I Was a Lover

TV on the Radio

I was a lover before this war Held up in a luxury suite Behind a well barricaded door Now that i've cleaned up Gone Legit I can see clearly Round oh round Those square peg door figure

I'm locked in my bedroom So send back the clowns My clone wears a brown shirt and I seduce him when there's no one around Mano e mano On a bed of nails Bring it on like a storm Til I knock the wind out of his sails And we don't make eye contact When we have run ins in town Just a barely polite nod and look at stairs towards the ground

I once joined a peace class Plastic innards slow dance with commas like a land of the words

and we like to party and we kept it live and we have (unclear) keep a handle on all this jive

Oh we unbridled lets talk to kill the time how many scars did you cycle through before you were mine and it's been a while since we went wild and that's been fine but we've been sleepwalking through this trial and it's really a crime

it's really criminal