

Inara George, Turn On/Off

Here's another Sunday,
Here's another Sunday and Sunday.
I can't keep the distance,
I can't feel any of the difference.

Turn around now,
And see the sun,
It's going down,
it's turning on.
Punch me hard now,
And turn me on.
You are too soft, You turn me off.

I want something brighter,
I want something brighter, and brighter.
I'll stand around the witches,
Light them up, they'll turn on like switches.

Turn around now,
And see the sun,
It's going down, it's turning on.
Punch me hard now,
And turn me on.
You are too soft, You turn me off.
Oh, oh.

I don't want to be one more paper doll,
That's blown,
That's blown,
That's blown.
All through the town.
Like this.

Unhappy that I am,
Unhappy that I am unhappy.
I was good with chemistry,
Now all I want is everyone to pinch me.

Turn around now,
And see the sun,
It's going down, it's turning on.
Punch me hard now,
And turn me on.
You are too soft, You turn me off.

You are too soft, You turn me off.

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