are we done?"

A desk to organize,
A product to advertise,
A market to monopolize,
Movie stars you idolize,
News to scandalize,
Enemies to neutralize,
No time to apologize,
Fury to tranquilize,
Weapons to synchronize,
Cities to
vaporize.

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