

Cassandra's still shouting from the city walls but no one ever hears  
And far below the traffic moves like fish upon the ocean floor  
to the rhythms of the tide  
We're holding on so tight because it seems as if we're moving very fast  
But all this speed is just illusion as we while away our lives  
Whatever they want from you - you don't have to give  
Whatever they say to you - you don't have to give  
Whatever they put you through  
Fury to the left of me, madmen to the right  
And on Caesars Mall seduction is so sweet  
It's easy to forget that there's a price on  
Whatever they want from you - you don't have to give  
Whatever they say to you - you don't have to give  
Whatever they put you through