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## Whales In Cubicles "Across America"

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Are you still wondering why,
No one has yet saved you?
No one to come show you round the building,
The four corners of the room.

And how can that be?
6.2 billion possibilities,
All from the womb of a woman,
Father and son.
Do you get the irony?

Wondering when,
When does the journey end?
And when the end does come,
Does it come suddenly?

We never made it to the sea, And now the river runs so thin, Time is a friend and a thief, It steals every second that you breathe, OK

We were driving down the highway wearing nothing but self pity,

As we cut across America in the Emerald city, The sky opened up I thought it stole my secrets

It was there at the corner of every street,
I was slow to surrender but I felt it in my feet,
Put my face to the water ran into the water and say

Say "Were we only born to die?"

Welcome to the huddled masses, Isn't this the life you wanted? [Repeat]

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