

Method

Sleater-Kinney

I got a little sedation in me
I got a tiredness I just can't take
I got a little motivation in me
I got an anger that I just can't fake

Could you be a little nicer to me
Could you try a little kindness, maybe
Could you be a little nicer to me
Come on, come on

I got a little hesitation in me
I stutter every time I start
I got a little reservation in me
I stop and stammer when it comes to my heart

Could you be a little nicer to me
Could you try a little kindness, maybe
Could you be a little hopeful
I'm begging you please
Oh, fuck it, I'm down on my knees

I'm singing a song about love
And you're singing about hate
I'm sitting here
I'm singing about love
And it's coming out like hate
I'm singing about love
But it's coming out like hate

I got a little conversation in me
I talk, talk 'til you remember my name
I got a little imagination in me
Like I'm the kind of man who drives you insane

Could you be little softer with me
Could you be a little sweeter, maybe
I'm not asking you to smile
You're not a fucking child
I'm just asking you to be with me

I know, I'm singing about love
I'm sorry, I'm singing about love
And it sounds like hate
It's too late to sing about love
It's coming out like hate
Oh, all the things I hate
I meant to sing about love
I'm out here singing about hate
Now I'm singing about love
And I'm so late
I'm late to the party, I'm late to the game
I'm late to your heart
I'm going insane
Oh, it's a love song
It's a love song
It's a love song
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