

Lisahall, Connection 17

"I confess, more or less,
I'm not impressed, by your distress.
After thinking, after failing,
I am need of something less.
Just... one... word... spoken...
I... must... die... broken.

Chorus:

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh, stop me when you hear me choking)

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh, stop me when you hear me choking)

Wide open spectrum, more fake space,
take a look at what is written on my face,
hollow me out then turn me over,
I make my decisions for you to endure.

Just... one... word... spoken...

I... must... die... broken...

(point me in the right direction, point me in the right direction)

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh, stop me when you hear me choking)

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh, stop me when you hear me choking)

(oh-oh)

(oh-oh)

(stop me when you hear my chocking)

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh)

Connection 17, Connection 17 (oh-oh, stop me when you hear me choking)"