

## Cky "shippensburg"

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You know what makes me happy  
The feel that I controls absorbed by the radio jag  
I found my indecision  
The product of the media grime  
And now I'm on the wings  
The things that make you sad  
The feel that I control have you press rewind  
Don't bother to respond  
Hoping that you'll hear  
Close, close, yeah close the light  
You love to hear me again And when the sun beams  
down all of your lies  
The classic act of feeling is that of a memory  
The sky's all grey in the barracks I know I'm a lousy  
hero  
And you are peering down through parascopic eyes  
Close, close, yeah close (conscience)  
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg and hope that we  
get played  
I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid  
The things that were so meaningless 'til the next one  
comes along  
And in the end of a season the voices turn it all off  
I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid  
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg and hope that we  
get played

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