

TV On The Radio, I Was A Lover

I was a lover before this war
Held up in a luxury suite
Behind a well barricaded door
Now that I've cleaned up, gone Legit
I can see clearly
Round hole round hole square peg don't fit

I'm locked in my bedroom
So send back the clowns
My clone wears a brown shirt
And I seduce him when there's no one around

Mano y mano
On a bed of nails
Bring it on like a storm
'Til I knock the wind out of his sails

And we don't make eye contact
When we have run-ins in town
Just a barely polite nod
And look at stairs towards the ground

I once joined a peace class
Plastic innards
Slow dance with commas
Like a land of the words

And we like to party
And we kept it live
And we have (unclear)
Keep a handle on all this jive

Oh we unbridled, lets talk to kill the time
how many scars did you cycle through
Before you were mine
And it's been a while since we went wild and that's been fine
But we've been sleepwalking through this trial
And it's really a crime

It's really criminal