

# Frequency

## Sub-Urban Tribe

Sunday morning nine o'clock  
I start to roll over  
her voice fills my every cell  
I'm gliding out of time  
My dial's locked on her frequency  
Diving in electric waves  
the surface far above  
no need for solid ground or air  
I'm losing track of place  
My dial's locked on her frequency  
Around and around this room I go  
operator told me to hang on  
a friendly word is what I'm losing her  
Day sixteen, I'm in the net  
my body's barely alive  
subconsciousness alarming me  
there's only moment's left  
Still I am locked on her Frequency  
hopelessly I am locked on her Frequency  
on her frequency  
Her voice is always in the air  
inside my head, I just can't bare  
I'll never get to her this way  
she keeps hanging on  
Please someone cut the cable  
Please someone cut the cable  
Please someone cut the cable  
now

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