

Quixoticelixer

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Kick back a little bit just to watch and see
Getting sicker by the minute with debauchery
Whatever your pleasure I'm your punk
On the brink of sinking baby but not yet sunk
How I listen below when you told me
That I was all you had to hold
How I wish it was so when you told me
That you were solid gold
Gravity-free is she, look at her
Hottest on the map, she's full of anti-matter
You never look at very mellow impressions
Your smell or your 'go to hell' expression
Quixoticelixer might
But it probably will not fix your bite
Tell me now, tell me how
Did I get your lipstick on my kite
I love this weather, it's a perfect storm
Just keep it coming, in its perfect form
I love this weather 'cause it keeps me warm
Just keep it coming in its perfect form
Everyday depression in a beautiful dress
Lady made a beautiful mess I guess
Dedicated mind did a medicated state
Is a highly overrated fate
Terra bulb is a soul
When she told me there is such a thing
Did you know that you glow when you go
From winter in the spring
I love this weather, it's a perfect storm
Just keep it coming in its perfect form
I love this weather 'cause it keeps me warm
Just keep it coming in its perfect form
The madder the boy, the sadder the song
That's a wicked fate but the sick gets strong
Mad boy, sad song
A wicked fate, but the sick gets strong
Nobody's right and everyone's wrong
Gotta fuse to bop for all day long
Mad boy, sad song
Wicked fate but the sick get
Kick back a little bit just to watch and see
Getting sicker by the minute with debauchery
Whatever your pleasure I'm your punk
On the brink of sinking baby but not yet sunk
How I listen below when you told me
That I was all you had to hold
How I wish it was so when you told me
That you were solid gold
I swear to God I could not hurt you
I've got to be inside your virtue
I can't contain my urge to search you
I stand before you there's no curfew

I long to be inside your virtue
My heart is swollen when I search youI swear to God I could not hurt you
My heart is swollen when I search you
I swear to God I could not hurt youI swear to God I could not hurt you
I've got to be inside your virtue
I can't contain my urge to search you

Songwriters

Michael 'flea' Balzary;Chad Gaylord Smith;Anthony Kiedis;John FrusciantePublished by
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