

## **The Dave Matthews Band**

### **"Ants Marching"**

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He wakes up in the morning  
Does his teeth, bite to eat and he's rolling  
Never changes a thing  
The week ends, the week begins

She thinks, we look at each other  
Wondering what the other is thinking  
But we never say a thing  
And these crimes between us grow deeper

Take these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die

Goes to visit his mommy  
She feeds him well, his concerns  
He forgets them  
And remembers being small  
Playing under the table and dreaming...

Take these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die

Driving along this highway  
All these cars and up on the sidewalk  
People in every direction  
No words exchanged,  
No time to exchange when  
All the little ants are marching  
Red and black antennae waving  
They all do it the same  
They all do it the same way,  
Candyman tempting the thoughts of a  
Sweet tooth tortured by weight loss programs  
cutting the corners, there's a  
Loose end, loose end, cut cut  
On the fence, try not to offend  
Cut cut, cut cut

Take these chances

Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die

Lights down, you up and die.

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