

Thirteen Senses "Ones And Zeros"

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I know your bodys like a cloud
Floating around the softer side of things you know
I know you like to let it out
For me it's just a kind of pressure coming out

Oh no how did it come to this
Making your way back home
Thinking oh no what is it about this
Trying to break the cold

I bet there's something in the air
A tiny drug to keep our bodies unaware
This little fractures wearing out
For me it's nothing but the nubers adding up

Oh no how did it come to this
Making your way back home
Thinking oh no what is it about this
Trying to break the cold

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