

Mars Volta, The "Caught in the Sun"

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I am coming this way
Caught in this world
Caught in this world
Caught in this world

You remember differing
Who will save you?
In your odd

Who will be the first?
And I feel sorry for all the anglophiles
Who's a member of the sevenage of our club
Let me see what's inside your backpack
In a back full of bones
And I know im in favor copied
Are you caught in this land?

Whats your odd?

And I felt the tips of your paddling broken back up
Scribbly written like a back capulary
It beats all these coajulate seats
That you so proudly wear around your necks like a
badge of courage
And this is where I'll be not having a bag of my
privilege sworn
And I'm wanted like a picket on your bleeding

How blurred is it?
How bad is it?
Go to your...

Tell me if the pair allergic
Has equized in the used screams
It has sewers swallowing in the vast felony
Its a blood sail in its hills
It distracted to the animal farm

Caught in this world
Caught in here...

According to the show performed at the Door
Dallas, Texas
10.31.01

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