

## Bran Van 3000

### "Untitled 6"

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Well I lost my taste for the company of airports and  
cars  
We flew through the year and avoided the dust and the  
rocks  
We stood in the way of a tank 'til we bored and we  
stopped  
So never show doubt in your hand 'til you know what  
they got

And touch me or don't  
Just let me know where you've been

Well drop me a line with a hook and some raw bleeding  
bait (1, 2, 3, 4)  
Well I am uncaught and still swimming alone in the lake  
(5, 6, 7, 8)  
Shimmering under a moon made in anger in May  
(I was the one who was always repeating it)  
I'm shimmering like a penny out of reach in the sand  
(Shimmering like a coin that can't take the weight  
You never listen to anything)

Touch me or don't  
Just let me know where you've been  
I'll leave it alone  
I'm sure there's someone who knows where you've  
been

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