

The Casket Lottery

"On The Air"

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Turn the radio off. It's just commercials made by stars.
Turn down the auto-tune and reveal those wounds
and scars. It's all middle fingers and sex, and who's
ego can hold the most. We just hop in a broken van and
we head out to the coast.

Wide-eyed and wondering how we ever got here.
Now I'm praying for a revolution on the air.

Am I wasting all my time? Or am I proving them all
wrong? Am
I wasting all my energy on these old songs? These
people aren't
even real. They need choreographers just to breathe.
These people
aren't even real, they were raised by wolves, they think
of us as sheep.

Wide-eyed, it's about time I got the hell out of here.
But still I'm praying for a revolution on the air.

Don't you care? There are people choking out here...it's
got to stop.
We all need fresh air. We all need fresh air. Don't you
care? There
are people being force fed bullshit out here. Out here
we all need
fresh air. We all need fresh air.

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