

Arcade Blues

Neon Indian

Lonely consolations from a TV screen, and further things unseen
.

Pixeled consolations don't know what they bring, but it's not empathy.

Dreams from palpitations your ideas fade, they begin to stray.
But you can always make it up along the way, from which you meant to say.

Parlous excitation from acquired sounds, where the voices drown
.

Morbid fascination insulates the brain, it becomes unwound.
If only this were real you'd see it clear as day, not some other way.

Turbo-electric daydreams oozing through the ground, you were never found.

Take me from these arcade blues.
I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.
Take these hands, let them loose.
Find something else to do, find something else to do.

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