

Editors "Like Treasure"

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Ain't it just like the old days,
Wait and see how the hand plays,
Living out our second-hand clichés,
Ain't it just like the old days.

You are what you eat,
You'll become digested,
Well love, it isn't felt.
No love is tested.

You will keep forever,
I'll bury you like treasure.

We gotta get friends in high places,
Hide behind their plastic faces,
Rip up the flag and replace it,
Dance with our friends in high places.

You are what you eat,

You'll become digested,
Well love, it isn't felt,
Love is tested.

You will keep forever,
I'll bury you like treasure.
You will keep forever,
I'll bury you like treasure.

I used to want to be you
Now where's your Shadow?
You're see through.
I used to want to be you
Now where's your Shadow?
You're see through.

You will keep forever,
I'll bury you like treasure.
You will keep forever,
I'll bury you like treasure.

