

Incubus, A Certain Shade Of Green

A certain shade of green,
tell me, is that what you need?
All signs around say move ahead.
Could someone please explain to me your ever present
lack of speed?
Are your muscles bound by ropes?
Or do crutches cloud your day?
My sources say the road is clear,
and street signs point the way.
Are you gonna stand around till 2012 A.D.?
What are you waiting for,
A certain shade of green?
I think I grew a gray watching you procrastinate.
What are you waiting for,
A certain shade of green?
Would a written invitation
signed, "Choose now or lose it all,"
sedate your hesitation?
Or inflame and make you stall?
You've been raised in limitation,
but that glove never fit quite right.
The time has passed for hand-me-downs,
choose anew, please evolve,
take flight
What are you waiting for?
A written invitation?
A public declaration?
A private consolation?