

So Many Dynamos, This Could Be Useful In Rock

I don't feel comfortable on this misshapen excuse for a planet.
I just got the memo saying, "I don't belong."
I've packed a suitcase up to find somewhere else to inhabit.
Someplace fit better for me all along.

Cut you right off, cut you right off.

I don't believe in living according to consequences.
Why waste your breath on things you can't control?
The lights are flashing in an organized circular motion.
Gravity's forces tend to take their toll.

Cut you right off, cut you right off.

Tonight in this moonlit night,
In a field miles away from something civilized,
I'm gonna spread my wings and spin till i get dizzy,
And pray for somebody to take me away.