

Suburban Tribe

"Frequency"

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Sunday morning nine o'clock
I start to roll over
her voice fills my every cell
I'm gliding out of time

My dial's locked on her frequency

Diving in electric waves
the surface far above
no need for solid ground or air
I'm losing track of place

My dial's locked on her frequency

Around and around this room I go
operator told me to hang on
a friendly word is what I'm losing her

Day sixteen, i'm in the net
my body's barely alive
subconsciousness alarming me
there's only moment's left

Still I am locked on her Frequency
hopelessly I am locked on her Frequency
on her frequency

Her voice is always in the air
inside my head, I just can't bare
I'll never get to her this way
she keeps hanging on

Please someone cut the cable
Please someone cut the cable
Please someone cut the cable
now

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