

# Commander Venus, Jean's T.V.

I tell them every dream I've ever had

I tell them every place I have ever gone  
And if there's a fear of empty space  
I need to be surrounded by someone

Waiting for a chance that things could change  
Or spend another night among the dead  
Searching for a calming presence  
I'm so excitable

Nothing happens, I just can't go on

Tell me why we have to live like this  
Waiting for a certain, distant fall  
Comfort is as unlikely as escape  
And love is always so conditional

I'm tired of the tense and frightened looks

Staring out these tired, anxious eyes  
Looking for constant approval  
I'm so desirable

Nothing matters, I have to move on  
I have to move on  
I have to move

I guess it's pretty self-destructive to ruin on what you create  
What if I said it's more productive  
Would you make a fool out of me?  
Cause I'd make a fool out of you  
With your cool guitars and rock-star eyes  
trash metaltional on cue  
Or is it hypocrites, like us  
That fear what truth can do?