

Lilly Hates Roses, PREDICATBLE

Do you remember the name of our first cat?
Taste of candy floss, the day when I broke my leg on a swing?
Do you remember smell of gasoline and spring?
Which you've hated the most?
Or how did sound of your voice when you said "I'm leaving"?

You may say it's predictable
And I won't even argue with that.
You may say I'm predictable
And I won't even argue with that.

Have you forgotten we're suppose to build a rocket
To conquer the stars and collect them in a giant bucket?

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And I won't even argue with that.
You may say I'm predictable
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Like radio transmissions in the night
Like Michael Bay's movies or a death of the Christ.
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Like Michael Bay's movies or a death of the Christ.

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