

White, Discussion

Live

I talk of freedom
You talk of the flag
I talk of revolution
You'd much rather brag And 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 away All this discussion
Though politically correct
Is dead beyond destruction
Though it leaves me quite erect And 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 said Look 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, baby Talk on I want you
I prepared you
I instructed you
I told you what to expect
All the time in piece of trouble Look 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, baby Lier
Lier
Lier You yourself know [Incomprehensible]
That the things don't come in

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