

I knew it musta been some big set-up  
All the action just would not let up  
It's just a little bit back from the main road  
Where the silence spreads and the men dig holes

I begin to spin the tale  
You complain about my diction  
It gives me friction  
It gives me friction  
But I like friction

My eyes are like telescopes  
I see it all backwards, but who wants hope?  
If I ever catch that ventriloquist  
I'll squeeze his head right into my fist

Something comes a-crashin' in  
What is it, what's the prediction?  
I'll bet you it's friction  
I'll bet you it's friction  
But I like friction

How'd the snake get out of the skin?  
All it took was a little friction

Stop this head motion and set sail  
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail

And I don't wanna grow up  
It's too much contradiction  
And too much friction  
And too much friction  
I'm crazy about friction  
F - r - i - c - t - i - o - n  
Friction  
Friction