

# Infatuation (feat. feat. Matt Morris)

## Flobots

You played the field like a tractor  
Scoped for greener pastures  
But you never have scored  
What you've never asked forMet someone who made me glow  
Passion was like crazy whoah  
Doted on another though  
So of course I let her goOh no my adrenal recipe's  
Overloaded by phenylalanine  
If it keeps on misdirecting me  
Fuck it that's gonna mean vasectomyAnd when the liquor pours it's  
Set the table get the door  
Wrestle naked hit the floor  
But I don't seek that shit no moreIt's different for me  
Try to tell myself a different story  
This alpha male recount-the-tale bullshit can just destroy me'Cause what we say is what we seek  
What we seek is what we get  
What we get is what we give  
I can't give you nothing yetExceptInfatuationTake these words and turn them into lies  
Serve me up with food that does not feed  
Satiate my every last desire  
Is this the thing I want or the thing I needHe collects clips from magazines  
Found them full of hollow points  
Mixes Medea with the media  
They both consume the young  
The same old song gets sung  
He wants to hang  
So he gets hung  
He's chasing father figures  
A real son of a gunI don't cotton to the coffin nails  
Caught up quiet don't make bail  
Umpteen years for move'n keys  
Ironic he's locked up in jailOutside he is idolized  
My sister's class and ask the boys  
They wanna just be like him and move more rocks than belts of asteroidsBetter strapped and paranoid  
Than in the streets without a choice  
Peace of mind has been destroyed  
But now he's got a louder voiceIdols lie to idle minds  
Sayin' I don't mind if I got mine  
If all our lies are idealized

Then all our crimes are idolized  
It'sIf this isn't love why does my heart hurt so bad?You don't know why  
You wanna be the man  
You wanna be demanded  
By other people's hands so high  
You're caught up in its leaves  
Make the audience freeze at the thought  
But you don't know why  
You wanna beat a man  
You wanna be demanded  
By other people hands so high  
You're caught up its sleeves  
Make the audience freeze  
Like a body in the treesNow everybody in the club stand still  
Like a rubber band filled  
With government bills

Songwriters

Morris, Wirlie / Unknown, WritersPublished by

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