

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)