

Downtown Fiction, The "Is Anybody Out There?"

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Stand in line like military time
Flowers blooming up from dirt
Wear the ties and complicated lines
There's wrinkles on a fresh-pressed shirt

He stands alone, conforming on his own
He's thinking but he does not speak
He tries to fight the edges on his mind
But she is what he truly seeks
But she is what he truly seeks

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm reaching out
Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm coming down

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm freaking out
I'm freaking out

The heat does rise, perform in double time
The sweat is falling from his brow
He's near his prize, but she begins to fly
He knows that he must act, the time is now

A dance they play, an ancient lover's game
Averts his eyes and chooses not to stare
The trick, he sees, is aiming not to please
Pretending that he doesn't really care
If you want her, then pretend that you don't care

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm reaching out
Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm coming down

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm freaking out
I'm freaking out

We're trapped inside a star

And we have gone too far
All we want is to escape, escape, escape
Hey, is there anybody out there?
So shout it out

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm reaching out
Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm coming down

Hey, is anybody out there?
I'm freaking out
I'm freaking out

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