Endless "Toppled Dynamo"

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He made a call to the president Subtle and sweet, but the animals cry For all your phones and freeways Loaded homes insured and safe

I don't need what you need

I got nothing to sell to you
If a man is what you need
I got nothing to sell to you
And I'm still that, still that little boy

And here's the thought as you hold under water The minute real life apparently can't sit still And you're so scared that it's not what you wanted The pattern pulls another low

They say the fire's out, washed up by the stream

I don't need what you need

Let the power run out Let the houses burn

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