

Incubus "Clean"

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Today, everything was fine fine fine
Until roundabout quarter to 9, suddenly I found myself
in a bind, a bind
Was it something I said
Something I read
And manifest that's getting you down
Don't you dare come to bed with that ambiguous look in
your eye
I'd sooner sleep by an open fire and wake up fried

Say what you will
Say what you mean
No, 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 give me
The time of day
I need a map of your head,
Translated into English so I can learn to not make you
frown
Feel better if you 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
Clean (x6)

Say what you will
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No, you could never offend
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