

Remote Control

The Age Of Electric

The difference between us
Is negative one, The math is simple
Subtract attractive opposites
Open, my bottle, fizzing you shake me out
And go implode, this hollow-body interior
Kingpin crumbles
Fade, fade, fade, fade
Where's my remote control
Where's my remote control
Where's my remote
Where's my
Where's my remote
Crooked, mangled, melted, spoil
It's funny but true, oh looked what I cooked up
Boring, missed out, habitual umbilical
You say "Gravity Pope, you're strange and real"
It's not easy sleeping
It's not too late, too late, too late
Where's my remote control
Where's my remote control
Where's my
Where's my
Where's my self control
Where's my remote control
Where's my remote control
The difference between us is negative one