White, Discussion

Live

I talk of freedom
You talk of the flag
I talk of revolution
You'd much rather bragAnd as the decibels of this disenchanting discourse
Continue to dampen the day
The coin flips again and again, and again, and again
As our sanity walks awayAll this discussion
Though politically correct
Is dead beyond destruction
Though it leaves me quite erectAnd as the final sunset rolls behind the earth
And the clock is finally dead
I'll look at you, you'll look at me and we'll cry a lot
But this will be what we said
This will be what we saidLook where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, babyTalk onI want you
I prepared you
I instructed you
I told you what to expect
All the time in piece of troubleLook where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, babyLier
Lier
LierYou yourself know [Incomprehensible]
That the things don't come in

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