

Big 10-4, Smell Of Familiar

There's venom on your tongue,
Silver linings, sugarcoating, ultimatums,
And I swear I won't regret you,
Fingers crossed, when you're at a loss,
You'll analyze your life story,

Take take that back while you're standing there,
The frozen words stuck in mid air,
And in your tracks I'll stop you still,
'Cause I still have got this love give,

It's the perfect confusion or the realist illusion,
It's the idea that I will feel brand new again,
In a crowd of a million she's the smell of familiar,
She's the hand that reaches back to pull me over,
And I am, dooh,

You're obvious distaste,
Overshadows, understanding, your hands on your waist,
And I swore I won't forget you,
I close my eyes, when count to ten, it's you again, I said who am I kidding

Take that back while you're standing there,
These frozen words stuck in mid air,
And in your tracks I'll stop you still,

'Cause I still have got this love to give,

It's the perfect confusion or the realist illusion,
It's the idea that I will feel brand new again,
In a crowd of a million she's the smell of familiar,
She's the hand that reaches back to pull me over,
And I am, dooh,

Take it back while you're standing there,
These frozen words I catch in mid air,
And if you've got this love to give,
I can use your second wind,
And I know you will do better, and I know you won't settle,

It's the perfect confusion or the realist illusion,
It's the idea that I can feel brand new again,
In a crowd of a million she's the smell of familiar,
You're the hand that reaches back to pull me over,
It's the perfect confusion or the realist illusion,
You're the idea oh you're the idea,
In a crowd of a million she's the smell of familiar,
She's the hand that reaches back,
I am over