Friction (alternate version)

Television

I knew it musta been some big set-up
All the action just would not let up
It's just a little bit back from the main road
Where the silence spreads and the men dig holes
I start to spin the tale
You complain of my dictionYou give me friction (friction)
You give me friction (friction)
You give me friction (friction)My eyes are like telescopes
I see it all backwards, but who wants hope?
If I ever catch that ventriloquist
I'll squeeze his head right into my fist
Something come a-trackin in
What is it, what's the prediction?I'll betcha it's friction (friction)
I'll betcha it's friction (friction)
I'll betcha it's friction (friction)
Hide the snake, get out the skinOh, stop this head motion, set the sails
You know all us boys gonna wind up in jail
Well, I don't wanna grow up
There's too much contradictionAnd too much friction (friction)
But I dig friction (friction)
We're both crazy 'bout friction (friction)
F-R-I-C-T-I-O-N(Friction)
(Friction)
(Friction)

Songwriters
TOM VERLAINEPublished by
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