

Complications

Interpol

I dream of complications
On and on
That's how my observation tends
But all preoccupations are suddenly simple
When I let my second nature win

What'll it be
It goes on and on
On the street
It's like a blindness

Ties me up again
Won't be battering windows
Shatter me in my seat
Then a holier thinking
Fires me up again
Won't be rolling in sinful
Sidling up the street

I'm tryna simplify my scene

Dream of combinations
All night long
Round and round a rhythm escapes
Then I'm stuck without no answers
And I'll be pretending
There's a surplus of us to be so flagrant
What'll it be
It goes on and on
On the street
It's like a blindness

Ties me up again
Won't be battering windows
Shatter me in my seat
Then a holier thinking
Fires me up again
Won't be rolling in sinful
Sidling up the street

Sidling up the street
Sidling up to me

Dream of complications
On and on
Dream of complications
Heavy stepping