

In The Stream Of Commerce

Cave In

no matter how many times we paint over these walls
the writing still shines through

in the stream of commerce we're afloat
a thousand washed-up rockers trash the banks.
oh no.

in the stream of commerce we're afloat
and unafraid to sail a sinking boat
honestly my hand is on the plug this time
it says here right on my dotted line

haste creates waste
keep your eyes on the road
you might be able to drive
but you're so lucky to be alive

in the stream of commerce we're afloat
miles of red tape have choked us dead
now it's building like a nasty mold
and everybody can't help but catch the cold

aah aahh aaahh

all the writing on the wall shines through...
all the while we knew.