

## Velvet Teen, The "A Captive Audience"

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i'm gonna make it go away, like it never happened  
like the author ran out of ink, before you got to me  
it doesn't matter, you have your answer  
my breath upon yer hand  
my breath upon yer hand  
cos we're never far from another life  
but i never wanted to make you spend the night  
with yer loneliest thoughts  
will you come around this time  
will i be left here

ooh, love

when so proudly we fail and all the optimists sing  
"yeah, we'll be that far"  
when we'll be that far behind  
it's the drug distraction(tm)  
they'll scream when i kick

but for every moment that i get too close  
to the faceless void from which i stumbled  
it's only because my heart swells over  
and i misinterpret it, i dwell on my failures  
cos i had parents who taught me to love  
yeah, love was something  
they never knew  
they never cared about you anyway  
a hope vicarious, a captive audience

even the people that you call your friends  
can fuck you over in the subtlest ways  
it'll be your comfort that you're always alone  
they never cared about you anyway  
they never cared / they never care so much  
as when you've lost your way  
fire and brimstone where they lay me  
heaven help us for a way to get out of here

ooh, love

