

Anima

"Taste"

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Am I really all the things that are outside of me?
Would I complete myself without the things I like
around?
Does the music that I make play on my awkward face?
Do you appreciate the subtleties of taste buds?

My friend and me were having laughs
In a living room filled with arts and crafts
He said "I like their clothes and their charming plates
But what I really want is a simple place
With no fashion clothes 'cause you can't eat those"

Only Ma'd pretend to like the clothes she showed to me
Something in my heart can tell me it's a weakness
And maybe you would have more luck playing those
tasty games
But me, I called and called and never heard from her
again

She's too good to share our favorite things
I'll keep an open mind if you let me in
Don't let your temper rise, don't get a bitter face
Try not to judge me on my kind of taste
And don't go changing clothes when they don't like
yours

Is your best wish your taste?
Am I really all the things that are outside of me?

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