

Enon

"Sold!"

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They're giving praise
before an itchy trigger
That aims to plug into your energy
By means of crunching up
Some numbered figures
And hope you choose
From the names that get bought in a row
Doesn't work anymore,
It doesn't make it alright.
You're just a name on the shelf,
And the colors amaze,
But they don't cover the lies.

Let's put some change into a broken meter.
Let's make a sickness with the remedy.
A hint of mint and then there's no more flavor,
Another bruise on the bulletin nose'
It doesn't hurt anymore,
It doesn't make it alright.

You're just a name on the shelf,
And the colors amaze,
But they don't cover the lies.

I get sold
It doesn't hurt anymore,
It doesn't mean it was right.
You're just a name on the shelf,
And the colors amaze,
But they don't cover the lies.

And you know I get sold;
It doesn't hurt anymore,
It doesn't mean it was right.
You're just a name on the shelf,
And the colors amaze,
But they don't cover the lies.

I can't remember the name, but I'm sold!
It doesn't hurt anymore,
It doesn't mean it was right.

You're just a name on the shelf,
And the colors amaze,
But they don't cover the lies.

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