

# Ants Marching

## Dave Matthews Band

He wakes up in the morning  
Does his teeth bite to eat and he's rolling  
Never changes a thing  
The week ends the week begins  
She thinks, we look at each other  
Wondering what the other is thinking  
But we never say a thing  
These crimes between us grow deeperTake these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die  
Goes to visit his mommy  
She feeds him well his concerns  
He forgets them  
And remembers being small  
Playing under the table and dreamingTake these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die  
Driving in on this highway  
All these cars and upon the sidewalk  
People in every direction  
No words exchanged  
No time to exchangeWhen all the little ants are marching  
Red and black antennas waving  
They all do it the same  
They all do it the same way  
Candyman teasing the thoughts of a  
Sweet tooth tortured by the weight loss  
Programs cutting the corners  
Loose end, loose end, cut, cut  
On the fence, could not to offend  
Cut, cut, cut, cutTake these chances  
Place them in a box until a quieter time  
Lights down, you up and die

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>