

# Talk Shows on Mute

Incubus

Take a bow  
Pack on powder  
Wash 'em out with buzzing lights  
Pay an audience to care  
'Impress me' personality

Still and transfixed  
The electric sheep are dreaming of your face  
Enjoy you from the chemical  
Comfort of America

Come one, come all  
Into nineteen-eighty four  
Yeah, three, two, one...  
Lights! camera! transaction!

Quick, your time is almost up  
Make all forget that they're the moth  
Edging in towards the flame  
Burn into obscurity

Still and transfixed  
The electric sheep are dreaming up your fate  
And judge you from the card castle  
Comfort of America

Come one, come all  
Into nineteen-eighty four  
Yeah, three, two, one...  
Lights! camera! Yeah!

Come one, come all  
Into nineteen-eighty four  
Yeah, three, two, one...  
Lights! camera! Transaction!  
Lights! camera! Transaction!  
Yeah yeah yeah!

Come one, come all  
Into nineteen-eighty four  
Yeah, three, two, one...  
Lights! camera! Transaction!  
Ohhh....

Your foundation is canyoning  
Fault lines should be worn with pride  
I hate to say  
So much more  
You're so much more  
Endearing with the sound turned off