

TV on the Radio

"I Was a Lover"

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I was a lover before this war
Held up in a luxury suite behind a well barricaded door
Now that I've cleaned up, gone legit
I can see clearly round, oh, round those square peg
door figure

I'm locked in my bedroom
So send back the clowns
My clone wears a brown shirt
And I seduce him when there's no one around

Mano e Mano on a bed of nails
Bring it on like a storm 'til I knock the wind out of his
sails
And we don't make eye contact when we have run-ins
in town
Just a barely polite nod and nervous stares towards the
ground

I once joined a peace class, plastic innards
Slow dance with commas like a land of the words

And we liked to party
And we kept it live
And we had a three volume tome of contemporary
slang
To keep a handle on all this jive

Oh, we unbridled, let's talk to kill the time
How many scars did you cycle through before you were
mine
And it's been a while since we went wild and that's all
fine
But we're sleepwalking through this trial and it's really
a crime
It's really a crime, it's really a crime

It's really criminal

We're just busy tempting, like fate's on the nod
Running on empty, bourbon and God
It's been a while since we knew the way

And it's been even longer since our plastic priest class
Had a goddamned thing to say

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