

Infatuation (Feat. Matt Morris)

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 whoah
Doted on another though
So of course I let her go Oh no my adrenal recipe's
Overloaded by phenylalanine
If it keeps on misdirecting me
Fuck it that's gonna mean vasectomy And when the liquor pours it's
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
Serve me up with food that does not feed
Sate my every last desire
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 move'n keys
Irony he's locked up in jail Outside he is idolized
My sister's class and ask the boys
They wanna just be like him and move more rocks than belts of asteroids Better strapped and paranoid
Than in the streets without a choice
Peace of mind has been destroyed
But now he's 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 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
Make the audience freeze at the thought
But you don't know why
You wanna beat a man
You wanna be demanded
By other people hands so high
You're caught up its sleeves
Make the audience freeze
Like a body in the trees Now everybody in the club stand still
Like a rubber band filled
With government bills

Songwriters

Morris, Wirlie / Unknown, Writers Published by

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