

Retarded In Love

Say Anything

They take advantage of him all of the time
Their fingers rape his cavities
Proven for a hidden cliché
He's a fruit that got in gravity's way
He's the first to tell you he's full of shit
Like that's half a compliment for men
Though he's waking up in puddles of piss
He marinates his metaphors in them And in this moment
La, lalaladada, lalaladada, lalaladada
They'll be falling in love
La, lalaladada, lalaladada, lalaladada
She takes photographs of people she knows
She brings out the best and worst in them
And god is buried deep in the folds
Of her fractured self and the lies that they've told
She used to laugh at everything old
It was a joke that never aged a bit
But when they robbed her of her infinite smile
She said maybe I'll just play dead for a while And in this moment
La, lalaladada, lalaladada, lalaladada
They'll be falling in love
La, lalaladada, lalaladada, lalaladada I'm right here and I must admit
I've been pining for you
Your my wish
When I touch my self I am conjuring you
From when we talk all night and the minutes are free
I just hope when I cast my spell you'll be falling for me
Because
Falling in love could be the first thing
Falling in love could be the worst thing
There's no rehearsing
Retarded in love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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