

# Chevelle, I Get It

So you say you're ignored  
As it is,  
Well, give us your sad, sad trip

You're right, I get it  
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person  
So right, so wrong  
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Assumed it's whether  
We're right, or wrong  
We're doomed, and there's plenty for all

How dare you catch me counting  
How dare you call at all  
How dare you call this suffering  
How dare you call at all

You're right, I get it  
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person  
So right, so wrong  
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Press on these tannins  
They double in time  
The touch of life, once failed to mention so far

Of course the law is fountains  
Of face to face remorse  
Of fast and restless blackmail  
Like pent up fetish force

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It all makes sense, you're the perfect person  
So right, so wrong  
Let's all live in your imaginary life

Do you want it enough?  
Do you want it at all?  
Should you need it at all?  
Takes a man to see  
Do you want it enough?  
Do you want it at all?  
Should you need it at all?  
Do you want it or not?

You're right, I get it  
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person  
So right, so wrong  
Let's all live in your imaginary life, life, life, life.