

# Red Hot Chili Peppers, In The Snow

My mates have all gone married now  
Off living in a kindred cloud  
Not that kind

They cuddle up with kitten's bone  
Puddle in their beds at home  
I still can't find

Tell me what you want to see  
Tell me what you want  
And I'll take my time  
And I'll move it forward now  
Do you want to come with me?  
Do you want to come?  
And I'll take my time  
And I'll move it closer now

I check my stupid phone again  
No matter that it's 4 a.m.  
It burns my eyes

Spotlights born to shine at night  
Come what may, it always might  
Burn so bright

Tell me what you want to see  
Tell me what you want  
And I'll take my time  
And I'll move it forward now  
Do you want to come with me?  
Do you want to come?  
And I'll take my time  
And I'll move it closer now

Slow rodeo  
Roll over, roll over  
Slow rodeo in the snow  
Slow rodeo  
Hold over, roll over  
Slow rodeo in the snow

High-waisted, she tasted like a salacious confrontation salvation  
From the salivating demarcation of Columbian incarnation of the patron saint of palliation  
Her milk framed and rose satin, untamed by the silk  
That framed her Manhattan trap door which became duly unbattered  
She's Latin, out catin'

Does everything that feels so nice  
Come with an inverted price  
I still don't know

The ball is clearly in my court  
And I am happy to report  
It's moving slow

Tell me what you want to see  
Tell me what you want  
And I'll take my time  
And I'll move it forward now  
Do you want to come with me?  
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And I'll move it closer now

Slow rodeo  
Roll over, roll over  
Slow rodeo in the snow  
Slow rodeo  
Hold over, roll over

Of a humbling Colombian  
Two socks and a tumble in her slumber skin  
The summer wind, we crumble some  
The rock and rumble of a tumbling bubblegum  
Some other umbrella trellis forgot to tell us that the mellow tangelo is jealous  
For the various and not necessarily contrary shell show  
She said, "Hell no"  
The cock bottom temple varies like autumn lights soft the cost  
The Fibonacci lost her sauce  
Into the last remaining hostage boss, sweet toss  
Now I lay me down to reap the sleep of your selective sedative  
Repetitive  
An uncredited she comes well-vetted  
Gracefully and studied  
Blue steadiness  
The wrath, the math  
The not yet fractured tabernacle of the Basil Rathbone  
And the last disaster casting  
Impassible laughter blocks my path  
Blue chaff  
Blue chaff  
Blue chaff