

Agnes Carlsson, The Brakes

we're driving 90 miles an hour
(i think it's, gone too far)
and i don't see any light
(at the end, of the road)
and all the windows are coming down
(let it go)
no one's around right now
but it's alright, because shock value has become the motto of this western media
offend as many people as possible
that's the latest fetish
but the people are getting numb
they need more
they want more
because being turned on is worth as much as money in the bank
how far can we go
nothing can stop us now
let's push harder
i think we lost the brakes
and now the radio is on
(it plays the, latest song)
give me something to believe
(something fake, something cheap)
we are so easily misled
(it's our freedom)
we've lost all self-control instead
it's our selfishness that's fed
the money's burning, now that they're learning,
what can be mentioned, to keep our attention
i think we lost the brakes
we push as much as it takes
although it alienates
look at the money it makes
can't stop, we forgot how
we've lost all restraint now
pushing harder pressing down
brand new borders, to be crossed in time
all we need is something we can leave behind if only keep our souls
the brakes are gone, put seat belts on,
though nothing can save us now