

Feels Like Affection (turn It Up)

Over It

It feels like affection, like a drum in the distance,
Like a synchronized question of the heart.
Like dawn in the window breaking over our hero,
Washing out every shadow of the dark.
Take a drag of addiction to this misinformation.
It's that sneaking suspicion that there's more
To this scene than we bargained for.

We've got to turn it up.
You never know if its gonna be the last time you tear it up.
We've gotta ride this one to watch it in slow motion,
Till slow motion is gone.

From the fool in the front row to his favorite zero;
What they tell you don't matter anymore.
What you are is magnetic, what they are is dogmatic,
And its all problematic from there on, but you already belong.

It's gone...all this time we've wasted...gone.
Now we fit in.

Turn it turn it up.
You never know if its gonna be the last time you tear it up.
You've got some nerve acting any less ecstatic.
Turn it turn it up.
We've got to ride this one to watch it in slow motion,
'Til slow motion is gone, but not forgotten, you know?