

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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