

Noel Torres

"Take Two Placebos And Call Me Lame"

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Can't you see my soul, on the record sleeve?
It's going up for sale, as soon as it gets saved
Interrogation blues, once again I lose
You don't get to magnify my insecurities
You don't get to site and save my unhip-ocracies (not
for sale)

Take two placebos, then you can call me lame
Walk some in my shoes, then tell me to fuck off
My oversized hat, won't fit your humongous head
I'll trade a hundred days for one inside of you

Take me to a cave, where I can't be seen
Solace makes the heart, pump adrenaline
I'm sick of being used, time and again betrayed
Give a man a key, he cannot not open the door
Give him something free and he'll resell it to the poor
(c'est la vie)

Take two placebos, then you can call me lame
Walk some in my shoes, then tell me that I'm fucked
My humongous hat, won't fit your gigantic head

Just take two!

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