

Friction

Echo & the Bunnymen

I knew it musta been some big set-up.
All the Action just would not let up.
It's just a little bit back from the main road
Where the silence spreads and the men dig holes.
I start to spin the tale
You complain of my diction

You give me friction
You give me friction
You give me friction

My eyes are like telescopes
I see it all backwards: but who wants hope?
If I ever catch that ventriloquist
I'll squeeze his head right into my fist.
Something comes tracking in,
What is it? What's the prediction?

I'll betcha it's friction
I'll betcha it's friction
I'll betcha it's friction

Rattlesnake, get out of the snake pit

Stop this head motion... set the sails.
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail.
I don't wanna grow up
There's too much contradiction

There's too much friction
There's too much friction
I need friction
F R I C T I O N

Friction
Friction
Friction