

# Electric President, Insomnia

There's a light bulb dangling from string  
It's slowly swaying up over my head now  
As I jot down the words that'll never be sung  
And wait for my headache to numb  
And the wind sounds as if the world's sighing  
And the moon's just a torn fingernail  
As the TV flickers and hums by the wall  
And I wait for my eyesight to fade

So, So, So  
It's so damn slow  
So, So, So  
It's so damn slow

And the bright-eyed choke on ambition  
And the old folks circle their graves  
And the young ones are busy destroying their names  
And you're still just wasting away.  
I sit and watch the screen for a message  
Some kinda sign that says we're OK  
But the screen stays blank till I turn the thing off  
And wait for my conscience to break.

So, So, So  
It's so damn slow  
So, So, So  
It's so damn slow

I hope you're learning to listen  
And I hope you're learning to stay  
And I hope you find what you're missing  
And I hope that you're making you're way  
I'm a headcase if I don't keep moving  
And my head hurts if I don't sit still  
It's an itch that I'll never stop scratching  
It's a hole that I'll never quite fill

So