

David Fonseca, Revolution Edit

Faces that look familiar
They advertise their illness
On national T.V.
They speak of love

You tune it up and praise the little things
You wait for sales and you wish for nothing in between
Sor you're sitting by the phone, you're waiting for the call
A casting to the show, a ticket to revolution

We won't let you down
Please don't give in
You'll wave a flag
You'll stick a pin

You'll meet the president
And with a little luck
Shake hands with God
So don't give up

All those familiar faces
Fear it ain't worth dying
If there's no one there to see
If there's no one to

You tune it up and praise the little screen
You hope it can fill all the holes in between
Like a decoy to the lies in line to be surprised
You will be televised starring in the revolution

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