

Incubus, Oil And Water

You and I are like oil and water
And we've been trying, trying trying
Ohhhh, to mix it up.
We've been dancing on a volcano
And we've been crying, crying, crying
Over blackened souls.
Babe, this wouldn't be the first time,
it will not be the last time.
There is no parasol that would sehltter this weather.
I been smiling with anchors on my shoulders
But I've been dying, dying, dying
Ohh, Ohh, Oh to let them go.
Babe, this wouldn't be the first time,
it will not be the last time.
There is no parasol that would sehltter this weather.
Babe, this wouldn't be the first time,
it will not be the last time.
We were trying to believe that everything would get better.
We've been lying to each other
Hey! Babe! Let's just call it what it is!
Oil and Water!
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