The Power of Suggestion

Sinch

All eyes on the system placed before you
No time for an explanation
Deceitful, why we dancing here
If you listen close enoughDoesn't it feel like a broken record
Slicing through the skin
The sound has been over played and overratedBut the dance shop takes a long time, don't it?
They go round and round
Forget the heart, the life, the sting, the stage, the sound
We go all round, this wayI guess the powers that we will see
It's time to make, our dicision
And if you listen close enoughDoesn't it feel like a broken record
Slicing through the skin
The sound has been over played and overratedAnd do I exist to satisfy you and satisfy nothing
I'm right here and I'm hoping to be something
To mean something to somebody at all
But it's the same old song
One dance with the same old songSame old song, same old song
Same old song, it's the same old song
Same old song, same old song
Same old song, it's the same old songDoesn't it feel like a broken record, a broken record
I exist to satisfy you, to satisfy nothing
Fear stares the wrong ways
But right know I'm hoping to be something
To mean someting to somebody at all
But it's same old song

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