

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