It's when we find the sound we're after.

The record seemed to skip and the singles way too short.

The speakers pounding out the songs we'd love to do without.

So I'll drag it down until it burns and you can practice taking turns.

They don't hear it. They don't feel it. They can't see it. Turn it up. (2x)

They don't hear it. They don't feel it. They can't see it. Turn it up.

They can't hear it. Turn it up. (2x)

You keep talking out of tune boy.

And money's still too tight.

And the set was way too short.

It seems we're finding out the creeps we'd like to do without.

And they'll drag us down until it burns

and we'll be counting lessons learned.

They don't hear it. They don't feel it. They can't see it. Turn it up. (5x)