

Insomnia

Electric President

There's a light bulb dangling from string
It's slowly swaying up over my head now
As I jot down the words that'll never be sung
And wait for my headache to numb
And the wind sounds as if the world's sighing
And the moon's just a torn fingernail
As the TV flickers and hums by the wall
And I wait for my eyesight to fade
So, So, So
It's so damn slow
So, So, So
It's so damn slow
And the bright-eyed choke on ambition
And the old folks circle their graves
And the young ones are busy destroying their names
And you're still just wasting away.
I sit and watch the screen for a message
Some kinda sign that says we're OK
But the screen stays blank till I turn the thing off
And wait for my conscience to break.
So, So, So
It's so damn slow
So, So, So
It's so damn slow
I hope you're learning to listen
And I hope you're learning to stay
And I hope you find what you're missing
And I hope that you're making your way
I'm a headcase if I don't keep moving
And my head hurts if I don't sit still
It's an itch that I'll never stop scratching
It's a hole that I'll never quite fill

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