

Television "Friction"

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I knew it musta been some big set-up
All the action just would not let up
It's just a little bit back from the main road
Where the silence spreads and the men dig holes

I start to spin the tale
You complain of my diction

You give me friction
You give me friction
You give me friction

My eyes are like telescopes
I see it all backwards, but who wants hope?
If I ever catch that ventriloquist
I'll squeeze his head, right into my fist

Something coming tracking in
What is it, what's the prediction?

I'll betcha, it's friction
I'll betcha, it's friction
I'll betcha, it's friction
Idol snake, get out of that skin
Here's a bit of Dixon

Stop this head motion, set the sails
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail
Well, I don't wanna grow up
There's too much contradiction

And too much friction
But I dig friction
You know I'm crazy about friction
F R I C T I O N

Friction
Friction
Friction
Friction
Friction

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