

Anadivine, The Timid Gentleman

Don't turn away
I'm the only thing you know you wanted
Polite and tamed
left you feeling like a child who's getting bored
but your skin is worn
just like California
didn't warn you
that you'd burn beneath the setting sun
I'm taking it back
I'm turning from you, I'm turning from you
I'm taking it back
So colors don't turn from black to blue
You can put that gun down
Such beating remains
Are the hallways to where your poor heart is
Re-sin again this beatings pushing
Wither to the floor
Cause im feeling torn
Just like paranoia
Didn't warn you
That you'd burn beneath the smoking gun
I'd hate to tell you how much of this charade
Isn't exactly all of the things that can say
Things that I can say
I'd had to tell you how many bad mistakes
Are really things I intended to make
Intended to make
I'm taking it back
I'm taking it back
I'm taking it back
So colors don't turn from black to blue
I'm taking it back
I'm turning from you, I'm turning from you
I'm taking it back
So colors don't turn from black to blue (2x)