

## Flaming Lips, The "Riding to Work in the Year 2025"

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On some driven ship, the morning commuter ride,  
everything is orange and bright.  
In reflection, you can see you're standing paralysed  
Your suspended disbelief has lied.

Your invisible now, and I know that it's hard to get used  
to,  
'cause you're the last secret agent reporting back  
but you're reporting back to nothing.

Your invisible now, and I know that it's hard to get used  
to.

The panoramic scene, the landscape's grand design,  
the moment overtakes your life.  
In the silver morning sun the worst is magnified  
it makes you see the use of Christ.

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