

# Television, Friction

(Verlaine)

I knew it musta been some big set-up.  
All the Action just would not let up.  
It's just a little bit back from the main road  
where the silence spreads and the men dig holes.  
I start to spin the tale  
you complain of my diction

You Give Me Friction  
But I Dig Friction  
You Know I'm Crazy About Friction

My eyes are like telescopes  
I see it all backwards: but who wants hope?  
If I ever catch that ventriloquist  
I'll squeeze his head right into my fist.  
something comes tracking down,  
What's the prediction?

I'll betcha it's Friction...

Stop this head motion... set the sails.  
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail.  
I don't wanna grow up  
there's too much contradiction