Talking to Myself

Cousteau

It beggars belief that she was a child once
With her heart on her sleeve, once in a while you're
Looking straight at it, and you could swear that
It's never thereWell I don'tk now why, but we're so shameless
That's no surprise, although nobody's blameless
You just gotta have it, just to know it
And set it on fireFour o'clock in the morning
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk
Talking to myselfThis love's a certain omen, I'll warn you
When everything colludes to adore you
You're diving deeper into the water
The water, yeah into the water, yeah.Six o'clock in the morning
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk
Talking to myselfNow that's a disgrace, we laugh like a car wreck
Well that's never safe with these lifelike characters
Hungry and willing and homeless and helpless
And all in my head, yeahNine o'clock in the evening
The lights are off and I'm plead, plead
Pleading with myself...

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