

# The Pink Spiders, Stereo Speakers

I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the stereo  
Speakers, come on and turn me on

I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the stereo  
Speakers, come on and turn me on

They say that love is like a battlefield  
I guess I'm out of ammunition  
I'm waving my white flag, trying to capture your attention sugar  
B-b-but I've got a fever from anticipation  
What does it matter no one's listening

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This is the winter of our discontent  
You are the brunt of my transgression  
How can we scream so loud  
With arms crossed and lips sealed?

B-b-but I've got a fever from anticipation  
What does it matter no one's listening

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I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the stereo  
I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the, uh, uh  
I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the stereo  
I can't tell you  
So I'll scream it through the stereo

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