

# Other Voices (Dave Sitek Version)

## The Orwells

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
But that's what in our time's all about  
Don't take me in, I'll drag you down  
You're not the prettiest girl around  
Take the breast stop brinking out  
Take the drink and let's make out  
Your pupils wide, let's go outside  
Light up the smoke and start to ride

I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
Well I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I let me out

Don't grab my hand, I'm not your friend  
I'm waiting for my life to end  
Give me the gun, pass me the pen  
Tonight's the night, our lives will end  
I spilled the blood, it's cribs and led  
I got the voices in my head  
Give me the gun, pass me the pen  
Tonight's the night our lives will end

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And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
Well I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I'm tripping in, I can't get out  
I'm slipping in and you're tripping out  
And I let me out

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