

The Cooper Temple Clause, On, Off, On

Fondness never played a role like this
They knew the bruises start to show
Ducking shells was never my idea
Tried but I stopped trying
Sucking hard for sympathy

We've got treatment, we've got city slick
Messages on the 'hush-hush'
Machines can't work, this thing's got skin
Magazine and liars
Hooks and chains to tear you down

We hold on so tight
But we already know
You flicker, sparkle
You twinkle at me
All bitter and clean
On. Off. On.

We're dull and stupid and we're caged in glass
Keeping tallies. Charts and graphs
So set your hands alight and watch them flap
We can keep on talking
If you can keep on telling lies

We hold on tight
But we already know
You flicker, sparkle
You twinkle at me
All bitter and clean
On. Off. On.

We fly our flags by nite
All bored and shredded up
We're keeping you on track
We keep you alive
We're just at your side
On. Off. On.

The cable's frayed, the timber's burned
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