

Turn It On

The Enemy

Go ahead, tell your little sob story,
Make it matter, make it end in glory.
They're all waiting for a sad old tale,
Crocodile tears on a tragic scale.
Get up and tell them that you've had it tough,
Tell them all about it, how its been so rough,
And if it doesn't get them, you could spruce it up,
Inject a bit of fiction till they're all hooked up.

The more you watch, the less you know,
A talent less wonder, the greatest show,
On Earth, its not, its simply a joke.

Do what you want, just do what you want.

Turn, turn it on, turn it on, turn it on
You're not the only one.
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You're not the only one.
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You're not the only one.
Turn, turn it on, turn it on, turn it on,
You're not the only one, to have things all go wrong.

Go ahead, take your final bow,
Stick it to the camera, and its alright now,
You've always been ready for your moment to shine,
Its five on the clock, don't take your time.

You can make it, fake it, give a little smile,
But you can't take a joke cause you're in denial.
Give a little wave and I'll see you later,
Sadly unaware, you're tomorrow's chip paper.

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You knooooow!

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And in a year you'll all be gone
Burned, no job, no same old song, how predictable.

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