

Incubus

"Talk Show On Mute"

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Take a bow, pack on powder
Wash 'em out with buzzing lights
Pay an audience to care
'Impress me' personality

Still and transfixed, the electric sheep
Are dreaming of your face
Enjoy you from the chemical
Comfort of America

Come one, come all
Into 1984
Yeah, three, two, one
Lights, camera, transaction

Quick, your time is almost up
Make all forget that they're the moth
Edging in towards the flame
Burn into obscurity

Still and transfixed, the electric sheep
Are dreaming up your fate
And judge you from the card castle
Comfort of America

Come one, come all
Into 1984
Yeah, three, two, one
Lights, camera, yeah

Come one, come all
Into 1984
Yeah, three, two one
Lights, camera, transaction

Lights, camera, transaction

Come one, come all
Into 1984
Yeah, three, two, one
Lights, camera, transaction

Your foundation is canyoning
Fault lines should be worn with pride
I hate to say, you're so much more, you're so much
more
Endearing with the sound turned off

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