

Altered States

Bush

Living in a cage
Washing in a birdbath
Sinking in a fish bowl
On a broken farm
I try to never lie
I really do
I wonder if my friends
Will get me through
Conscious of the was as best we can
17 ways to kill a man
States we've been through

Killing nostalgia
For future swims
Trash all your bridges
Kill the rock all roll thing
I want to move on
With no complains
Building our walls with yesterday
Might as well shine before you slide
Might as well you live before you die
States we've been through
Talk about states
A whole lot of emptiness

Living in a state of constant chasing
A river of flux for our tasting
I try to never lie
I really do
I wonder if my friends will get me through
It always seems to rain
When you leave
I try to stem the flow
As we bleed

States we've been through
Talk about states, states
Talk about states, states