

Echobelly, Taste Of You

Now the fire has gone away,
I face you with a broken pen,
And sympathy and gratitude,
dissolve into disaray.
I relied, undisguised,
Followed all you'd say,

Was your weakness momentary,
You're devotion temporary.

It's a question of taste,
Like a slap in the face,
Let the vain do what they do,
Did you laugh at my innocence.

Custom made but gone astray,
Erase you with a pencilhead,
I'm bulletproof now I hide,
But somehow I was happy then,
do you know, how lost, how lost, how lost,

Was your weakness, momentary,
Your devotion, temporary.

It's a question of taste, like a slap in the face,
It's a question of taste, let the vain do,
What they do, did you laugh at my innocence.

I don't want to live forever, I just want some... ohohohoh
I don't want to live forever, I just want some...ohohohoh