

LCD Soundsystem, Get Innocuous!

Home- home in the late-night
And away- away in the half-life
Except Saturday, crushed by the boring
Until played and plagued again by the tourists

When once you had believed it
Now you see it's sucking you in

To string you along with the pretense
And pave the way for the coming release

Alone and prone in the half-light
And late- late to the real-life
If you find a way into the gold rush
You will stay until the morning comes

You can normalize
Don't it make you feel alive?
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Get innocuous!