

I Get It

Chevelle

So you say you're ignored
As it is
Well, give us your sad, sad trip You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life Assumed it's whether
We're right, I'm wrong
We're doomed, and there's plenty for all How dare you catch me counting
How dare you call at all
How dare you call it suffering
How dare you call at all You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life Press on these tannins
They're doubled in time
The touch of life, once failed to mention so far Of course the la is fountains
Of face to face remorse
A fast and restless blackmail
Like pent-up fetish force You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life Do you want enough?
Do you want it all?
Should you need it at all?
Takes a minute to see
Do you want enough?
Do you want it all?
Should you need it at all?
Do you want it or not? You're right, I get it
It all makes sense, you're the perfect person
So right, so wrong
Let's all live in your imaginary life Life, life, life

Songwriters

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