

Digitalism

"Forrest Gump"

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Direction swapped, compass is his.
Sometimes it's much, yes, sometimes it is.
She may be off, but you be on her list.
No time to touch, no time to kiss.
A total waste of capacity, could be a taste of what it
means to me.
No one gives back, holding empty hands.
She's got the script for your romance.

Some ways just don't end up here,
Dead-end, shake up, and go clear.

And so you run,
And then you run,
And then you run.
It's not for good, but I think it should.
You run,
Just start to count, you go underground.

A line in just, comply in just.
Control, you got, control at last.
Believe it out on it's time to talk.
Sometimes you roll, this time you stop.
And then she set you up.
Yes, she set you up, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Don't you let us down, we want you not,
Don't you let us down.

No time to wait, we're almost done,
This ain't "get lays," no time to lose, but time to run.

Some ways just don't end up here,
Dead-end, shake up, and go clear.
And so you run,
And then you run,
And then you run,
It's not for good, but I think it should.
You run,
Just start to count, you go underground.

And then you run.

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