

Telepathy

Men Without Hats

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Dreams are falling, buddy, and who can see you?
Why lay in leisures formed when the world can breathe you?
My life in a world is bleeding
Oh no, it's a never-ending song of love

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Playing you in a true migrating
Minds are mold with the head lice glaring
And young hearts in a world unhealing
And some are formed in an ever-lasting song of love, hate
See them changing worlds
Calling for the day when another set of illusions
From head down to my face
And baby, I don't know
Seems it all
Happened so long ago

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Internet killed the video star (Happened long ago)
Internet killed the video star
And telepathy killed the Internet star (Very long ago)

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And telepathy killed the Internet star (Happened long ago)

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