

I Get It

Chevelle

So you say I'm ignored
As it is,
Well, give us your sad, sad trip

You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Assumed it's whether
We're right or wrong
We're doomed, and there's plenty for all

How dare you catch me counting?
How dare you call at all?
How dare you call it suffering?
How dare you call at all?

You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Press on these tannins
They'll double in time
The touch of life, once failed to mention so far

Of course the law is fountains
Of face to face remorse
A fast and restless blackmail
Like pent-up fetish whores

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It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Do you want it enough?
Do you want it at all?
Should you need it at all?
Takes a minute to see
Do you want it enough?
Do you want it at all?
Should you need it at all?
Do you want it or not?

You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Life, life, life.