

Shake Me

The Strand

This is what I want. I don't want this.
I'm in this little box I made, I like to fill it with cellophane,
Why don't you shake me, shake me?
Taught to give answers back, to breathe nothing emotionally.
Conversations within my brain, separate me morally.
Shake me! I have nothing half of which is all for you.
Shake me! I have nothing half of which is all for you.
Shake me! I have nothing half of which is all for you.
Shake me! I have nothing half of which is all for you.

Collide inside this biased bantam strand.
You tried the trapdoor to find the motherland.
Pray so my portions become plum.
Free from the one on one shun, no!
Please don't tell my god to be something real.
Having issues frees me from treason.
Pay the world to be passersby.
Prolong the sharp sting with forty-five.
Pay the world to be passersby.
Prolong the sharp sting with forty-five.
Embrace ten billion drilling through cardboard shells.
Embrace ideas that you revered with backs to you.
It's high time for killing the tracks and tension upon submission.
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Rent them plaques before you rent them Styrofoam bones.
Let them practice war before the boxes go boom.
Rent them plaques before you rent them Styrofoam bones.
Let them practice war before the boxes go boom.
Within you go go! Within me go go! Within you go go! Within me go go!
Within you go go! Within me go go! Within you go go! Within me go go!

Additional Notes:

Released by The Strand in 2000 on In The Trench. Produced at Strandland in Tempe, AZ. Lyrics and songwriting Dave Strand. Additional vocals by Kimberly Brown. Digital mastering by Steve Laskarides of NRMastering.

Lyrics submitted by Dave Strand.

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<https://damnlyrics.com/>