

Wash Of Noise

Radiation City

I've got a proposition
Why don't we change positions?
I'll take your physical prowess
You take this rabbit hat from me
While we're in this position
Exchanging definitions
I'd like a song to keep my memory intact
Am I high on fumes
Or do you feel it too?
This wash of noise that's calling me to you
It's everything, you'll see
We'll make it out
There's no doubt about it