

Flavors

Gomez

There was a red light coughin' up a room of blood
And there were forecast, seven inches of snow
And there were two tunes playing in my head at once
Arguing guitar and drumsThere was a lover standing by her bed
With a cigarette burning in her hand
And there were moonbeams playing on her porcelain flesh
A capi ero alouscaCompany cars and shoes were never meant to play the blues
You were the only fool I ever wanted to make love to
Even within my youth I denied, I wanted to
You were the only fool I ever wanted to make love toThere was a bed made of paraplegic legs
And there were weak spots, only she could detect
And as I rolled over to block the last ray of sun
In religious invigorationThere was a blue light, the other side of the door
And there were four cats stretching out their claws
And there were two lovers separated by the telephoneCompany cars and shoes were never meant to play the blues
You were the only fool I ever wanted to make love to
Even within my youth I denied, I wanted to
'Cause you were the only fool I ever wanted to make love toYour flavors are getting to me
Your flavors are getting to me
Your flavors are getting to meYour flavors
Your flavors
Your flavors
Your flavors

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