The Voice

The Boys Next Door

The voice, the voice it troubles you

For there is no one there at all

You have a choice you can be black or white

You are not trapped, you can rise or you can fall

It's not up to me
I've been cauterized
I am no Houdini
I've been mesmerized
By sights and sounds

The voice, the voice It's calling you Calling you

I feel a spy he's in my house I see his prints upon my door I hang my paintings up so high That I don't appear so tall

It's up to you
Your lips taste of wine
And they cut me closer
I got to touch your mind

Oh, could this be true The voice, the voice It's calling you

It's not that I feel insecure
There's not a spa tread in my room
Oh no, no, no
It's just that I need to be reassured
Like any other fool
Oh no, no, no

Sunday is here, let's make the break Let's pretend, put down your books Pick up your friends

There's no time to lose There's no time at all There's no time to lose There's no time Could this be you?

The voice, the voice It's calling you (4x)