All Eyes on the system placed before you. No time for an explanation. Deceitful, why we dancing If you listen Close enough

Doesn't it feel, like a broken record. Slicing through the skin The sound has been over played and overrated

But the dance shop takes a long time don't it
We go round and round.
Forget the heart, the life, the sting, the stage, the sound.
We go all round, this way
I quess the powers that we will see
It's time to make, our dicision and if you listen
Close enough.

Doesn't it feel, like a broken record.

Slicing through the skin

The sound has been over played and overrated

And do I excist to satisfy you

And satisfy nothing

Im right here and I hoping to be something,

To mean something to somebody at all.

But it's the same old song, one dance With the same old song.

Same old song, same old song, same old song, it's the same old song
Same old song, same old song, same old song, it's the same old song

Doesn't it feel like a broken record, a broken record. I excist to satisfy you to satisfy nothing. Fear stares the wrong ways.
But right know Im hoping to be something
To mean someting to somebody at all.
But it's same old song