

Metric "Calculation"

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I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance
Break to love make lust I know it isn't
I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance
Cold as numbers but let's dance

As though it were easy for you to lead me
I could be passive gracefully

Half the horizon's gone for a skyline of numbers
Half the horizon's gone we're working the numbers
'till I'm sick

Sleep don't pacify us until
Daybreak sky lights up the grid we live in
Dizzy when we talk so fast
Fields of numbers streaming past

I wish we were farmers, I wish we knew how
To grow sweet potatoes and milk cows
wish we were lovers, but its for the best

Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
Where is the love?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
Who here is in line for a raise?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
Where is the love?
Tonight your ghost will ask my ghost,
Who put these bodies between us?

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