

## Sinch

# "Power Of Suggestion, The"

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All eyes on the system placed before you  
No time for an explanation  
Deceitful, why we dancing here  
If you listen close enough

Doesn't it feel like a broken record  
Slicing through the skin  
The sound has been over played and overrated

But the dance shop takes a long time, don't it?  
They go round and round  
Forget the heart, the life, the sting, the stage, the  
sound  
We go all round, this way

I guess the powers that we will see  
It's time to make, our decision  
And if you listen close enough

Doesn't it feel like a broken record  
Slicing through the skin  
The sound has been over played and overrated

And do I exist to satisfy you and satisfy nothing  
I'm right here and I'm hoping to be something  
To mean something to somebody at all  
But it's the same old song  
One dance with the same old song

Same old song, same old song  
Same old song, it's the same old song  
Same old song, same old song  
Same old song, it's the same old song

Doesn't it feel like a broken record, a broken record  
I exist to satisfy you, to satisfy nothing  
Fear stares the wrong ways  
But right know I'm hoping to be something  
To mean someting to somebody at all  
But it's same old song

