

Sub-urban 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 surfaec 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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