

Conspiracy "Turn It Up"

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Its hard to see when it's dark outside
Waiting for the moon to shine on a dark night.
Waiting for that call alone in his room.
For a call.

Chorus:

So turn it up, turn it up, turn it up in here
Turn it up so everyone can hear
Music loud keeping us alive
"I don't care, f**k it," he cries.
No call, no luck he goes to bed
Sad in his mind, alone in his head
But he has to hold back his fears
The best he can along with the tears.

Tomorrow night me at home alone.
But then, there goes his phone.
Party here I come
Turn up the music the partys begun.

Chorus x2

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