

Thursday

"Panic On The Streets Of Health Care City"

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The I.V. drips, the days drag on,
The anesthetics now wearing off
Adjust the light switch in the hall.
This is the end.
These are the last days.
These are the last days.

Now take our hands in a roll of red tape,
Genetic information strands are tighter than trip wires.
And we awake in the light of other lives,
This can't be happening, these sirens are for me, yeah.

So what happened to the hospital,
To cut the cost of collected health?
Dying in the shadow of the hospital
We got the city in our blood and it's making us sick.
But you stay alive until their blood fills up your wallet,
Blazing up the sky.

These are the last days
These are the last days.
Where we all wake.
Where we all wake.

The I.V. drips, the days drag on,
The anesthetics now wearing off.
Adjust the light switch in the hall,
Someone has left it on.
And maybe the x-ray screen keeps it from getting dark.
The bulb burns out when it gets too hot.
Are we just a blink in the eyes of a pulse machine?
It's lightning divorcing the storm
Try to shut it off, codeine catch, the windows latched
and
The clock keeps circling the room tick, tock.

We lost control .
(White out white out)
In white outs followed magnetic fields to the fire.
(White out white out)
Out of control.
We fight currents in the water, we can't let go to shore.

We lost control.

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