

The Ultimate Fling

Poets of the Fall

Today, it's in the air again today, another incident that just went off

No way, this time I will not take blame, its pretty obvious who needs to shut up

Ashtrays filled with the fruits of our transgressions, here and there sarcasm overflows

Do stay, I'll need this sitcom to be re-run till I get the gist of just how it goes

What would you have me do

Gimme a reason, c'mon now make my day
Cos I'm out of cheeks to turn the other way
Ask yourself just how lucky do you feel

Somehow I've been blindsided by my own kindhearted notion of just who we are

No doubt we'd have collided anyway with me indicted and you raising alarm

First round I'll take my bows into my corner take my vows, regroup and run back again

Bloodhound and of no better pedigree than what you see so you could not offend

Did I act like a fool cos I didn't know what to do,
when you gave me just a little bit more than I bargained for,
a little too much in my hands when my hands are tied
It's the ultimate fling to go frolicking,
licking the muck from the soles of the boots of your pride,
everytime you lied

Gimme a reason, c'mon now make my day
Spoken my pleas now someone's gotta pay
Ask yourself just how lucky do you feel

Can you gimme a reason, movin' into grey
Something I can hold on to at the end of the day
Cos I can't move on till I know what's the deal