

# 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!