

Luddite

Floater

(Old machinery hissing)

Wind up the ancient machine, yah until you break it
Hold on for the time of your life, yah you'll learn to fake it
And you got you brand new disease, yah you've got your shiny car
You live your life on your knees, yah they tell you who you are
That's why you know it's true
You know it's true

I've been holding on for a reaction
It's the same thing every day
All of my tiny distractions
They come and take my life away
Oh Yah

And the whispering of the wise never entertains the fools
And the art of compromise
Is now the only one they teach in schools

How quickly all our seasons go
How slowly we learn who we are
We trade our lives for baggage
Until the weight of it all buries you under

Wind up the ancient machine, yah, until you break it
Know the fruit must come from the seed, yah, but try to fake it
And they sell you a brand new disease. They sell you a shiny car

Oh, you live your life on your knees. Yah they tell you who you are
That's why you know it's true
Yah you know it's true

I've been holding on for a reaction
But it's the same thing everyday
All of my million distractions
They come and take my life away

Oh Yah

The whispering of the wise never entertains the fools
And the art of compromise
Pays for all their swimming pools

How quickly all our seasons go
How slowly we learn who we are
We trade our lives for baggage
Until the weight of it all just breaks your f*cking balls!

Yah

They say that to the grave the soul is all you take
So don't make this mistake of trading it in for a trinket

Oh I guess you just gave it up
Oh this f*cking modern life!
Nowadays there's something to be said
For a quitter!

(thudding noises)