

## Stereo Speakers

The Pink Spiders

I can't tell you so I'll scream it through the stereo  
Speakers come on and turn me on  
I can't tell you so I'll scream it through the stereo  
Speakers come on and turn me on  
They say that love is like a battlefield  
I guess I'm out of ammunition  
I'm waving my white flag  
Trying to capture your attention, sugar  
But, but, but, but I've got a fever from anticipation  
What does it matter, no one's listening

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This is the winter of our discontent  
You are the brunt of my transgression  
How can we scream so loud  
With arms crossed and lips sealed?  
But, but, but, but I've got a fever from anticipation  
What does it matter, no one's listening

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