

Stereo Speakers

The Pink Spiders

I can't tell you so I'll scream it through the stereo
Speakers come on and turn me on
I can't tell you so I'll scream it through the stereo
Speakers come on and turn me on
They say that love is like a battlefield
I guess I'm out of ammunition
I'm waving my white flag
Trying to capture your attention, sugar
But, but, but, but I've got a fever from anticipation
What does it matter, no one's listening

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Speakers come on and turn me on
I can't tell you so I'll scream it through the stereo
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This is the winter of our discontent
You are the brunt of my transgression
How can we scream so loud
With arms crossed and lips sealed?
But, but, but, but I've got a fever from anticipation
What does it matter, no one's listening

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