

The Extra

Placebo

I try everyday
To think of something deep to say
Cause I would like to find the words
That deserve to be heard Sounds like words are out of style
Silence beckons down the murder mile
I'll keep on talking to the hand
In a language I don't understand If I am an extra in the film of my own life
Then who the hell is the director
If I am an extra in the film of my own life
Then would someone please turn of the camera's And show me how to live
Show me how to live
Show me how to live
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Show me how to live
Show me how to live
Show me how to live
Show me how to live
Show me how to live I try every night
Not to argue not to fuss and fight
But there's a right in my head
Streets are bleeding in democracy it's death
Let's fight until the end of days
Let's destroy and let's devastate
We keep on talking to the hand
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Show me how to liveI try everyday

To think of something deep to say

Songwriters

STEVE FORREST, WILLIAM LLOYD, BRIAN MOLKO, STEFAN OLSDALPublished by

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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