

Later...When the TV Turns to Static

Glasvegas

My street as I remember is still the same
Wonder what the people around here say
Only I can turn things the other way
I think my friends have all gave up on me

Untie my chains, I reach out in apology
Then dance dance dance into the future with me
Beware the fences, and the prison defences
And the lies they say inside these walls commitments involuntarily

It's later when the TV turns to static
It's quiet on the edge of my bed up in the attic
How I got home tonight seemed so automatic, systematic
Now the outside world looks so cinematic

Only the lonely, in this correctional facility
Isn't it sad, isn't it sad, isn't it a pity
In the still of every night,
I pray for the damaged who'll be loved unwillingly

From in a place where no man truly
Can ever really walk away
I didn't want to walk away

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