Taste

The 49 Americans

Am I really all the things that are outside of me?
Would I complete myself without the things I like around?
Does the music that I make play on my awkward face?
Do you appreciate the subtleties of taste buds?
My friend and me were having laughs
In a living room filled with arts and crafts
He said, "I like their clothes and their charming ways,
But what I really want is a simple place,
With no fashion clothes 'cause you can't eat those"

Only Ma'd pretend to like the clothes you showed to me,
Something in my heart can tell me it's a weakness,
And maybe you would have more luck playing those tasty games,
But me, I called and called and never heard from her again.
She's too good to share our favorite things,
I'll keep an open mind if you let me in.
Don't let your temper rise, don't get a bitter face.
Try not to judge me on my kind of taste.
And don't go changing clothes when they don't like yours.
Am I really all the things that are outside of me?

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