

## Faust

# "Me Lack Space In The Spirit"

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Me lack space in the spirit  
The weakday is five stories high  
And the deafening different distance  
Between the brown bread breakdown and you  
Is a delicate delight

Crush cast  
Just imagine your impossible impressions  
Merchant mercy: message  
From morning to night  
Hey Miss Brown  
Object to the oak  
You ought to turn the page  
Take a peculiar pen and write  
Your own instant  
If some body talks to you  
Apply for proves  
Now  
Don't the satisfied with a lack  
Everytime you say goodbye  
You die a little  
Don't take root  
Don't retire  
Paint the painful page  
Otherwise you only ought to track the outline review

Put on your socks  
Before you put on your shoes  
Watch out  
Mad dog is running loose  
You've got two ears  
You've got ten fingers  
But it's never you  
It must be the others  
Sleeping tight  
Thinking of the past  
I wonder how long  
Is this gonna last

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