

16mm "Dropped"

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I can see what makes you nervous.
I can see it in your sweat.
As it's beading on your forehead,
But you aint seen nothing yet.
It's a common truth, when then they come and the leak
all the news to you
With a blindfold and a cigarette.

I can tell what makes you panic.
I can hear it on your breath.
I can feel it getting formal.
I can interpret the intent.
It's a hidden truth,
It's a certain fluke,
When they come and they leak all the news to you...
And they slammed you on the internet.

Now everybody knows it.
Yeah, everybody knows.
And everybody's talking, like everybody does.
They're saying there's no hot lines.
No head lines.
You're laughing at their deadlines, boys!
It looks like the end of the road.

I don't believe it-
Numbers taking over.
I don't believe it.
This is so out of order.
I heard it on the phone, but I just cannot believe it.
"We feel it but we just can't seem to keep it a secret!"

Now everybody knows it.
Yeah, everybody knows.
And everybody's talking, like everybody does.
They're saying there's no hot lines.
No head lines.
You're laughing at their deadlines, boys!
It looks like the end of the road.

I don't agree,
But you'll take it like a soldier.

Soldier, from the marquee, I can feel it getting colder.
Colder hands can hold their own,
But damn, I just cannot conceive it.
"We feel it but we just can't seem to keep it a secret!"

Now everybody knows it.
Yeah, everybody knows.
And everybody's talking, like everybody does.
They're saying there's no hot lines.
No head lines.
You're laughing at their deadlines, boys!
It looks like the end of the road.

I can see what makes you nervous.
I can see it on your cleft.
When they sink your petty pride until you aint got
nothing left.
Right through to the count of two,
When they come and they break all the news to you.
And they'll hang you from the minarets.

Now everybody knows it.
Yeah, everybody knows.
And everybody's talking, like everybody does.
They're saying there's no hot lines.
No head lines.
You're laughing at their deadlines, boys!
It looks like the end of the road.

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