

## **Nathan Asher & The Infantry**

### **"Turn Up The Faders"**

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Light strikes the suburbs in the summer,  
Water trickles and runs down the features of children,  
Laughter echoes rising  
As they slip between the sprinklers.  
Faces eager for no reason,  
Is it the season, is that it?  
This used to be enough for me, now it isn't,  
I need some different entertainment.

So we take the A-Train into the city,  
Sticky seats shake at the station,  
Women's footsteps drag,  
From the cave of the tunnel dragon,  
Into the open high-rises, buildings,  
Street urchins come to siege us,  
Corner preachers carry Jesus,  
Like he carried the cross, toss leaflets.  
All this misdirected lust,  
All these, all these, all these people,  
As dusk turns into evening,  
We just get funneled to the clubs.

So come on turn up the faders,  
Sooner or later bring the beat in,  
I need it, I wanna feel lit,  
Like a fetus feels the heartbeat  
Of his mother when he's sleeping,  
Beating constantly,  
Come on and dance emphatically,  
Manically, desperately,  
Who knows where this is heading?  
I'm in the backroom, drunk,  
The stars cut chunks out of the darkness.  
It's a portrait of the young artist,  
As another target market,  
Playing dumb in the club,  
Using liquor as a tourniquet,  
Let's succumb to our desires,  
We'll become just like our fathers,  
Bang into each other  
Until the lights smother us  
And we go under.

Outside is a storm, it feels like a set,  
It feels so unreal.

Turn up the faders,  
Come on bring the beat in,  
I need it, I wanna feel it, I wanna feel it  
I'm in the bathroom, drunk,  
The months cut chunks out of the summer,  
Days get longer, minutes get faster,  
I get older, the weather gets colder,  
They might sleep out in the suburbs,  
But not here, not here,  
So come on turn up the faders,  
Sooner or later bring the beat in,  
I need it, I wanna feel it, I wanna feel it.

And my friends hold their glasses,  
Like roses by the stem,  
Leaning like trees blown by wind in a garden,  
Fall and play jester, at the feet of dark-eyed women,  
Whose every hidden glance,  
Holds a chance for new beginnings,  
Here's to all the new beginnings,  
We never got back from.  
Never go home,  
Never go home,  
Never go home alone.

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