

Lincoln, Stop

You're like sugar to my salt
You're innocent to my fault
You go ahead, I turn back
You retreat, I attack

You float where as I tend to sink
I'm on the wagon, you like to drink
You're half-empty, I'm half-full
You push, I naturally pull

Like oil and water
Right from the start
When we're together
We come apart

I say stop stop stop stop
You say don't stop stop stop stop
When I say stop stop stop stop
You say don't stop stop stop stop

You say that it's a matter of fact
Opposites attract
But I don't know if that's true
What about me and you

You stay where as I like to go
You hurry up, I take it slow
You complicated, I simplify
You demand, I supply

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