Television

Dryve

Run around the spiral it's our choice now,
Up or down, days can seem so long
Holy ghost, I'm living with your voice now
But tonight, I'm sleeping with my television on
But tomorrow they're be hell to pay and clouds across the sun
You were right I've always been a sinner
You were right I've wasted all your time
You said it all, "We drank to much at dinner."
So tonight I'm sleeping with my television on
Come tomorrow they'll be hell to pay and clouds across the sun

You and I baby we're a broken record.
Turn around we're making sound but only for the noise
And what if I could live like this, but not forever
And what if you could move the needle to a more forgiving song
And what if this, was never really broken all along
But for tonight, I'm sleeping with my television on
I'm sleeping with my TV on
Yeah I don't mind sleeping, not when there's flash and buzz
Your colors dance beneath my bedroom door
Yeah I don't mind sleeping with my tv on
With my tv on
With my tv on
With my tv on

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