

# Infatuation

## Flobots

You played the field like a tractor  
Scoped for greener pastures  
But you never have scored  
What you've never asked for  
Met someone who made me glow  
Passion was like crazy, whoa  
Doted on another though  
So, of course, I let her go  
Oh, no, my adrenal recipe's  
Overloaded by phenylethylamine  
If it keeps on misdirecting me  
Fuck it, that's gonna mean vasectomy  
And when the liquor pours  
Set the table, get the door  
Wrestle naked, hit the floor  
But I don't seek that shit no more  
It's different for me  
Try to tell myself a different story  
This Alpha male, recount-the-tale bullshit  
Can just destroy me  
'Cause what we say is what we seek  
What we seek is what we get  
What we get is what we give  
I can't give you nothing yet  
Except  
Infatuation  
Take these words and turn them into lies  
Infatuation  
Serve me up with food that does not feed  
In-in-infatuation  
Sate my every last desire  
Infatuation  
Is this the thing I want or the thing I need?  
He collects clips from magazines  
Found them full of hollow points  
Mixes Medea with the media  
They both consume the young  
The same old song gets sung  
He wants to hang so he gets hung

He's chasing father figures  
A real son of a gun  
I don't cotton to the coffin nails  
Caught up quiet, don't make bail  
Umpteen years for movin' keys  
Ironie he's locked up in jail  
Outside, he is idolized  
My sister's class and ask them boys  
They wanna just be like him  
Push more rocks than belts of asteroids  
Better strapped and paranoid than  
In the streets without a choice and  
Peace of mind has been destroyed  
But now you got a louder voice  
Idols lie to idle minds  
Sayin' I don't mind if I got mine  
If all our lies are idealized  
Then all our crimes are idolized  
It's  
Infatuation  
Take these words and turn them into lies  
Infatuation  
Serve me up with food that does not feed  
In-in-infatuation  
Sate my every last desire  
Infatuation  
Is this the thing I want or the thing I need?  
If this isn't love  
Why does my heart hurt so bad?  
You don't know why  
You wanna be the man  
You wanna be demanded  
By other people's hands  
So high  
You're caught up in its leaves  
The audience freeze  
At the thought  
But you don't know why  
You wanna be the man  
You wanna be demanded  
By other people's hands  
So high  
You're caught up in its leaves  
Make the audience freeze  
Like a body in the trees

Infatuation

Take these words and turn them into lies

Infatuation

Serve me up with food that does not feed

In-in-infatuation

Satiate my every last desire

Infatuation

Is this the thing I want or the thing I need?

Now everybody in the club, stand still

Like a rubber band

Filled with government bills

Now everybody in the club, stand still

Lyrics provided by

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