Cky, Shippensberg

You know what makes me happy The things that make you sad

The feel that I controls absorbed by the radio jag

I found my indecision

The product of the media grime

The feel that I control have you press rewind

And now I'm on the wings

Hoping that you'll hear

Don't bother to respond

You love to hear me again

And when the sun beams down all of your lies

Close, close, yeah close the light

The sky's all grey in the barracks I know I'm a lousy hero

The classic act of feeling is that of a memory

And you are peering down through parascopic eyes

Close, close, yeah close (conscience)

I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid

We'll drive the band to Shippensberg and hope that we get played

And in the end of a season the voices turn it all off

The things that were so meaningless 'til the next one comes along

I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid

We'll drive the band to Shippensberg and hope that we get played