

# Cousteau, Talking To Myself

It beggars belief that she was a child once  
With her heart on her sleeve, once in a while you're  
Looking straight at it, and you could swear that  
It's never there

Well I don'tk now why, but we're so shameless  
That's no surprise, although nobody's blameless  
You just gotta have it, just to know it  
And set it on fire

Four o'clock in the morning  
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk  
Talking to myself

This love's a certain omen, I'll warn you  
When everything colludes to adore you  
You're diving deeper into the water  
The water, yeah into the water, yeah.

Six o'clock in the morning  
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk  
Talking to myself

Now that's a disgrace, we laugh like a car wreck  
Well that's never safe with these lifelike characters  
Hungry and willing and homeless and helpless  
And all in my head, yeah

Nine o'clock in the evening  
The lights are off and I'm plead, plead  
Pleading with myself...