

Clean

Incubus

Today, everything was fine, fine, fine
Until 'round about, quarter to nine
Suddenly found myself in a bind, a bind
Was it something I said?
Something I read and manifested that's getting you down
Don't you dare come to bed with that ambiguous look in you eye
I'd sooner sleep by an open fire and wake up fried
Say what you will, say what you mean, oh
You could never offend, your dirty words come out clean, clean
Tomorrow, what price will I pay?
Could I make it all up to you by serving coffee for two in bed?
Would you then gimme the time of day?
I need a map of your head, translated into English
So I can learn to not make you frown
You'd feel better if you'd vent put your frustrations into four letter words
And let them out on mine, the most weathered ears in town
Say what you will, say what you mean
No, you could never offend, your dirty words come out clean
Say what you will, say what you mean
No, you could never offend, your dirty words come out clean
Say what you will, say what you mean
No, you could never offend, your dirty words come out clean, clean
Stop

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