

Brass Band

Jukebox the Ghost

Boredom is a gift
But I've had enough of it
To last a lifetime
Give me something shocking
Feel like I am falling
I want to wake up with a start
Boredom is a gift

That's why I leave my time unfilled
Take the phone out of my hands
I want the rarest thrills
So they hit my soul like a ten piece brass band
Brass band
Like a ten piece brass band

I want you to surprise me
Turn me back into myself
Got rid of these distractions
Stayed out of the action
Put my head up in the clouds
I want you to surprise me

That's why I leave my time unfilled
Take the phone out of my hands
I want the rarest thrills
To hit my soul like a ten piece brass band
Brass band
Like a ten piece brass band

And so we march
To the beat of our own drum
To the sound of our own blood
Pumping through our veins
Give me the chills again
Feel that thrill again
As it hits my soul like a ten piece brass band

Brass band
Like a ten piece brass band