

## **John Hiatt**

### **"New Numbers"**

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Stand before it to the nines  
Hurry up and get in line  
They've got your ashes scattered  
Before you even burn

Blasting off for baby town  
Wearing cars like angel gowns  
Even though I'm wearin' tatters  
I just can't wait my turn

'Cause I've got  
New numbers, don't understand  
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand  
New numbers, countin' on me for  
New numbers

Oh, your body still behaves  
Standard issue, mindless slave  
Somebody gave you your papers  
You just stuck around

Now I wanna make a scene  
Interrupt your magazine  
You're all so tucked in and tapered  
I'd only let you down

'Cause I've got  
New numbers, don't understand  
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand  
New numbers, countin' on me for  
New numbers

I took the last train home  
And I'm I can't remember the faces  
I'm adding up possibilities  
How's the view at twenty paces

New numbers, don't understand  
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand  
New numbers, countin' on me for  
New numbers

New numbers, don't understand  
New numbers, I'm gettin' out of hand  
New numbers, countin' on me for  
New numbers, new numbers  
New numbers

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