

Hypercommunication

Poni Hoax

The satellites are screaming
Calling out for love
The city feels so queer now
Ken uses some hand cream
Well you just seem so sad now, is anybody in?
Barbie grabs a gun
I hope she'll have some fun
Hand on to your pillow I could love you so

You will never call me back
For you know that you've been bad
I will never call you back.
These things aren't even sad
Hypercommunication
Send back all invitations

And cleans the windows?
(Can you sleep without dreaming of me now)
And she feeds the dogs
And she tortures her laptop
And he cuts a log

There goes your mountain, I will climb mine
There goes your mountain, I will climb mine