

Cousteau "Talking to Myself"

Visit "[Talking to Myself](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

It beggars belief that she was a child once
With her heart on her sleeve, once in a while you're
Looking straight at it, and you could swear that
It's never there

Well I don'tk now why, but we're so shameless
That's no surprise, although nobody's blameless
You just gotta have it, just to know it
And set it on fire

Four o'clock in the morning
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk
Talking to myself

This love's a certain omen, I'll warn you
When everything colludes to adore you
You're diving deeper into the water
The water, yeah into the water, yeah.
Six o'clock in the morning
The lights are on and I'm talk, talk
Talking to myself

Now that's a disgrace, we laugh like a car wreck
Well that's never safe with these lifelike characters
Hungry and willing and homeless and helpless
And all in my head, yeah

Nine o'clock in the evening
The lights are off and I'm plead, plead
Pleading with myself...

Visit [Cousteau](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.