

## Taste Of You

Echobelly

Now the fire has gone away,  
I face you with a broken pen,  
And sympathy and gratitude,  
Dissolve into disarray.  
I relied, undisguised,  
Followed all you'd say,

Was your weakness momentary,  
you're devotion temporary.

It's a question of taste,  
Like a slap in the face,  
Let the vain do what they do,  
Did you laugh at my innocence.

Custom made but gone astray,  
Erase you with a pencil head,  
I'm bulletproof now I hide,  
But somehow I was happy then,  
Do you know, how lost, how lost, how lost,

Was your weakness, momentary,  
Your devotion, temporary.

It's a question of taste, like a slap in the face,  
It's a question of taste, let the vain do,  
What they do, did you laugh at my innocence.

I don't want to live forever, I just want some oh oh oh oh  
I don't want to live forever, I just want some oh oh oh oh