

White, Discussion

LIVE

I talk of freedom
You talk of the flag
I talk of revolution

You'd much rather bragAnd as the decibels of this disenchanting discourse

Continue to dampen the day

The coin flips again and again, and again, and again
As our sanity walks awayAll this discussion

Though politically correct
Is dead beyond destruction

Though it leaves me quite erectAnd as the final sunset rolls behind the earth

And the clock is finally dead

I'll look at you, you'll look at me and we'll cry a lot
But this will be what we said

This will be what we saidLook where all this talking got us, baby

Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby

Look where all this talking got us, babyTalk onI want you
I prepared you
I instructed you

I told you what to expect

All the time in piece of troubleLook where all this talking got us, baby

Look where all this talking got us, baby
Look where all this talking got us, baby

Look where all this talking got us, babyLier
Lier

LierYou yourself know [Incomprehensible]
That the things don't come in

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