You know a lot can happen after everybody falls asleep Ask the forest fire, ask the cop walking on the beat And do right by them, work a little in your dreams Don't let time rob you, hold onto your memories

In the glass houses, in the pages of the Rolling Stone I get a sick feeling like I'm rocking in a little boat I hear the big church bell, it's ringing like a mobile phone It's such a long Sunday drive to be taken it all alone

I wanna belong to a reason and cut a new key to the kingdom And if anybody asks me say I wanna belong
If anybody asks me say sure it won't take long now
If anybody asks me say I'm gonna get it done
If anybody asks me say I've gotta reason

In the last hard drive, in the satellites that kick and spin They keep the old footage so everything can live again Pretty pink roses, the ostrich and the elephant It's the last Noah's ark so everything's gotta fit

In the creased pages of the letter I've been trying to send To a young widow who is desperate for some kind of friend You'll find a long list of eligible handsome men Who wanna lay with her upon the table of the elements

They're gonna hold strong to a reason and cut a new key to the kingdom

And if anybody asks you say they're gonna belong
If anybody asks you say sure it won't take long now
If anybody asks you say, man I'm tryin' to get it done
If anybody asks you say I've gotta reason