

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