

Shippensburg

CKY

You know what makes me happy
The feel that I controls absorbed by the radio jag
I found my indecision
The product of the media grime
And now I'm on the wings
The things that make you sad
The feel that I control have you press rewind
Don't bother to respond
Hoping that you'll hear
Close, close, yeah close the light
You love to hear me again And when the sun beams down all of your lies
The classic act of feeling is that of a memory
The sky's all grey in the barracks I know I'm a lousy hero
And you are peering down through parascopic eyes
Close, close, yeah close (conscience)
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg and hope that we get played
I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid
The things that were so meaningless 'til the next one comes along
And in the end of a season the voices turn it all off
I try to hide the fact that I'm afraid
We'll drive the band to Shippensburg and hope that we get played

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