

Talk Shows on Mute

Incubus

Take a bow
Pack on powder
Wash 'em out with buzzing lights
Pay an audience to care
'Impress me' personality

Still and transfixed
The electric sheep are dreaming of your face
Enjoy you from the chemical
Comfort of America

Come one, come all
Into nineteen-eighty four
Yeah, three, two, one...
Lights! camera! transaction!

Quick, your time is almost up
Make all forget that they're the moth
Edging in towards the flame
Burn into obscurity

Still and transfixed
The electric sheep are dreaming up your fate
And judge you from the card castle
Comfort of America

Come one, come all
Into nineteen-eighty four
Yeah, three, two, one...
Lights! camera! Yeah!

Come one, come all
Into nineteen-eighty four
Yeah, three, two, one...
Lights! camera! Transaction!
Lights! camera! Transaction!
Yeah yeah yeah!

Come one, come all
Into nineteen-eighty four
Yeah, three, two, one...
Lights! camera! Transaction!
Ohhh....

Your foundation is canyoning
Fault lines should be worn with pride
I hate to say
So much more
You're so much more
Endearing with the sound turned off