Hezbola!

4Man Machine

No One Listens To The Silence

Sometimes this world it turns me topsy-turvy
Sometimes thatâ€™s where I need to be
Sometimes I need the manic of this city
The chaos and the pace that sets me free

Too many times Iâ€™m walking nervous breakdown
A raw nerve bundle of anxiety
Pumped up on the go-go of this city yeah, yeah
Like a junked up hype on methodrine

Too many people with too many things to say
Too many signals to receive

Too many broadcasts screaming in my head
Its like living in the snow on my tv

I can hear the whispers
I couldnâ€™t hear them before
And I can see the subtleties that just werenâ€™t there before

Guess I said I love but donâ€™t love you no more
I was drowning in the chaos but I am not drowning no more

No one listens to the silence
No one listens to the silence

Sometimes this world it spins me round and round
Sometimes it spins me to my knees
Feeding off the power of this city yeah, yeah
Iâ€™m a basket case just wandering the streets

Everybodyâ€™s trapped among the wildlife
Addicted to the sixty cycle hum
Caught up in the matrix of this cityscape
Like a third rail high to oblivion

Too many people causing problems in their lives

Canâ€™t see the forest for the trees

Just keep your head down and donâ€™t question why it is
Because youâ€™re a long line of lemmings to the sea.

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