

Arcade Blues

Neon Indian

Lonely consolations from a TV screen, and further things unseen
.

Pixeled consolations don't know what they bring, but it's not e
mpathy.

Dreams from palpitations your ideas fade, they begin to stray.
But you can always make it up along the way, from which you mea
nt to say.

Parlous excitation from acquired sounds, where the voices drown
.

Morbid fascination insulates the brain, it becomes unwound.
If only this were real you'd see it clear as day, not some othe
r way.

Turbo-electric daydreams oozing through the ground, you were ne
ver found.

Take me from these arcade blues.
I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.
Take these hands, let them loose.
Find something else to do, find something else to do.

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