

Rome

Yeasayer

Yeah, yeah, yeah

When you see me, better make a phone call
'Cause I'm a bad brained graphical fiend with no time at all
But just know that, I'll drown in sorrow
When I deposit your body in the dove coat, darlin', tomorrow

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I'd sorta like to cross the Rubicon and battle for it

I paint my face red, but I'm wearing purple
I'm a gladiator, high-heeled, opium-fueled, in a bubble
Take, take, take, take
I take the gold plate, and silver metal
Heat it up, melt it down to a soup and help you to swallow

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