

Verona

Geographer

You call me all the right words
But the right words sound so wrong
You say that I'm changing
I guess I will before too long
Will you give me a way out or a past to live down?
Even when it couldn't be worse, it is now

I watch while the wild doorway circles round and round
And every single whisper, no life that we should know by now
Is it just a sound
Something keeps a river from sinking to the ground
Was I ever any different?
It's the simplest of words
The simplest of words

White lies in the night
If I could be yours and you could be mine
As long as it rhymes
It's all that I'll ever need out here
White lies in the night
If I could be yours and you could be mine
We keep what we hide
You told such simple lies

Now that we are free, Verona, won't you keep me out?
Drive me to the city where every building shouts
I wanna hear some people
I wanna keep the windows down
I never would believe you
You should know why by now, whoa
And it's the simplest things we want, whoa
But we can never see no, whoa
And it's the simplest things we want, whoa
And it's the simplest of words, the simplest of words

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