

# Conspiracy, Turn It Up

its hard to see when its dark outside  
waiting for the moon to shine on a dark night.  
waiting for that call alone in his room.  
for a call.

Chorus:

so turn it up, turn it up, turn it up in here  
turn it up so everyone can hear  
music loud keeping us alive  
"I dont care, f\*\*k it," he cries.

No call, no luck he goes to bed  
sad in his mind, alone in his head  
but he has to hold back his fears  
the best he can along with the tears.

Tomorrow night me at home alone.  
But then, there goes his phone.  
Party here I come  
Turn up the music the partys begun.

Chorus x2