

# Farewell "Sing, Baby"

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Down on your luck these days are numbered one by  
one  
Feeding the masses with their pacifying thumbs - too  
important to listen  
They've got us pinned against the wall, and so we say -  
more than one in  
A million baby, but that's just how it goes - I've got a  
familiar feeling that  
Everybody knows - crooked minds and timeless finds  
have rotted out the core  
Subconscious leading to precarious trap doors - too  
tarnished to glisten

They've got us poised to take the fall, and so we say -  
clouded rooftops  
And the suits you're living in can't save your skin - so I'll  
sing this song to you,  
You're my one and only - you're one of a million dead  
beats washed up on the shore  
White - cap of a new wave that'll be crashing at your  
door

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