What's the Frequency, Kenneth?

R.E.M.

What's the frequency, Kenneth
Is your Benzedrine, uh-huh?
I was brain-dead, locked out, numb
Not up to speed
I thought I'd pegged you, an idiot's dream
Tunnel vision from the outsider's screen
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh
You wore our expectations like an armored suit, uh-huh
I'd studied your cartoons, radio
Music, TV, movies, magazines
Richard said,
"Withdrawal in disgust is not the same as apathy"
A smile like the cartoon, tooth for a tooth
You said that irony was the shackles of youth
You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh
What's the frequency, Kenneth
Is your Benzedrine, uh-huh?
Butterfly decal, rear-view mirror
Doggin' the scene
You smile like the cartoon, tooth for a tooth
You said that irony was the shackles of youth
You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh
I never understood the frequency, uh-huh
You wore our expectations like an armored suit, uh-huh
I couldn't understand
You said that irony was the shackles of youth, uh-huh
I couldn't understand
You wore a shirt of violent green, uh-huh
I couldn't understand
I never understood
Don't fuck with me, uh-huh

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