

# Byzantine

Weezer

I want Neil Young on your phone speaker in the morning  
And fuck him if he just can't see  
This is how his songs are supposed to be heard  
No more lectures on fidelity  
I don't believe in mysticism  
Only in what science proves  
Like the sex appeal of your sick dance moves  
Ooh, wee, ooh, wee

Put on your red beret, baby  
Moonwalk naked across the room (ooh, ooh)  
Do something kinda unique to me  
Do something that'll make me swoon (ooh, ooh)  
That's how I know that I'm not pretending  
I know it's not make believe (ooh, ooh)  
It's only complicated if you want it to be  
Do you know what I mean? It's byzantine

I want Hi-Chews, playlists, smoking on the roof  
And I love the way you look at me  
Tennessee Williams in Stuart Weitzman boots  
Yeah, you just too wild to believe  
A fetish for athletic fashion  
Running shoes and striped track suits  
I never heard of Sparks before  
But I'm so glad you shared them with me

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Rollin', crashin', breakin', splashing  
Givin', takin', makin', breakin' promises  
You got me high when I was low  
Negative ions, come save my soul (soul, soul)

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