

Parker Graham**"Stupefaction"**

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The sun is burning, it never changes, the people look
up with nothing in

their eyeballs,

They stare at billboards, as if for guidance,

There's something wrong here I can't put my finger on

Same thing, same way, every day, stupefaction (oh
yeah)

Drive out on Sunset, well nothing's moving,

The lights are green or is that my imagination?

The people sit there, cameras without action,

I can't see the point but I see the attraction

Of the same thing, same way, every day, stupefaction
(oh yeah)

We're gonna get clear out of this someday,

Because the comfort's so appealing, the bodies so
revealing

Just get to feeling like a wheel without traction,
stupefaction

I asked the landlord, "How much you making? Don't
you get tired of just

taking and taking?"

I asked the neighbor, "Why are you so stupid?

Giving us those dirty looks and trying to murder
Cupid?"

It's the same thing, same way, every day, stupefaction
(oh yeah)

We're gonna get clear out of this someday,

Because the comfort's so appealing, the bodies so
revealing

Just get to feeling like a wheel without traction,
stupefaction

Turn up the TV, turn up the radio, turn up the volume,
nothing seems to matter,

Lay back and slumber, ring up the number, ask the
operator what spell we

are under

It's the same thing, same way, every day, stupefaction
(oh yeah)

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