

Tears For Beers

"Schrodinger's Cat"

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Last train to norwich...
Summer days that blind your face will soon be dead
and gone
Better get it on!
Tuned to a day the babe against the world
You took the best seat rather risk it when the chips were
down
Better make it long.
Schrodinger's cat is dead to the world.

You say your cat sees in the dark.
You criticize the play and isolate the box.
I always knew you were a scientist at heart.
Just as the breeze with speed and build, you sat upon
the fence,
Clucking like a chicken making perfect sense.

Pass that gun, hand me that knife,
Man's little monster has been brought back to life.

You say your cat sees in the dark.
You criticize the flow and isolate the box.
I always knew you were a scientist at heart.
I always knew you were.

Last train to norwich...
Schrodinger's cat is dead to the world.
Last train to norwich...

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