

# 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 holes I start to spin the tale  
You complain of my diction You give me friction  
You give me friction  
You give me friction My 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 fist Something 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 Dixon Stop 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 contradiction And too much friction  
But I dig friction  
You know I'm crazy about friction  
F R I C T I O N Friction  
Friction  
Friction  
Friction  
Friction

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