

## **Dave Matthews Band**

### **"Ants Marchin (1995)"**

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He wakes up in the morning  
Does his teeth bite to eat and he's rolling  
Never changes A THING  
The week ends, the week begins  
She thinks, we look at each other  
Wondering what the other is thinking  
But we never say a thing  
And these crimes between us grow deeper  
Take these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die  
Goes to visit his mommy  
She feeds him well, has concerns he forgets them  
And remembers being small  
Playing under the table and dreaming  
Take these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die  
Driving along this highway  
All these cars end up on the sidewalk  
People in every direction  
No words exchanged, no time to exchange  
Ohhh and...  
All the little ants are marching  
Red and black antennae waving  
They all do it the same  
They all do it the same...way  
Candy man tempting the thoughts of a  
Sweet tooth tortured by the weight loss  
Program cutting the corners  
Loose end, loose end cut cut  
On the fence, not to offend  
Cut cut cut cut  
Take these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die

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