

Put Your Phone Away
Oshima Brothers

Put your phone away I wanna look in your eyes
I don't wanna stare at you stare at other people tonight

I confess that I'm stressed out
So many sirens pass my door
Too much violence in our repertoire
And I guess I'm impressed how
I'm obsessed with all this blue light
Like a moth I'm drunk on this device
Never set it down

You said put your phone away I wanna look in your eyes
I don't wanna stare at you stare at other people
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Mindlessly I pick it up
Find that it's a hundred times
Heart-broke and horrified
When this smart phone dies
We make a living on the internet
Just like sucking on a cigarette
And then the way I want to decompress
Is watching something light

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Temptation at our finger tips
Society's addiction based
Temptation at our finger tips
But do you really like the aftertaste