Here we are Burning up in our cars And in our hearts

Better days Sleeping late, with a headache Perfect weather

Congregate
Lay in wait for an answer
They're still waiting

With your tea Lucky states as the day breaks The blind are leading the blind

Better, better days with a headache Perfect weather

Xenon lights
Dots go dashing the highways
Nothing's moving

Radiates
Everything lasting for seconds
Evaporated

Lover's lips Drinking late at the station Smiling faces

Comic weep, Wiping your face in whatever There's an answer.

Better, better days with a headache Perfect weather
Perfect weather