

Headless Chickens, Cruise Control

Sometimes days seem to move just like a big fat man
sometimes days seem to end up where they first began
i've got my t.v tuned to channel you
because there's nothing else that i can do
maybe i should set my heart for cruise control

you know there's something else
but still you try to act suprised
i can see your camera filming sweat above my eyes
there's nothing left to save
but,still you know that it was right
to try to make the dream bigger than the night

maybe i've got alot of you inside my brain
maybe i'd better shave my memory again
then i'll smile and blow it all away
and send you postcards from anaothor day
maybe i should of set my heart for cruise control

when panic over-rides my soul give me cruise control

you check your watch again
i try to hum a tune
but i can see some one else's shadow in the room
sometimes love gets itchy
it needs to go to far
i think our love just left in some one else's car

sometimes days seem to move just like a big fat man
sometimes days seem to end up where they first began
and then it looks like i drove you away
i'll tell myself you didn't want to stay
maybe i should have set my heart for cruise control

when panic over-rides my soul