

Bodies Without Organs

"I Keep Walking On"

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People go ballistic
When the pressure gets too much
Living in a landslide
All devoid of feel and touch
When the storm is over
I pick up what's left of me
Running for the freedom
From the cult of misery

You will never see me
Dragging pleasure from the pain
I ain't nobody's victim
I would rather go insane

I keep walking on
Beam me up then come and find me
I keep walking on
Ain't got time to look behind me
I keep reaching for the stars
When raindrops fall on down
Sunshine all around
I keep walking on

Life in little boxes
Watching boxes made of steel
Heading for the toxic
To relieve us from the real
Walking like a zombie
Like a bomb inside a cage
While the plastic surgery
Took the golden out of age

You will never see me
Dragging pleasure from the pain
I ain't nobody's victim
I would rather go insane

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I keep walking on
Ain't got time to look behind me

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