

The Pink Spiders, Stereo Speakers

I can't tell you
So I'll scream it through the stereo
Speakers, come on and turn me on

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So I'll scream it through the stereo
Speakers, come on and turn me on

They say that love is like a battlefield
I guess I'm out of ammunition
I'm waving my white flag, trying to capture your attention sugar
B-b-but I've got a fever from anticipation
What does it matter no one's listening

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This is the winter of our discontent
You are the brunt of my transgression
How can we scream so loud
With arms crossed and lips sealed?

B-b-but I've got a fever from anticipation
What does it matter no one's listening

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I can't tell you
So I'll scream it through the stereo
I can't tell you
So I'll scream it through the, uh, uh
I can't tell you
So I'll scream it through the stereo
I can't tell you
So I'll scream it through the stereo

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