

Justin Solonynka "Random"

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She wakes up, nice white face in nice white house
On privileged white street
Goes down and has some coffee, turns the TV on
And makes herself oatmeal
The morning news, there's Charlie
Talking 'bout a place she'll never be
Where all the people died somehow of
Some sort of catastrophe

And she thinks, "Well it's all random,
It's all random like a dream, like a dream
Where it's all random," like her life,
Like it's all random and she
Thinks her life is random like a dream

Gets dressed, goes to work to find her desk cleared
out
And a little note says
"Thank you for your services, we've packed your
things,
And now get out."
And at the door there's someone kind who's
Tugging gently at her sleeve
And he says that he's so sorry, very
Sorry that she has to leave

And she says, "Well it's all random,
It's all random like a dream, like a dream
Where it's all random," like her life,
Like it's all random and she
Thinks her life is random like a dream

She isn't listening anymore
She isn't listening anymore

Out into the parking lot
It's raining and she's lost her keys
But it doesn't matter anyway, her car's not there
'Cause it's not there
And now she's walking home and here comes
Mister Truck and Mister Wheels
And as it's on her and it's in her

That's the last thing that she feels

What she feels is it's all random,
It's all random like a dream, like a dream
Where it's all random, like her life,
Like it's all random and she
Thinks her life is random like a dream

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