

# Fair Weather Friends, Fake Love

I don't find you curious or alarmed  
I don't think you would call me if you were lost  
I am not really standing in a row  
I keep searching  
and I think you would go and have some more  
maybe you are just better off alone  
I don't really want to steal your hours  
so I keep searching

so you would rather take your chance of being scattered  
you would like to be yourself -- self --maze- it suits you well  
you got to be , got to be  
but don't know where  
see you tied now -- if you

climbing there up high  
and you don't look back and hide  
if you learned all your surroundings  
then I bet that you are gone

I don't really know where you going , isolated  
finally I am here and you got me  
then you fade away

you like that momentary density of neurons  
you like to lose your temper, it fits you well  
former vision of this world dissolves in the air  
throw yourself into wild dance fever