

# Turn On/Off

Inara George

Here's another Sunday  
Here's another Sunday and Sunday  
I can't keep the distance  
I can't feel any of the difference Turn around now and see the sun  
It's going down, it's turning on  
Punch me hard now and turn me on  
You are too soft, you turn me off I want something brighter  
I want something brighter and brighter  
I'll stand around the witches  
Light them up, they'll turn on like switches I don't want to be one more paper doll  
That's blown all through the town like this  
Unhappy that I am  
Unhappy that I am unhappy  
I was good with chemistry  
Now all I want is everyone to pinch me

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