

Dave Matthews Band

"Ants Marchin"

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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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