

Incubus, When It Comes

It's coming around again
They're letting it out again, again
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again, again
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again, again
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again
When it comes, it comes abrupt
When it feels, it feels like trading brains with an imbecile
For real
Yes I feel emphatic about not being static
And not buying philosophies that are sold to me, no, at a steal
Just when you thought, it was safe to think
In comes mental piracy, and no
What I'm looking for (for)
Can not be sold to me
I wish they all would stop trying
Cuz what I want, and what I need, is and will always be free
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again, again
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again
When it comes, it comes announced
And it feels like a matador is taunting me with his reddest red cloth
And I am the bull
Yes I feel emphatic about not being static
And not eating the bullshit that's being fed to me
Cuz now I'm full
Just when you thought, it was safe to think
In comes mental piracy, and no
What I'm looking for (for)
Can not be sold to me
I wish they all would stop trying
Cuz what I want, and what I need, is and will always be free
It's coming around again
They're letting it out again, again