

# The Circle

## Babble

Fuck me teenage I'm electric  
Times are hard getting so more hectic  
Man your brain's square you better get with it  
You can wash me down your antisepticToss it away  
Toss it away  
Toss it away nowBuried in a magazine  
And you're not even dead yet  
Everything gets said  
Goes straight to your headToss it away  
Toss it away  
Toss it away nowToss it away  
Toss it away  
Toss it away nowToss it away  
Toss it away  
Toss it away nowTwist flip bang those feet on the ceiling, yeah  
Stop standing still, gotta grab this feeling now  
Six strings sizzles like a burning fire  
And you're verbal trash, man, you're growing tired  
Toss it away  
Toss it away  
Fuck me teenage I'm electric

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