

Babble, The Circle

Fuck me teenage I'm electric
Times are hard getting so more hectic
Man your brain's square you better get with it
You can wash me down your antiseptic
Toss it away
Toss it away
Toss it away now
Buried in a magazine
And you're not even dead yet
Everything gets said
Goes straight to your head
Toss it away
Toss it away
Toss it away now
Toss it away
Toss it away
Toss it away now

Fuck me teenage I'm electric
Man, your brain's square you better get with it
Wash me down you antiseptic
Toss it away
Toss it away
Toss it away now
Toss it away
Toss it away
Toss it away now
Twist flip bang those feet on the ceiling, yeah
Stop standing still, gotta grab this feeling now
Six strings sizzles like a burning fire
And you're verbal trash, man, you're growing tired
Toss it away
Toss it away
Fuck me teenage I'm electric