

Oh, gotta see, gotta know right now:
What's that riding on your everything?
It isn't anything at all.

Oh, gotta see, gotta know right now:
What's that writing on your shelf,
In the bathrooms and the bad motels?

No one really cared for it at all,
Not the gravity plan.

Early, early in the morning,
It pulls all on down my sore feet.
I want to go back to sleep.

In the motions and the things that you say,
It all will fall, fall right into place.
As fruit drops, flesh it sags.
Everything will fall right into place.
When we die some sink and some lay,
But at least I don't see you float away.
And on split milk, sex and weight,
It all will fall, fall right into place.

Oh, gotta see, gotta know right now,
What's that writing on your everything?
It isn't anything at all.

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It pulls all on down my sore feet.
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In the motions and the things that you say,
It all will fall, fall right into place.
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