

Turn It Off

Phantogram

I got your name, got your notebook, cell phone
Look up relation, an invitation to die
And all the faces, mopeds, can't go past it's fascination
And it will eat you alive

Me, I'm no stranger to the law
You know I won't abide
I've got my handcuffs, enough tape, suicide eyes
And all the faces, gracious, look up to the sky
This is the weight of the world
Weight of the world makes me cry

I could have been easier on you
I should have been a little bit easier on you