

The Power Of Suggestion

Sinch

All Eyes on the system placed before you.
No time for an explanation.
Deceitful, why we dancing
If you listen
Close enough

Doesn't it feel, like a broken record.
Slicing through the skin
The sound has been over played and overrated

But the dance shop takes a long time don't it
We go round and round.
Forget the heart, the life, the sting, the stage, the sound.
We go all round, this way
I guess the powers that we will see
It's time to make, our decision and if you listen
Close enough.

Doesn't it feel, like a broken record.
Slicing through the skin
The sound has been over played and overrated
And do I exist to satisfy you
And satisfy nothing
I'm right here and I hoping to be something,
To mean something to somebody at all.

But it's the same old song, one dance
With the same old song.

Same old song, same old song, same old song, it's the same old
song
Same old song, same old song, same old song, it's the same old
song

Doesn't it feel like a broken record, a broken record.
I exist to satisfy you to satisfy nothing.
Fear stares the wrong ways.
But right now I'm hoping to be something
To mean something to somebody at all.
But it's same old song