

The Voice

The Birthday Party

The voice, the voice
It troubles you, for there is no one there at all
You have the choice, she could be black or white
You are not trapped
You can rise or you can fall

It's not up to me
I've been caught in the lights
I am no Houdini
I've been mesmerized
By sights and sounds

The voice, the voice
It's calling you (calling you)

I feel a spy
He's in my house, I see his prints upon my door
I hang my paintings up so high
Then I don't appear, no no no I don't appear so tall

It's up to you, your lips taste of wine
And they're coming closer, oh god they're touching mine
Oh-ho, could this be true?

The voice, the voice
It's calling you

It's not that I feel insecure
There's mother's portrait in my room
Oh no no no no no...
It's just that I need to be reassured
Like any other fool
Oh no no no no no
No no no (no no)

Sunday is here, let's make the break
Let's pretend
put down your books, pick up your friends

There's no time to lose, there's not time at all
There's no time to lose
There's no time, could this be you

The voice (the voice), the voice (the voice)
It's calling you
Oh, the voice (the voice), the voice (the voice)
It's calling you
I hear that voice (the voice)
The voice (the voice)
It's calling you

Oh, the voice (the voice), the voice (the voice)
It's calling you