

## Future Sick

Neon Indian

All strung out  
From all that staring at the future  
Some new smile  
Passes me and I follow it

Ten years from now  
When my memory no longer suits you  
Let it disappear  
I'll know when because I saw its transit

Future Sick, Ah Ah  
Future Sick, Ah Ah

Deep blue sleep  
Gossips me about the future

Condescending me  
With places, people, unfamiliar  
If the world bled  
I'd sleep well into its suture

Still I dream  
I'll wake when things start to get peculiar

Ah Ah, I know how it ends now  
There's little you could do

Future Sick, Ah Ah  
Future Sick, Ah Ah