

Echobelly

"Taste Of You"

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Now the fire has gone away
I face you with a broken pen
And sympathy and gratitude dissolve into disarray
I relied, undisguised, followed all, you'd say

Was your weakness momentary
You're devotion temporary?

It's a question of taste
Like a slap in the face
Let the vain do what they do
Did you laugh at my innocence?

Custom made but gone astray
Erase you with a pencil head
I'm bulletproof now I hide
But somehow I was happy then
Do you know, how lost, how lost, how lost?

Was your weakness, momentary
Your devotion, temporary?

It's a question of taste
Like a slap in the face
It's a question of taste
Let the vain do what they do
Did you laugh at my innocence?

I don't want to live forever
I just want some, oh, oh, oh, oh
I don't want to live forever
I just want some, oh, oh, oh, oh

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