

Armchair Martian "Tomorrow's Over"

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Step away from your mother
You're not growin' any younger
There's no use in trying
It's frightening
These are trying times
Seen 'em all and I've
Cut loose of the saver, inside of you
Sight I won't forget
But then again
Letting go is all I've ever known
And if your topic is my eyes
Hold my hands they're cold as ice
When I'll die I'll fade away
I can't grow much older
I could never wave that hard
Fall asleep or fall apart
Wake up in another bed

So we're faulting humans
And there's no use in praying
No use in staying
I'll just burn the ones I could
Embracing your neighborhood
We were really only trying to get along
Hold my heart now, I'm alive, and...

And if your topic is my eyes
Hold my hands they're cold as ice
When I'll die I'll fade away
I can't grow much older
I could never wave that hard
Fall asleep or fall apart
Wake up in another bed

Well I never much liked dancing
I could turn you for a while
Let you in, but you turned my home on end
You couldn't stay, but remember where you've been
Where they've been

