

Other Voices (Dave Sitek Version)

The Orwells

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
But that's what in our time's all about
Don't take me in, I'll drag you down
You're not the prettiest girl around
Take the breast stop brinking out
Take the drink and let's make out
Your pupils wide, let's go outside
Light up the smoke and start to ride I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
Well I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I let me out Don't grab my hand, I'm not your friend
I'm waiting for my life to end
Give me the gun, pass me the pen
Tonight's the night, our lives will end
I spilled the blood, it's cribs and led
I got the voices in my head
Give me the gun, pass me the pen
Tonight's the night our lives will end I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
Well I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out
And I let me out

Songwriters

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