

You, Me & Everyone We Know

"James Brown Is Dead"

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This isn't love
It would require too much touching up
This isn't love
A word like that just isn't rough enough

And there's a pair of size sevens k-k-keeping the beat
And I'm staring pretty hard but it's not at her feet
She caught my glances and she walked right up my
way

James Brown is dead
So, what's the point in pretending
Any of us still have some kind of soul?
Get it our of your head
What's the point in remembering?
It's assured that you're not breaking the mold
James Brown is dead

Oh, something I can't quite find inside myself
Love, so I look for it in someone else

And there's a pair of size sevens k-k-keeping the beat
And I'm staring pretty hard but it's not at her feet
She caught my glances and she walked right up my
way

And there still stuck in my head
Every single word she said
That breathy jingle

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