Friction

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 holesI start to spin the tale
You complain of my dictionYou give me friction
You give me friction
You give me frictionMy 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 fistSomething coming tracking in
What is it, what's the prediction?I'll betcha, it's friction
I'll betcha, it's friction
I'll betcha, it's friction
Idol snake, get out of that skin
Here's a bit of DixonStop 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
But I dig friction
You know I'm crazy about friction
F R I C T I O NFriction
Friction
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Friction
Friction

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