

Technicolor

I the Mighty

I understand upset, but how could you say that you hate me.

I know you won't forget easily, easily.

In one small step you flipped like a coin from a finger.

Baby you're so hell bent, but easily, easily I sleep.

Each conversation blurs. Each point repeats with a vengeance.

Oh what a waste of words. Cough em' up, cough em' up.

Let silence calm the nerves that are easily bothered

And we can let all this talk walk it off, walk it off.

I'm trying hard just to forget every little thing that was said

in your awe-inspired flip out on my porch.

The neighbors watched as you raped me with words.

What happened to rational. Each call complete with a guilt trip.

An arguments bound to fall from our lips, from our lips.

You're so worked up, the product of too many questions.

Well baby lets kill this grudge, make the cut,

sometimes it helps to keep this stuff bottled up.

You said, "I don't want to be your lover, just want you to let me in."

Black and white we're under covers.

Wanna taste your Technicolor.

Well I want financial freedom with this band.

I want dead presidents.

I wanna hear a politician speak of something relevant.

But I don't want to be your lover, just want you to let me in.

Black and white we're under covers.

Wanna taste your Technicolor.