

## Warped Tour Compilation

### "Tomorrow I'll Be You - Thursday"

Visit "[Tomorrow I'll Be You - Thursday](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

In the circuit,  
The frequency's breaking up.  
The speakers can barely move  
This is not a test  
Tune to the broadcast.  
Witness the jetlag.  
Look in the mirror.  
Adjust the V-hold  
Shatter the lens.  
Pull out the shards.  
Choke on her words.  
Caught in your throat.

How long can the wheels  
Maintain a spin,  
At this velocity?  
On every block, a reminder:  
You can't stop this intersection.  
At every turn,  
Dead forests of tenements  
Rise like antennas.  
The miles are adding up and  
The days are counting down.  
Cut the jet black  
From my hair before  
We're bathed in the dawn  
Of New Year's Day.

I will change back to myself  
In the flame,  
We burn like the paper hearts  
Of dead presidents.  
We're too lost,  
To lose hope.  
Maybe the night seems so dark  
Because the day  
Is much too bright  
For us to see  
That we are cured.  
(shatter the lens.  
Pull out the shards).  
We are cured

(choke on her words,  
Caught in your throat).

That's the sound of music from  
Another room  
The piano player  
Hangs from piano wire  
But the player piano  
Carries on.  
Sit back and tune to the  
Broadcast.  
This is not a test

Shatter the lens.  
Pull out the shards.  
Choke on her words.  
Caught in your throat.  
As the language dissolves  
And the sentence lists,  
A slow alphabet of rain  
Is whispering,  
'aabcttipacbdefg...'  
Since I replaced the I in live with  
An O,  
I can't remember who you are...

...but tomorrow I'll be you,  
Just pick up the phone.  
I'm calling from your house,  
In your room,  
In your name,  
Lying in your bed,  
Following your dreams.  
I listen to your voice get caught in my throat  
As I sing.  
'This Is Just A Dream.'

On New Year's day,  
We will change back to ourselves.  
In the flame  
We are cured.

We are cured.

We are cured.

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