

Canterbury "Ambulance"

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Watch a line on a screen, watch me fade I'm fast
asleep, watching a number drop too low. Close the
wounds, shut the door, I can't help you anymore. I'll
drive fast, but you're dying faster.

And you'll keep us guessing way into the morning. Your
life is an off switch away.

Am I going to get out? It's not safe here for me.

I could practice this every day, but hurricanes they
make things change. Eyes have died; blood has dried
on him. Close the wounds shut the door I can't help you
anymore. I'll drive fast, but you're dying faster.

There's not very long to go now. I wish there was more
that I could do for you now.

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