

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Roulette

The college years were lean, well
Coming out but maybe not so clean, my love
And if I stay much longer
My feelings for you, they might get much stronger now

A Motorola coma
Sleep your way into a deep diploma, girl
At the dormitory
You come to pour me one of your best stories, girl

And I feel your face getting wet
Like the color red of roulette
And I place my losing bet
On your side

And I see your eyes of regret
But you gave as good as you get
Like the Massachusetts threat
Running wild

A pair of dirty jeans, well
You would wash inside my brass machine, that's good
Laying on your mattress
A thing of beauty, we would need more practice now

Hall and Oates were singing
The funny notes that you were always bringing, girl
An elevator's closing
Hard to hide when love is so exposing

And I feel your face getting wet
Like the color red of roulette
And I place my losing bet
On your side

And I see your eyes of regret
But you gave as good as you get
Like the Massachusetts threat
Running wild

When I drove her
To Villanova
Light me up when you decide
The stark aroma
Of your Tacoma
A tiny box where we reside

Battle tested
A life invested
Duly noted and denied
Fully loaded
Space encoded
A quiet night out in the sky

Your stack of lies was daunting
A tribute to your mind, but way more haunting now
A talking psycho killer
Betrayed the heads of even Henry Miller now

Conspiracy's a theory
I wonder, Tim, if this could be your Leary, love
She acts like Marlon Brando
Born online inside the San Fernando