

Electric President "Hum"

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Footsteps echo through hallways.
Beneath the neon lighting, everyone looks sick.
We sit on a rusty staircase.
You write your name with lipstick on the rail near the
wall.

What do you think about me now, that I've fallen down?

Watching the crowds on the sidewalks.
A steady hum of nothing is all that fills the air.
And we sit on a nearby rooftop.
It overflows with pigeons, and we idly scare them off.

But what do you think about me now, that I've fallen
down?

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