Redefine

Incubus

Imagine your brain as a
Canister filled with ink
Yeah, now think of your body
As the pen where the ink resides
Fuse the two, kapok
What are you now?
You're the human magic marker, won't you
Please surprise my eyes?
It's in your nature
You can paint whatever picture
You like no matter what
Ted Koppel says on channel 4 tonight
So modify this third rock from the sun
By painting myriads of pictures
With the colors of one
I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself
To fit your definition
I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself
To fit your definition
Picture the scene
Where whatever you thought
Would, in the blink of an eye
Manifest and become illustrated
You'd be sure man that every
Line drawn reflected
A life that you loved
Not an existence that you hated
So, must we demonstrate that
We can't get it straight?
We've painted a picture
Now we're drowning in paint
Lets figure out what the fuck it's about
Before the picture we painted
Chews us up and spits us out
I'm sick of painting in black and white

My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
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I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
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What, what
What, what
What, what
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