

Long Breakdown

Oingo Boingo

Everywhere . . . everywhere, there is something to believe in
Everyone, and his brother, has a massage for me somewhere
I believe . . . in the cry of little children
There's a thorn in my side, that makes me want to free them
There's a cry there's a cry . . . cry off in the distance
Of a long, long, long breakdown . . .

There's a light in the tower, there to guide us through
The long night
Through the long night when we're dreaming
Under blankets of deception
In the darkness, undercover we may bump into each other
In the darkness, undercover, looking for a new direction
We may wander, we may wander in geometric patterns
In a long, long, long, long, breakdown . . .

Underwater, underwater, I will meet you underwater
I will find you, I will find you, in the deep & quiet water
In the ocean, in the ocean, we will bask in all it's glory
In the peaceful quiet water, I will tell you all a story
Of a long, long, long, long, breakdown