****** you got out every night to shatter all the mirrors you open all the doors to find out some pictures of yourself you scatter each piece of you in the earth of the city diving into those pretty lights beating and singing i'm so silly don't no what i'm living for then you go radio on your skin follow the western dream anything's good enough to find out some pictures of yourself you walk along the shops you image in the windows singing i can take what i want to take 'cause you know i'm so silly don't no what i'm living for

then you go...