

Hypnotised

The Faint

I steal the notes from other bands
I fill their shoes with wet cement
I make you think of certain things
And when you talk the things you'll say I'm pretty sure of what you want
I bet you want the same as me
You want to think of something smart
Something someone would repeat But I'm giving up on all that fuss
I'm gonna tell you how it is
Then, when you get your turn to talk
I hope your microphone is off And the critics go, "Whoa, yeah, yeah"
They'll go, "Whoa, yeah, shotgun" But, for now just watch the screen
Let me control the things you think
You'd like to think you could resist
But you're being hypnotised by this Think of the clock you thought up
How it's wagging back and forth
How you're hypnotised by us
Are you studying my pores? When my hand snaps you'll wake up
To your daily concerns
I'm counting backwards in your head
You're letting me do all the work You're under my thumb, yeah, yeah
(Snap)
You're under my thumb, yeah
How 'bout that, boys?

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