

# Dead From The Waist Down

Catatonia

The sun is shining  
We should be making haste  
But we're dead from the waist down  
Like in Californ-I-A

Victory is empty  
There are lessons in defeat  
But we're dead from the waist down  
We are sleeping on our feet

We stole the songs from birds in trees  
Bought us time on easy street  
Now our paths, they never meet  
We chose to court and flatter greed, ego disposability  
I caught a glimpse, and it's not me

Make haste not war  
Make haste not war  
Make haste not war  
Or else we're done for  
And we're dead from the waist down

There's no contracts binding  
No bad scene beyond repair  
But when you're dead from the waist down  
You're too far gone to even care

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shining.....