

# I Was A Lover

## TV on the Radio

I was a lover before this war  
Held up in a luxury suite behind a well barricaded door  
Now that I've cleaned up, gone legit  
I can see clearly round, oh, round those square peg door figure I'm locked in my bedroom  
So send back the clowns  
My clone wears a brown shirt  
And I seduce him when there's no one around Mano e Mano on a bed of nails  
Bring it on like a storm 'til I knock the wind out of his sails  
And we don't make eye contact when we have run-ins in town  
Just a barely polite nod and nervous stares towards the ground I once joined a peace class, plastic innards  
Slow dance with commas like a land of the words And we liked to party  
And we kept it live  
And we had a three volume tome of contemporary slang  
To keep a handle on all this jive Oh, we unbridled, let's talk to kill the time  
How many scars did you cycle through before you were mine  
And it's been a while since we went wild and that's all fine  
But we're sleepwalking through this trial and it's really a crime  
It's really a crime, it's really a crime It's really criminal We're just busy tempting, like fate's on the nod  
Running on empty, bourbon and God  
It's been a while since we knew the way  
And it's been even longer since our plastic priest class  
Had a goddamned thing to say I was a lover before this war  
I was a lover before this war  
I was a lover before this war

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