

You know what makes me happy
The things that make you sad
The feel that I controls absorbed by the radio jag
I found my indecision
The product of the media grime
The feel that I control have you press rewind

And now I'm on the wings
Hoping that you'll hear
Don't bother to respond
You love to hear me again
And when the sun beams down all of your lies
Close, close, yeah close the light

The sky's all grey in the barracks
I know I'm a lousy hero
The classic act of feeling is that of a memory

And you are peering down through parascopic eyes
Close, close, yeah close (conscience)

I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg
and hope that we get played

And in the end of a season the voices turn it all off
The things that were so meaningless
'til the next one comes along

I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg
and hope that we get played