

Dagoba, The Man You're Not

Too cool and too sexy,
Like the purest dime you shine
The way you dance around me
Nasty, just like a snake...

I cannot hear the words you're telling me
I cannot even tell where the hell you came from

There is something in you that is holding me
Seductive sound of frying skin
Your face is now the one I want to see
And I drink your speech while you're serving me

Not! The man you're not!
Not! The man you're not!
The man you're not

Red like the other colors turn to the darkest one
Schizophrenic trip in a ravenous field of fire

There is something in you that is holding me
Seductive sound of frying skin
Your face is now the one I want to see
And I drink your speech while you're serving me

Not! The man you're not!
Not! The man you're not!
The man you're not

You try to keep me in a passive mood
And the ladies' kisses turn to bloody bites

There is something in you that is holding me
Seductive sound of frying skin
Your face is now the one I want to see
And I drink your speech while you're serving me

Not! The man you're not!
Not! The man you're not!
The man you're not