

Think you're in America. New York maybe or LA. Yeah, America.
you, you're attached by a hot wire through my eye
you, you're attached by a quiet wire through my ear
you, you're attached by these sweet pictures you've dug in my brain

dip a finger in me
and paste my word on your machine
let me be distraction
let me be dream
let me be future
let me be all
dip a finger in me
and draw my word on your machine

in a dream i can touch you, in a dream
i can feel you twist, i can feel you writhe because you're with me

through a paper wall i see you dancing with another one's dream
can't help but be my distraction
you're all dream
pin-pricked wall's light falls over me
warm until searing, good until bleeding
throw something out to me - America
remind me how to breathe - That's why I liked you, America

dip a finger in me
and paste my word on your machine
let me be distraction
let me be dream
let me be future
let me be all
dip a finger in me
and draw my word on your machine