

Incubus

"Talk Shows 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
Enjoying from the chemical
Comfort all on 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 transfix me
The electric sheep are dreaming up your fate
And judge you from the card castle
Comfort all on 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

The foundation is canyoning

Fault lines should be worn with pride
I hate to say,
So much more
You're so much more
Endearing with the sound turned off.

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