## Mostly Autumn "Science And Machinery"

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Lost in an ocean
Floating in space
Drawn by the motion
Time out of place

The quiet is blinding Keep your eyes closed Somebody's speaking Breathe through your nose

Walking on eggshells In metal-capped boots The dreamer's assassin Asleep when he shoots

So take some comfort in the science and machinery But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me

We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete Or our adrenaline turns sour

The puddles are empty
And the ashtrays are full
I've looked over plenty of designs for the shade of
things to come

But everything's broken The lines are all wrong Pulled into focus The meeting's gone

So take some comfort in the science and machinery But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me

We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete Or our adrenaline turns sour

So take some comfort in the science and machinery But like he said, it's paper-thin and wouldn't come to me

We need the gaze of others' eyes to make it concrete The player's blown the stage and overturned the monkey cage

You should've seen what I'd done When everyone else had gone Blinkered to the eyeballs, I can't breathe and I dream of swallowing my tongue

I can't take it no more Scrambling on the floor Is this the life I'm bound to, Hopeless drifting through the storm forevermore?

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