

Ookla The Mok "Just Another Cliche"

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I'd look into your eyes but that's a cliché
I'd offer you the world but that's no fun
We could walk along the beach leaving our footprints in
the sand
If only you'd stop saying that's been done
If only you'd stop saying that's been done
Just for once I'd like to write a little cliché
Or perhaps I'd steal a poem who's to know
I'd compose a worthy lyric and perform the perfect
song
But somehow all my influences show
But somehow all my influences show
CHORUS:
I've got so much to say and all of it's cliché
So please don't say you've heard this one before
I'd like so much to speak but my words are not unique
So kiss goodbye creative metaphor
Well I awoke alone at four in the morning
Feeling like a stranger in a stranger land
Baby babe love honey sugar girl now momma don't you
cry
We can make it if you'll only take my hand
We can make it if you'll only take my hand
CHORUS
I know this topic's far less than original
But won't you please give me the benefit of the doubt
For if it's true that there is nothing that has not been
said before
Then you already know what this song's all about
You already know what this song's all about
CHORUS
I think it's time I wrote a song about my girlfriend
Where I can tell her that I love her and pretend to mean
it
Or I can talk about my vision of the world's end
Though I know you won't believe me I swear I seen it
Or I can say your eyes are blue as the ocean
Even though they're kind of brownish-green or hazel
Or I can offer you my infinite devotion
Parsley sage rosemary thyme basil
It's just another cliché
I'll try to make you think I have a big vocabulary

By using words I find in Roget's New World Thesaurus
I'll go to B. Dalton's and buy a rhyming dictionary
And find neat words to use like crochet and
brontosaurus
I'll write great songs with words like potentate and
oligarchy
And show the world my social conscience I really care
now
My songs will top the charts my name will top the
marquee
To the oppressed I'll be an idol so don't despair now
It's just another cliché
I'll write a song about my love for all God's children
Reach out and touch somebody's hand but please don't
touch me
These are the best days of our lives it won't get better
If that's the truth then that's depressing I don't feel like
rhyming
I'll write the songs I'll write the albums I'll write a remix
I'll write and write until there's nothing that's left to
write about
And I'll use adverbs I'll even use a prefix
I won't stop writing until my ideas run out

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